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THE BRAILLE BOOK REVIEW

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FOR

WAR AND CIVILIAN BLIND INC.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

ABFR American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind
1544 Hudson Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

ALA American Library Association.

APH American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.

ARC American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.

CPH Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

HC Hand-copied.

HMP Howe Memorial Press, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

PPS Pax Publishing Society, Logansport, Indiana.

RWAP Reading with a Purpose Series.

UBP Universal Braille Press, 739 N.Vermont Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

NIB National Institute for the Blind
224 Great Portland Street, London England

Austin, F.W. The god. 1v. CPH A romance of travel in Greece.

Brown, Royal. His private practice. 1v. CPH A physician's love affair.

Bulfinch, Thomas. The golden age of myth and legend, being a revised and enlarged edition of "The age of fable." 7v. APH Stories from Greek, Roman, Eastern and Scandinavian mythologies. Useful in reference in connection with literature, sculpture and painting.

Calendar with quotations for 1932. CPH .25

Cather, Willa. Shadows on the rock. 2v. 1931 APH See review in this issue.

Condliffe, J.D. Pacific area. 1v. RWAP 1931 UBP The author is an economist who in recent years has specialized in the international relations of the Pacific area.

De Kruif, Paul. Seven iron men. 4v. ARC His story is a gorgeous piece of narrative writing. With unfailing skill he unwinds its tortuous links and lays them out atraight and clear. The Merritts leap from the chronicle in all the colors of life, especially Lon, the king of them all, with his maudlin poetizing, his childlike faith in mankind, and his incredible hat. It is a tale full of thrills, shot through with sardonic humor. All the virtues that made "Microbe hunters" and "Hunger fighters" so exhilarating are in it. -- H.L.Mencken in the Nation. "Microbe hunters", by the way has been in braille for some time. It portrays the struggles and achievements of the pioneer bacteriologists, written with a fresh enthusiasm, a sound knowledge and a fine dramatic sense that make it a book of thrilling adventure which will fire the imagination of the most staid reader. The author furnished Sinclair Lewis with the background for "Arrowsmith."

Dewey, John. Two essays: Philosophy and What I believe. 1v. ARC The first of these is from "Whither mankind, a symposium on modern civilization, by competent authorities". The second appeared in the Forum.

Emerson, R.W. Gifts, from Essays. 1v. CPH

Ferber, Edna. Cimarron. 1930. CPH The background is Oklahoma. Time, 1889 while it was still Indian territory, through all its vicissitudes of pioneer days, Indians, the discovery of oil, down to the present. It is obvious that Miss Ferber must have drawn upon her imagination as well as upon the printed records that she doubtless made the starting point of her story, but her imagination blends so well with the fact that we

seem to be reading the accounts of an eye-witness. If we want to read about life in Oklahoma in the not so long ago, we may seek it in ~~Miss Ferber's~~ this recent novel, and we shall find it there in much greater abundance and with more truth than in many books that yet are fiction even though they do not wear its label.

Grey, Zane. Ken Ward in the jungle. 2v. 1912 UBP In this story the hero goes into the wilds of Mexico and the possibilities of adventure offered in this little known country make this one of the author's most popular novels.

Howe, M.A.De W. Representative twentiety-century Americans. 1v. RWAP 1930 UBP ~~Author won the Pulitzer prize with his biography of Barrett Wendell.~~ Books recommended in this outline are lives of Ford, Edison, Coolidge, Sergeant York and Jane Addams.

Hubbard, Elbert. Little journeys to the homes of American authors. 1896. CPH Contents: Emerson, Bryant, Prescott, Lowell, Simms, Whitman, Hawthorne, Audubon, Irving, Longfellow, Everett, Bancroft.

Hulbert, Winifred. Cease firing and other stories. 2v. 1929 HMP Stories in the interest of peace and international understanding, Endorsed by the League of Nations Association. The author has chosen her stories with a keen sense for the dramatic and has told them in such a way as to give one a feeling of breathless adventure. Helpful to teachers.

Huntington, Ellsworth. Red man's continent. 3v. ARC From the "Chronicles of America" series, edited by Allen Johnson. Other titles in braille from this series are "Elizabethan sea-dogs, a chronicle of Drake and his companions," by William Wood. ARC "The passing of the frontier, a chronicle of the old West." by Emerson Hough, UBP "Lincoln and the Union", by N. W. Stephen~~ne~~son. UBP "American spirit in literature" by Percy Bliss. 5v. ARC This is an important series prepared with the purpose of popularizing the study of American history by presenting it in concise, attractive and readable form. While each volume is complete in itself, in succession they present a comprehensive picture of American history. The compact form and interesting "story-telling" quality make an appeal to many who would never read more scholarly or exhaustive histories. The volumes dealing with phases or aspects of our national life are superior to those that deal dormally with history in its chronological sequences.

Locke, George H. English history. 1v. RWAP 1930 UBP Most interesting reading and many of the books mentioned in this outline are in grades 1½ or 2.

ondon, Jack. Burning daylight. 3v. 1910 UBP A story of successful finance in the Klondike and of the romance that followed in California.

inot, J.C. compiler. Best animal stories I know. 3v. 1929 HMP As notable for their high literary quality as for the sympathetic understanding of the animal life they display.

Richmond, Mrs. Grace. Cherry Square. 2v. CPH

ichmond, Mrs. Grace. Round the corner on Gay Street. 4v. CPH Mrs. Richmond's novels are always about nice people concerned with getting more from life than the graceless daily bread and endowed with the power of very jolly talking. They move along the surface of life, and their troubles--they all have troubles--are the kind that a stout heart and a willing hand can vanquish.

olvaag, O.E. Pure gold. 4v. 1930. APH The author of "Giants in the earth" (in grade 1½), and "Peder Victorious" has written another powerful, simple story about simple people and their powerful emotions. "Pure gold" is a tale of avarice -- convincing because it is neither altogether horrible nor altogether pathetic but a mixture of the two that is recognizably human.

ohmer, Sax, pseudonym. The insidious Dr. Fu Man-chu. 4v. PPS A detective story.

mith, J.Russell. Geography and our need of it. 1v. RWAP 1928 UBP One of the most interesting of all of the outlines.

timpson, Y.W. Popular questions answered. 5v. 1930 UBP With admirable, almost awe-inspiring patience and zeal Mr. Stimpson has assembled a great mass of questions that he believes to be such as continually occur to all sorts and conditions of people and then goes to work to find out the answers to the. The questions are of the greatest variety. The answers vary in length from a few sentences to a page or more but always enough space is given to present an adequate explanation of the question.--N.Y.Times.

homson, J.A. Evolution. 1v. RWAP 1931 UBP The author is a man of recognized scientific ability and famous as an interpreter of science.

nion prayer-book for Jewish worship, published by the Central Conference of American Rabbis. 5v. ARC

illiams, S.R. Knitting directions. 2v. 1928 ARC Beginning with "Suggestions for good knitters", these directions include borders, cords, tassels, pockets, afghans, sweaters,

suits, etc. 2nd notice.

Yarmolinsky, Avrahm. Russian literature. lv. RWAP 1931 UBP Mentions briefly the high lights in Russian literature in an illuminating fashion.

Hand-copied Books announced by request of the Librarians. The names of the libraries owning these books are given after each title. For the abbreviated form of these names see list given in this issue.

Altsheler, Joseph A. Riflemen of Ohio. 10v. Pittsburgh. Further adventures of Henry Ware and his friends in the Ohio Valley, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Girty, the renegade are characters in this story which is full of fighting and thrilling adventures. Not so good as "Young trailers" which is also in grade 1½. This last is boy life in the days of the early settlement of Kentucky, of hunting and fishing and of capture by the Indians.

Beard, Charles A. American government and politics. 18v. 4th edition. 1924. Pittsburgh. A standard authoritative work covering both the practice and theory of government. In this fourth edition nearly all of the original text has been rewritten. The historical sections have been reduced and put with chapters on current politics. The first edition was published in 1910 and was designed both for a college text and for the citizen wishing such a presentation.

Brown, Lewis. Stranger than fiction. 7v. LC Short history of the Jews from the earliest times to the present day.

Cram, Ralph A. Walled towns; a constructive philosophy of better living. Perkins. One of four volumes of essays, the first three, "The nemesis of mediocrity", "The great thousand years", and "The sins of the fathers", being frankly destructive in their criticisms of modern civilization. The present essay is an optimistic constructive criticism, the well-matured attempt of the apostle of Gothic architecture to show a way out of the present tangle--Boston Transcript.

Fabre, Jean Henri. Life of the spider. 6v. Pittsburgh. Delightfully written. Perhaps of more general interest than the earlier selections. Reminds one of Maeterlinck's "Life of the bee" (grade 1½ & 2) because of its high literary quality.

Freeman, H.W. Joseph and his brethern. 10v. 1929. Detroit, LC (also in grade 2) The first novel of a young Oxford man who followed his university career with two years as a farm hand in Suffolk, England. A live and truly delightful book that holds the attention from beginning to end, not primarily because it is a "land" novel but because the author has an imaginative grasp of character and an effective charm of narrative style.--London Spectator.

Gunn, Jeanne. We of the never, never land. Perkins. 1911. Northern Australia, in which is depicted a little spot of English life in the midst of enormous stretches of wild country. Descriptive power of rather unusual ability.

Hall, Gertrude. Wagnerian romances. 10v. LC A volume of essays in which the author takes the poems too often submerged in the Wagner music and reveals the intrinsic value of the myth, poetry and romance in them. Beginning with Parsifal and ending with the Flying Dutchman she includes ten of the romances.

Horn, Alfred Aloysius, pseudnonym. Trader Horn. 6v. LC About 1871 a young Englishman just out of the university went to Africa's ivory coast as a trader. At the age of seventy-three he sets down his memories of that adventurous life. Mrs. Lewis, to whom he relates the story, wisely left the account in his own words and the book assumes at once a unique place in literature. Bits of homely philosophy continually surprise the reader in the midst of accounts of uncharted rivers, savages, elephants, and other wild creatures and plants.

Jennings, Eleanor. Values in astrology. 1v. Seattle.

Kellogg, Vernon L. Mind and heredity. Perkins. 1923. A scientific and readable discussion showing mind to be a matter of heredity and that heredity influences and determines mental make-up. It shows also the importance of inherent capability in matters of education, vocation and immigration. An excellent book for the reader who must content himself with a reliable statement of results and generalizations.

Marriott, J.W. compiler. One-act plays of today. 4v. Detroit. A useful collection of eleven one-act plays by representative English and Irish dramatists.

Rinehart, Mary R. My story 10v. NYPL This story of the author's life is literally more exciting than fiction. ~~Perhaps~~ Perhaps the most distinguished quality in this autobiography is not the unusual adventures that the author had in war and peace and travel but the patent honesty with which she looks back and tells about a career which so easily would have lent itself to self-dramatization.

Strachey, Lytton. Elizabeth and Essex. 5v. Chicago, Detroit, LC, Philadelphia, NYPL, Perkins. A rarly vivid and searching treatment of a great period in British history.

Books in grade 2 published by the National Institute, London.

Austen, Jane. Sense and sensibility. 4v. A study of character and manners. Draws a contrast between two sisters of differing temperaments. The author wrote only six novels and while all are masterpieces, "Pride and prejudice" ranks as her best work. It is in grades 1½ and 2.

Cather, Willa. Death comes for the Archbishop. 3v. 1927. Tells the story of a French priest who in the middle years of the last century went to New Mexico, as vicar apostolic and became archbishop of Santa Fe. Some years ago Miss Cather in "My Antonia", wrote a book which as a straightforward record of experience, stands out in the mass of fiction which gathers about the advancing frontier and the conquest of the soil, an unquestionable masterpiece. In "Death comes for the Archbishop" she has returned to this type of simple, unaffected narrative of a human life, and again has produced a book which will remain an American classic.--New Republic.

Freeman, H.W. Joseph and his brethren. 3v. For note see list of hand-copied books in this issue.

Iliad. Leaf, Lang, and Myers translation. 6v. See "Greek epic poetry" in this issue. The Odyssey Mackail translation, has been available in grade 2 for several years.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila. End of the house of Alard. 5v. A land-poor English squire struggles to hold intact his immense estate in the face of post-war economic conditions.

Lewis, Sinclair. Main Street, the story of Carol Kennicott. 7v. 1920. Story of a city girl who marries a country doctor in an American small town. Created a genuine sensation in American fiction and added a new phrase to the language. "Main Street" connotes self-satisfied provincialism.

Macaulay, Rose. Keeping up appearances. (Daisy and Daphne, American title.) 3v. 1928. A story of dual personality. Like all of Miss Macaulay's work it is a satire of contemporary society. In this one the mechanism, apart from the stunt, is a little run down. For all of that the author is intelligent and intelligence makes good reading.--The Dial.

Macaulay, Rose. Mystery at Geneva. 2v. A witty, mystery story of an imaginary League of Natio

Priestley, J.B. Figures in modern literature. 2v. 1924. Written with an enthusiasm and

sincerity that will lead the reader to a more genuine and intelligent appreciation of the following authors: Bennett, De La Mare, Hewlett, Housman, Jacobs, Lynd, Saintsbury, Santayana, and Squire.

Priestley, J.B. Good companions. 9v. 1929. Presents a group of travelling players in England. Comparable in high spirits to P.G.Wodehouse but belongs to a more distinct type of novel. A narrative of haphazard adventure, possible but not probable, amid real and crisply drawn scenes. In characters and incidents there is a humorous creation--Springfield Republican.

Tomlinson, H.M. Sea and jungle. 4v. 1912 Graphic, well written descriptions of the Brazilian jungle and of life aboard a tramp steamer sailing from England.

Wodehouse, P.G. Money for nothing. 3v. A lively version of the latest sort of dishonest health establishment. Perfectly adapted to railway-carriage reading.

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather. Reviewed by G.W.Cross in "The Saturday Review of Literature."

Sometimes a novelist's art may be summarized in a happy title. Twice Edith Wharton thus betrayed her art. "The house of mirth" was in the end anything but a house of mirth. ~~"The age of innocence" was anything but a house of mirth.~~ "The age of innocence" (grade 1½) was anything but an age of innocence. As in these novels, Mrs. Wharton's attitude towards persons and things has been consistently ironical. Likewise, Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" (grade 2) and "Babbitt" (grade 1½) by their very titles forecast the drab life of Middle Western towns, with satirical intent.

Willa Cather's art has passed through several phases. In "O!pioneers" (grade 1½) and "My Antonia" (grade [illegible]) her subject was mainly the early settlers on Nebraska plains among Yankee, Bohemian, French, German, Scandinavian, and Russian immigrants. There they are as she saw them in the flesh in her childhood and youth. Subsequently, she moved her scene south to Colorado and eventually to New Mexico also, where she sojourned later. But of gross observation there is little or none. Everywhere she selects significant incidents, rarely working them too hard, for bringing out the characteristics of the men and women whom she depicts. When as in "The song of a lark" (grade 1½) she becomes more liberal with incident, she 201 succeeds less well. The novel which she can best manage is comparatively short, like "A lost lady" (grade 2, Handcopied. Detroit, Cleveland, NYPL, Sacramento) which in the opinion of many, still remains her masterpiece. HC, LC

Outwardly, Miss Cather has moved far in her method. At first she adopted the traditional form of the novel, rather loose in construction. Then, as in "The professor's house" (Handcopied. LC, Sacramento) she began to experiment with the biographical manner, which she has come to like best of all. "A lost lady" is her one study of a situation such as we almost always have in 202 the novels of Edith Wharton. But throughout all of Miss Cather's work there is a lyrical quality which at times rises to genuine poetry. You see it in her earliest work. No one, for example, can ever forget the way she brings into "My Antonia" the plough magnified to a great black image against a glorious sunset as a symbol of the life of the Nebraska prairies. The lyrical mood, which climbs to its height in "Death comes for the Archbishop" (HC: Austin, grade 2), is the prime characteristic which separates Miss Cather from her two outstanding contemporary novelists.

Her title, 400 "Shadows on the rock", the happiest one yet, seems to have behind it a philosophy of life and of art too. Are we but shadows projected upon a scene, whether the scene be on the

plains or on the slope of a fortress? Or are the men and women, whom we observe and watch everyday or whom we read about in old books, but shadows to us after all? Can we penetrate the inner consciousness and tell the world what is going on in the mind, as Virginia Woolf and others profess to do? Well, Miss Cather will do the best she can and leave it to her readers to determine whether she ever gets behind the shadows. She does not fall into the old fallacy of thinking that she sees things as they are. Nobody knows what they really are. She renders them as they appear to her, well knowing that they may appear to others differently Nothing quite exists outside the mind that perceives, infers, reasons. Miss Cather's mind has a romantic glow.

In the time of which she writes in her latest novel, Quebec was not much more than a village of two thousand inhabitants living on the slope of the fortress and down by the river. For its economic existence, it relied upon trading with the Indians; too often, furs for brandy. It was, too, the outpost for missionary work with them, along the St. Lawrence and far back in the woods. Vast domains were explored and claimed for France. It was a New France north of a New England. Miss Cather's purpose is to tell about the life of the people on the rock, far from home. Most of all she dwells upon the mentality of the immigrants who brought into the wilderness with them the ideas of a well-ordered universe which had become fixed in their minds by the teachings of the Catholic Church when they were children in France. God and the angels were always near them in the beauty of the landscape, in the sun and the moon and the stars, and in the many miracles God wrought for their happiness. So there was little or no sickness for the home they had left beyond the sea. What was tragic in their lives is kept well in the background. Everywhere the colony is invested with a poetic glamour by beautiful descriptions of the rock through the changing seasons of the year.

"It was the first day of June. Before dawn a wild calling and twittering of birds in the bushes on the cliff-side above the apothecary's back door announced clear weather. When the sun came up over the Ild d'Orleans, the rock of Kebec stood gleaming above the river like an altar with many candles, or like holy city in an old legend, shriven, sinless, washed in gold."

There is no study of character in detail. There is nothing comparable to the great

458 words

missionary priests in "Death comes for the Archbishop". The tone is subdued to a poetic atmosphere which must be maintained. Purposely the sketches are slight and delicate like the pastels of Latour or Watteau. Action is reduced to a minimum. Of political history just enough is given to fix the time and the scene; no more. Characters come and go in glimpses. Here and there is comment or an anecdote or a short strip of biography. Quarrels are indicated rather than described. The clash between Bishop Laval and his successor, Sain-Vallier, is but a clash of temperaments. The hardships of Pierre Charron, the fur trader, who subsisted in the woods with the Indians on dried eels and dog meat boiled with blueberries, are toned down by a half-humorous narrative. So throughout. So far as the story is held together, it is by Auclair, the apothecary and medical advisor to the Count de Frontenac, and by Auclair's charming daughter, Cécile, about whom we learn most as we see them in their daily routine or on an evening reading aloud Plutarch or La Fontaine. Indeed, the apothecary's shop, where men and women of all classes go for herbs to cure their ills, is the center towards which the tale drifts, until we come to the lyrical afterglow in the death of Frontenac, who as he lies dying waves a feeble gesture with his left hand as a silent command that the priests and nuns kneeling by the bedside rise and draw back. The last battle must be fought alone. The great shadow passes on and leaves the rock in full splendor. A new age is at hand.

A novelist who tries an unaccustomed form must expect that many readers will be disappointed. It is always a risk. Why not another "Lost lady" or another "Death comes for the Archbishop"? Miss Cather willed otherwise. "Shadows on the rock" is quite of another kind. In some respects it resembles Sterne's "Sentimental journey" where scenes and character's separate and coalesce at the command of the author, and at last fall into an exquisite harmony of tone and atmosphere. The characterization, because it is brief, must be deft. Necessarily, much is left to the imagination. Miss Cather loves particularly the eyes. Of Saint-Vallier, Auclair remarks to his daughter: "What resless eyes he has, Cécile; they run all over everything, like quicksilver when I spill it." And Cécile's eyes, when her heart was touched, grew dark "like the blue of Canadian blueberries." In other instances, it is a hand or a gesture or a movement of the face that subtly reveals character. It is all a delicate art, more difficult than the art of the traditional novel. Few have ever measurably succeeded. Miss Cather is among these few.

are:April twilights(poems); includes a biographical sketch and an English estimate from the London Mercury(HC: NYPL). My mortal enemy (HC:Cleveland, Detroit, NYPL, Sacramento). One of ours. 4v. APH Youth and the bright Medusa, short stories. 2v. UBP

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The Nemesis of American Business, by Stuart Chase. Reviewed by Walter Prichard Eaton in New York Herald Tribune Books.

Not without considerable repetition and some lack of unified development, but with a happy combination of wit and earnestness, Stuart Chase has brought together a collection of his magazine articles, on the general subject of why we have unemployment and what we can do about it. Boiled down to the essentials, his idea seems to be that we have periodic unemployment, which will become progressively worse instead of better under our present laissez faire system, because of the invention of machinery; and that the only thing we can do about it (he does not, of course, suggest scrapping the machinery) is to use our best brains to find a way out.

And where are the best brains? Mr. Chase seems quite certain where they are not, at any rate. A politician is nearly the lowest form of life, in his estimation, only a shade above a bond salesman. He seems equally certain they are not in the marts of commerce either, having, like the late Charles Francis Adams, a very low opinion of American leaders of finance.

Where then shall we look for light and leadership? To the engineers, says he. This sounds a bit like something we vaguely remember to have heard during the last Presidential campaign, but let that pass. Here Mr. Chase knows more about it than we do, and when he says the engineers have got us into this mess, and they alone can get us out, by ceasing to be yes-men to the financiers who employ them, and applying their scientific brains to the economic problems they have created by their machinery, we, too, bid them godspeed. At any rate, we are delighted by Mr. Chase's description of a factory in Milwaukee which makes motor frames and a terrific noise, almost entirely by machinery, having dispensed with 1800 of the former 2000 workmen. To be sure, not being an engineer, we don't quite see how this is evading the nemesis of unemployment; but we rejoice with Mr. Chase that this factory employs 600 engineers and only seven salesmen. Maybe the 600 engineers were formerly machine tenders. But what has become of the remaining 1200? They can't even become salesmen.

Doubtless the reviewer should be as serious as Mr. Chase is, however, and point out that he is a believer in planned production, governmental unemployment insurance, shorter hours to meet the constant crisis of technological unemployment, higher wages, a better

Karf

distribution of income and (we gather) a campaign to teach us how to "bridge the gap from paper insolvency to the abounding physical solvency of the real world about us"--that is, to teach us to act sanely when "individual bank balances, rent payments, mortgages, profit and loss accounts, cash in hand," suddenly fade.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Chase isn't feeling so good. He has a logical mind, he loves peace and quiet beauty and his fellow men. He hates bunk. If we go on drifting with the tide, he says, we may "retreat to the French formula of self-sufficiency," or it may mean "another little ride with the Prosperity Chorus ringing bells and dropping nosegays, and so to a more resounding crash. Mounting overhead and distribution costs are not things which can be permanently overcome by ringing bells and thinking the right thoughts." He notes with pain the increasing lack of economic security, in almost all classes, with the resulting difficulty to achieve the "luxury of integrity." He hates a yes-man whether in over-alls or a white collar, as his Yankee ancestors hated a hypocrite. He hates the ugliness of our towns and highways. especially the befoulment of billboards. "Advertising," he says, "is not a century old, despite the pious historical labors of Bruce Barton." He thinks the evils of the modern city outweigh the good and it is much more than a scientific satisfaction he takes in the statement forced from the reluctant lips of a big business man that the most stable of all forms of economic organization yet discovered was that system of small agricultural holdings and handicraft manufacturing which existed before the advent of the industrial revolution.

According to him, the prosperity era preceding the crash of 1929 was based on the automobile. While the motor car manufacturers were selling 5000000 cars a year, and creating a boon in all allied industries, and making millions of new jobs, all went well. But there were signs the peak had been passed before the Wall Street crash, and now we have an industry geared to produce more than double what the market can any longer absorb, with no other new product in sight to take the motor car's place as a boon maker. We have various other large industries geared a hundred per cent or more over demand (textiles, shoes, etc.). Capital, concentrated in a few hands, hands which cannot possibly spend it on themselves, under our laissez system goes into more competitive production. In the hands of the millions, it would go into the purchase of more goods. (I need a new car right now, myself.) How to get it there! Give it to the engineers to distribute in

the form of higher wages to more men, who work fewer hours, in factories limited ~~to reasonable capacity,~~ in capacity to reasonable national demands. A simple job! Almost as simple as persuading the outdoor advertising people to make a bonfire of all their billboards, or inducing a Long Island ~~xxxx~~ suburban real estate developer to employ a staff of good architects, or persuading a Bostonian not to throw newspapers on the Common. We welcome Mr. Chase to the noble company of Utopians. And we are planting a double crop of potatoes against a long, hard winter to come.

93 [illegible]

KSLT

the form of higher wages to more men, who work fewer hours, in factories limited to reasonable capacity. In capacity to reasonable national demands. A single job: Almost as simple as persuading the outdoor advertising people to make a bonfire of all their billboards, or inducing a Long Island mark unknown real estate developer to employ a staff of good architects, or persuading a Bostonian not to throw newspapers on the common. We refuse Mr. Chase to the movie company of Virginia. And we are planning a double crop of potatoes against a long, hard winter to come.

Karlfeldt, Nobel Prize Winner

A wireless from Stockholm to The New York Times, under date of October 8th, announced that the first posthumous award of a Nobel Prize had been made in literature to Dr. Erik Axel Karlfeldt, Swedish poet, secretary and member of the Swedish Academy, who died in April. Charles W. Stork in "Books", New York Herald Tribune, writes: There is a prevalent opinion that a Nobel Prize winner may be the author of ver long and rather depressing novels. Even our own Sinclair Lewis, the last literary Nobelist but one, cannot wholly escape the charge. It is therefore a refreshing contrast to learn that the latest Nobel award in literature has gone to Erik Axel Karlfeldt, a lyric poet.

Karlfeldt's work has hitherto been little known outside of his native Sweden, but it is of a sort which, if sympathetically translated, should have a wide appeal. It pictures the country and people of his native province of Dalecarlia, the heart of Sweden's peasant life, where the fair-haired women still wear the bright costumes familiar to us in the paintings of Anders Zorn. The poet himself was of peasant stock but received a university training, so that he unites primitive vigor with delicate mastery of form. That he had the obstinate independence of his ancestry is witnessed by the fact that when he was first awarded the prize ten years ago he declined it on the grounds that he was read only in Sweden. He was again nominated early in the present year and after his sudden death the award was bestowed upon him posthumously.

What impresses one most in Karlfeldt's poetry is that he wrote not as an individual but as the spokesman of his world. He expressed tribal rather than personal feelings. His style, however, was often too rich in imagery to be fully grasped by an unlettered mind. This combination of simple feeling and decorative imagery gives the poetry of Karlfeldt a charm that finds few parallels in English. Some of Browning's Italian poems, such as "A Toccata of Galuppi", would come near to it if they did not pass over into moralizing.

The Nobel Prizes were established by Alfred B. Nobel, Swedish scientist and inventor of dynamite, who left $9,000,000 on his death in 1896 for a fund from which the interest is used to pay the awards. The value of the prize fluctuates. Last year it was $46,350.

400 words

The Microcosm

by Erik Axel Karlfeldt

(Translated from the Swedish by Charles W. Stork)

I am of earth, am sluggish, cool, inert.
Seasoned with age, though ever young at heart.
Deep-rooted in my soul, an autumn tree
Rustles with songs of parting, wistfully.

I am of water, cold as northland rains
Like frozen tears the ichor in my veins,
My winter joy is clamorously outpoured
When wine and venison deck the ample board.

I am of air too, I am brilliant, gay,
I walk as though in springtime every day.
What was for years neglected and unseen,
Breeze-quickened, re-arises fresh and green.

I am of fire, I am hot and parched,
By the unsetting summer sun I'm scorched.
Why was I not consumed by such a glow,
I and my sum of elements, long ago?

Libraries Receiving Books provided From the Federal Fund with the Abbreviated form of their Names as used in this Magazine. Books provided from this fund will be so indicated and readers should borrow these books from their nearest library.

1 Albany. New York State Library.

5 Atlanta. Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol. Georgia.

6 Austin. Texas State Library.

8 Canada.

9 Chicago. Chicago Public Library. Illinois.

10 Cincinnati. Cincinnati Public Library, Vine Street. Ohio

11 Cleveland. Cleveland Public Library, Ohio

13 Dallas. Dallas Public Library, Texas

14 Denver. Denver Public Library, Colorado.

15 Detroit. Detroit Public Library, Lothrop Branch, Michigan

17 Honolulu. Library of Hawaii.

19 Jacksonville. Illinois Free Circulating Library for the Blind, Illin

20 LC. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

22 NLB. National Library for the Blind, 1800 D Street, Washington, D.C.

23 NYPL. New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City.

24 Oklahoma, Library Commission, Oklahoma City, Okla.

25 Perkins. ~~Watertown, Massachusetts.~~ Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

26 Philadelphia. Free Library for the Blind, Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

27 Pittsburgh. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Pa.

28 Portland. Library Association of Portland, Oregon.

32 Sacramento. California State Library.

33 Saginaw. Michigan State Library for the Blind.

34 Salt Lake City. Public Library, Utah.

36 St. Louis. St. Louis Public Library, Missouri

35 Seattle. Seattle Public Library, Washington.

~~CNI.~~ Canadian National Institute, Library Department, Toronto, Canada. 64 Bathurst St., Toronto

Revised list of books to be provided by the U. S. Government. Copies of these books will be placed in the libraries chosen as distributing centers and readers should apply to their nearest library for them.

Beard, C. A. The rise of American civilization.

Bennett, Arnold. The old wives' tale.

Cather, Willa. Shadows on the rock. 2v. Now ready.

Chase, Stuart. The nemesis of American business. 2v. Now ready.

Chaucer. Canterbury tales.

Fernald, James C. English synonyms, antonyms and prepositions.

Gibbons, H. A. The new map of Asia.

Gibbons, H. A. The new map of Europe.

Hindus, Maruice. Humanity uprooted.

Hugo, Victor. Les miserables.

Huntington, Ellsworth. The human habitat.

Jones, Rufus M. Finding the trail of life.

Russell, Bertrand. The conquest of happiness.

Upton, George P. The standard operas.

Van Tyne, Claude H. The causes of the War of Independence.

Georgia Library Commission: Work for the Blind
By Beverley Wheatcroft, Secretary

The Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol, Atlanta, maintains a collection of books for blind readers, in cooperation with the Georgia Association of Workers for the Blind, which are available for free circulation to blind persons living in Georgia and adjacent states. Books are loaned, a few at a time, for period of one month, with privilege of extension for a longer time if necessary, upon request, and as free transportation is furnished by the U.S. post Office, there is no charge whatsoever for the use of the books.

The collection contains books for adults only, in New York point, revised braille grade 1½ and a few titles in grade 2, also a few books in linetype. There is also a file of magazines, all of revised braille, grade 1½ which are circulated just the same as books.

Typed lists of the books are furnished upon request, and a borrower may make a selection of ten titles from these lists, place his list of selections on file and as each loan of books is returned, the next volume of a set, or the next title on the borrower's list is sent automatically, thus saving the necessity of the borrower's having to write a letter, each time for his next loan of books. Address all communications to Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol, Atlanta. ~~Beverley Wheatcroft, Secretary~~.

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Library and Press Notes

The Daughters of Ohio announced in October their decision to bring out "The mysterious Waye", by Percival Christopher Wren author of "Beau Gest", which was put into braille several years ago by this same group, and proved a great favorite. The book will be brought out by the Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio. It will be noted under "Book Announcements" when embossed.

Just a word about hand-copied books. The editor's information concerning such material is far from infallible. Any references made in this magazine to hand-copied books are based on the monthly reports received from the Acting Director of Braille in the Library of Congress and these reports do not necessarily include all of this material. There are, undoubtedly, a number of valuable and interesting hand-copied books not receiving proper circulation because they are not sufficiently well known. One way of getting this information, so far as non-fiction goes, is to use the ink-print "Union catalogue of hand-copied material" issued by the Library of Congress. Another way is to request from each library a list of its hand-copied books. The editor will be glad to receive fuller information from the librarians in regard to their hand-copied collections and suggestions from readers concerning the use of it.

For the benefit of those who did not receive the specimen copy of this magazine we wish to explain once more that the initials RWAP stand for a series of reading courses, the Reading With a Purpose series, published by the American Library Association, each course consisting of a short popular introduction to its subject with comments on a few books organized into a systematic course of reading.

By request we reproduce here a copy of the section of the United States Postal Laws and Regulations relating to the "Free Reading Matter for the Blind." We quote from the 1924 edition which we think is the latest: "Section 495 of Postal laws and regulations. Books, pamphlets, and other reading matter in raised characters for the use of the blind, whether prepared by hand or printed, in single volumes not exceeding ten pounds in weight, or in packages not exceeding four pounds in weight, and containing no advertising or other

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matter whatever, unsealed, and when sent by public institutions for the Blind, or by any public libraries, as a loan to blind readers, or when returned by the latter to such institutions or public libraries, shall be transmitted in the U.S. mails free of postage, and under such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe.

2. Reading matter in raised characters for the use of the blind, to be entitled to transmission in the mails free of postage, shall not contain any advertising matter, and shall in every case be sent by or returned to a public library or public institution for the blind.

3. When mailed by a public library or public institution for the blind, the matter shall be sent as a loan to a blind reader. When mailed for return to a public library or public institution for the blind, the sender shall be a blind reader.

4. The matter should be wrapped so that it may be easily examined.

5. On the upper left corner of the envelope or wrapper containing the matter the name and address of the sender should appear, and on the upper right corner the word "Free" over the words "Reading matter for the blind".

Note*--Letters written in point print or raised characters used by the blind, are not included in the reading matter entitled, under the provisions of this section, to free transmission in the mails." 37 237 [illegible]

PROFILES: Willa Cather

With permission of The New Yorker

When, on June 16 of this year, Princeton University awarded a degree of Doctor of Letters to Willa Cather, it awarded an honorary degree to a woman for the first time in its history. Princeton University may well have experienced, on that day, the excitement and perturbation which naturally follow after any break with tradition. Miss Cather, make no mistake, took the whole thing as a matter of course. She is no stranger to the degree of Litt.D. The Universities of Michigan, Nebraska, Columbia, and Yale have eagerly taken her, before this, under their honorary wings. Miss Cather would not be surprised at anything now. For she well knows that she has accomplished, in the last decade or so, a miracle which should cause any university now extant to forget and forgive her sex. When all the rewards were going to writers of fiction who comprimised with their talents and their material in order to amuse or soothe an American business culture, she, as one of her most intelligent critics has said, used her powers not in mimicking reality but in practicing fiction as one of the fine arts. She knows that she represents, to use another critical tag, "the triumph of mind over Nebraska."

She would be the first person to admit her limitations. She has admitted them, in each successive novel, by working more and more closely within them, by letting what she could not do alone. She is not a profound or subtle psychologist. Madame Colette's minute dissections of intimate personal relationships are not in her line. She lacks the broad canvas of Sigrid Undset. But she is a writer who can conjure up from the look of a place and the actions of people a narractive as solid as a house, written in prose as surely counterpointed as music. She produced, in "My Antonia" (grade 2), an undoubted American masterpiece, which will be read when most contemporary novels are as outdated as the publishers' blurbs on their jackets.

If you think of the author of a contemporary masterpiece as a person as solid as his own work, uncompromising, natural, and heartily in life, Miss Cather will fit your picture. She is the antithesis of the romantic artist at odds with himself and the world -- that,

it may be, suppositious figure who raises himself from the pillow where lamentable habits have put him to write a few immortal words before the miasma again sets in. Her life has been free from turmoil; she is at home in her country and her society. She has not needed to expatriate herself in order to do her work, and she is as scornful of expatriate writers as she is of literary cliques and cabals. Although she now divides her time between California, where her mother lives, and a hotel in New York, she formerly lived, as much as possible, in one spot. She rooted herself in an apartment in Bank Street, in New York City, for almost ten years. Here she saw her friends, at parties and dinners always slightly tinged with formality. She refused to encourage proselytes and adorers; she picked her intimates with care. For most of the year she sat down to her desk every morning and worked at writing. Writing was her job; she accepted it as part of a natural day, as one accepts bath and breakfast. She saw few strangers and gave few interviews. She saw New York change from horizontal vistas of brownstone stoops, from gas-light and horse-cars, into a city presenting itself vertically to the eye. But Carnegie Hall remained in the same place; though Mouquin's disappeared, the Crillon and the Brevoort could be trusted to serve good food; the values of good prose persisted as always. She went each year, for rest and refreshment, to Santa Fe or Quebec. Taos and Santa Fe she has known well since 1912, long before the days of motorbuses and nationally advertised Indian Detours. Several of her books have used Southwestern material, notably "Death comes for the Archbishop" (HC: Austin, & grade 2), which drew extensively on Southwestern legend and history. Her new novel, "Shadows on the rock" (grade 1½), is about Quebec. She does not like to call it an historical novel, although its time is the seventeenth century and Count Frontenac is one of its characters.

She likes the French Canadians because they have remained practically unchanged for over two hundred years, Quebec because it is built to last, and because its buildings show the influence of French architects of France's best period. Its inhatitants like good food and simple pleasures. They are almost indestructible in their racial traits, and Miss Cather admires indestructible qualities in human character.

"Quebec never would have changed at all," she says, "if the American ~~drucks~~ drunk had left it alone." 2 3

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It is difficult to realize, after a glance at the Willa Cather who has shaken herself free from any influence which might hamper her work or her career, the indisputable fact that her career got off, in her first two books of prose, to a bad start. She stepped, in prose, to a bad start. She stepped, in "The troll garden," a volume of short stories, and "Alexander's bridge," a novel, not out onto the Nebraskan prairie but into the artist's studio and the drawing-room. This mis-step, when one considers the state of American fiction at the time (the years 1905 to 1912), was only natural. Henry James, in his steady progress through tapestried and marble halls, had lugged American fiction after him. His disciple, Mrs. Wharton, save for one lapse, in 1911, when she published "Ethan Frome" (HC:Detroit, NYPL), had carried on the genteel tradition. O.Henry, it is true, had reported on people in hall-bed-rooms and corner saloons, with some success. His influence, however, with the young who cared for beautiful prose was negligible. Young Willa Sibert Cather wanted to write beautiful prose about temperamental, ambitious, enchanting people. She now admits that this ambition was a grave mistake. Her talents had no real scope in the drawing-rooms of New York and London.

She walked into London drawing-rooms by way of Pittsburgh. Directly after her graduation, in 1895, from the University of Nebraska, at the age of twenty, she came east, to work for two years as telegraph editor on the Pittsburgh Leader. A friend who knew her ambition and her desire for Eastern experience got her the job. She left the newspaper to teach English literature in the Allegheny High School in the same city. She was not much older than her pupils; she remembers them as nice, intelligent children.

In Pittsburgh a new life began for the young Nebraskan. She met, for the first time, people with money and taste, who entertained actors and musicians. Pittsburgh was one of the first stops on the road; plays arrived there fresh from the New York stage. Singers and members of the theatrical profession were more generous with their time and talents, more grateful for hospitality, in the provinces than they were likely to be in New York itself. Public entertainers in those days were not carried away by the ambition to look and act like everyone else. They never could be mistaken for other people. Miss Cather was no more afraid of hero-worship then than she is now. She wrote down her new and exotic 48

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acquaintances. She crowded everything in. The early stories are full of furniture, salon pictures, literary conversation, phrases in foreign languages, glittering cloths, sweeping opera cloaks, bouquets, and gold slippers. The Western plains appear briefly now and then, but the characters hasten to leave them as quickly as possible. Trains whistle in and out of the action; people go back, but almost immediately escape again.

After nine years of Pittsburgh Miss Cather's career took another turn, in an upward direction. The Cosmopolitan (then a periodical of great seriousness), Lippincott's, Scribner's, and finally McClure's, had accepted her stories. McClure's Magazine was far more enterprising in its editorial policies than any of the others. S.S.McClure, after his triumph in the field of newspaper syndicates, was an expert at drawing native and imported literary talent into his pages. He had taken Ida M. Tarbell away from historical essays on the paving of Paris to an historical summing-up of the Standard Oil Company. Willa Sibert Cather could write as good stories as any young disciple of James. She could be trusted to know a good story when she saw it. In 1906 S.S.McClure hired her as a member of the staff of his magazine.

Miss Cather worked in New York as managing editor of McClure's from 1908 to 1912. She and McClure were sympathetic; they both were simple, ambitious, and straightforward. Every summer she accompanied the McClures to London, to assist in the magazine's author-seining expeditions. She went everywhere and met everyone: the older generation of authors and critics, in the persons of Edmund Gosse, Sidney Colvin, and the Meynells; and the newer generation: Chesterton, Leonard Merrick, Wells, and Galsworthy. She enjoyed everything, old and new. "I wasn't out to spy on life," she says of those days. "I was out to live it."

While she worked on McClure's, she published practically nothing. Samuel McClure's autobiography came out in 1912; it bears the acknowledement: "I am indebted to the cooperation of Miss Willa Sibert Cather for the very existence of this book." "Alexander's bridge", that artistic stepchild, appeared the same year. "In 'Alexander's bridge' I was still more preoccupied with trying to write well than with anything else," she has since explained. "A painter or writer must learn to distinguish what is his own from what he admires I never abandoned trying to compromise between the kind of matter which my experience had

given me, and the kind of writing I admired, until I began my second novel, 'O pioneers!' (grade 1½)."

Miss Cather was not a young writer, as such things go, when she wrote "O pioneers!" She was thirty-eight. But at that age she found herself so certainly that she never again had needed to fumble about. From then on, in five succeeding books, she remembered Nebraska, where she had spent her youth. She was born in Virginia, outside Winchester, where her forebears had lived as farmers for three generations. When she was nine her father went west, and settled in south-central Nebraska, near Red Cloud. The section had previously been peopled, soon after the opening of the Union Pacific and Burlington Railways, in the late sixties, by Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, and Czechs. Much of the country was still raw prairie. Young Willa rejected a regular primary education; until the time when she entered the high school in Red Cloud, her education went on at home. She rode about and made friends with her neighbors. She learned all there was to know about the prairie, including how to kill rattlesnakes and how prairie dogs built their towns. The neighbors, although immigrants living a hard life in difficult surroundings, were of a high type, especially the Czechs and Norwegians. They were musical; their cooking, at its best, compared well with the best culinary art of Prague or Vienna. They planted trees and gardens in the bare little towns, and dreary saloons, under their influence, blossomed out into beer gardens. They were worth bringing to mind. But Miss Cather was surprised when Ferris Greenslet, of the Houghton Mifflin Company, accepted "O pioneers!" Her first novel had opened with a description of a gentleman on his way to a tea party on Beacon Hill. Her second, in its first sentence, disclosed a Nebraska town in a high gale of wind. For Miss Cather, the wind was at last blowing in the right direction.

William Heinemann, who brought out "O pioneers!" in England, rejected her next book, "The song of the lark" (grade 1½), on the gound that "the full-blooded method, which tells everything about everybody" was the wrong one for Miss Cather to use. She took his words to heart. She now considers the higher processes of art to be the processes of simplification. To her, the first law of writing is to be yourself and be natural.

One can see at a glance that she herself has always been that rare accident of Nature, a perfectly natural person. She speaks, without the shadow of a doubt, in the accent she

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acquired as a child. Her voice is deep and resonant. Her dresses are bright in color; she likes brilliant embroidery, boldly designed materials, and exotic strings of beads. She is of medium height and of the build best described as stocky. She stands and moves solidly. She sits with an air of permanence, as though the chair were, and had always, been, her home. She smokes a cigarette as though she really liked the taste of ignited tobacco and rice paper. Her eyes are fine: grey-blue and set well apart. She has a thorough smile. Her face, when she detects some affectation in another's words or actions, can lose every atom of warmth and become hostile and set. It is impossible to imagine her strong hands in a deprecatory gesture. The remarks "Oh well" and "What does it matter?" have never, in all probability, passed her lips. She admires big careers and ambitious, strong characters, especially if they are the careers and characters of women. The most fortunate and most exciting of human beings, to her mind, is a singer with a pure, big voice and unerring musical taste. She also understands men and women who are her direct opposite: delicate, capricious figures full of charm, but with no staying powers or will to endure. She knows that these last, the world being what it is, usually come to a bad end. She has nothing but contempt for people who refuse, because of indolence or indifference, to get the best they can out of life.

She does not like to work away from America, although some of "A lost lady" was written in Europe. In Paris she misses clear American skies, becomes absorbed in watching the changing soft colors of the Seine, and gets nothing done. She delights in the turns and sound of colloquial American speech. In literature she admires the power and breadth of the Russians even more than the delicacy and form of the French. Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, and Tolstoi receive her priase; she does not mention Dostoevsky and considers Chekhov too despairing and bloodless to be of the first rank. No one can convince her that sociological reasons can explain the appearance of great writers in certain places at certain times. Greatness, to her mind, is up to the individual; the culture into which he is born can be of little help and less hindrance to the complete, freely functioning artist. She would not give a penny for any literature that presentday Russia can produce. "Liberty", she says with a snap of her eyes, "sheds too much light."

She does not believe that the critical faculty, applied to literature, can really find

out how the thing goes. "Anyone", she remarks, "who ever has experienced the delight of living with people and in places which are beautiful and which he loves, throughout the long months required to get them down on paper, would never waste a minute drawing up lists of rules or tracing down reasons why."

Her later novels approach more and more closely to the ideal she has set herself: human character and setting put down almost without accent, keyed to the quietest level, denuded of everything but essentials. This ideal she has herself termed "the novel demeuble." "Death comes for the archbishop" was an example of this style, and, it may be added, her greatest financial success; it went into four times as many printings as any of her earlier books. In contemporary writing, pure stlye and no nonsense are her demands. She is willing to be stirred by the work of young writers, if they write in a way of which she can approve. She read "The bridge of San Luis Rey" against her own prejudices (she thought that the wrong people had admired it), and has prayed for the fortunate continuance of Thornton Wilder's talent ever since. She likes W.R.Burnett's "Little Caesar", because it is direct--because it sounds as if it might have been written by Little Caesar.

The ladies of Omaha commissioned Bakst, when he was in America, to paint her portrait. They made an extremely appropriate choice. For Bakst gained a subject who, in spite of her Irish-Alsatian ancestry, her American upbringing, has a strain of Tartar in her temperament. She has come through in spite of everything--unsubordinated by her material, her early sentimentality, false starts, and bad choices. Her integrity cannot be sufficiently remembered with awards, whether they be Pulitzer Prizes, medals of the American Academy, or honorary degrees. She has made herself complete mistress of her talent. Her foot is on her native heath and her name is Willa Cather. 28

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Living Authors
Edna Ferber
With permission of The H. W. Wilson Company

Edna Ferber was born August 15, 1887, in Kalamazoo., Michigan, of Jewish parents. Her mother was an American, born in Milwaukee, and her father was Hungarian. Mr. Ferber kept a general merchandise store in Appleton, Wisconsin, where Edna Ferber spent her childhood. She went to public school there and was graduated from the high school at the age of seventeen.

Her graduating essay attracted the attention of the local editor and she got a reporting job on the Appleton Daily Crescent at three dollars a week. She continued her reportorial experience with the Milwaukee Journal and later the Chicago Tribune. When she was twenty-three years old and earning her living in this manner, she wrote a short story which was published in Everybody's. It was called "The homely heroine". Then she set to work on a novel which she threw away when finished because she didn't like it. Her mother retrieved the manuscript from the wastebasket and "Dawn O'Hara" was published in 1911 (HC,Sacramento).

Miss Ferber writes about life in the Middle West, and her characters are commonplace middle-class people. "No other kind of person fascinates and excites my writing sense," she explains. She cannot enthuse over the leisured wealthy folk, neither is she moved to compassion for the poor. People who are workers fill her pages. And she is one of t them herself, for she practices the doctrine of hard work in her writing. "They who say that work hardens one," she remarks, "or wearies or dulls, have chosen the wrong occupation, or have never really tasted the delights of it. It's the finest freshener in the world".

This busy woman does her work in a bare studio in her apartment facing Central Park in New York City, Here, away from her telephone, she sits down before a well-worn typewriter and a pad of copy paper at nine in the morning and concentrates, usually until four in the afternoon. In this same apartment she meets her friends, breakfasts, lunches, dines, and sleeps. She chose the furniture, the color scheme--planned everything herself .

Altho Miss Ferber lives in New York her heart is in Chicago and she frequently goes there to freshen her acquaintance with it. She says she has two ambitions, and one of

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them is to "sit in a rocking chair on the curb at the corner of State and Madison streets and watch the folks go by." The other is to "live on a house-boat in the Vale of Cashmere". Chicago is the setting for many of her stories.

Miss Ferber knows how to play as well as work. On social errands she enters the room almost with a rush, with a quick, firm step. She is short, scarcely more than five feet three. Her rather large head with its thick black hair, cropped so one may see the shape of her skull, is held erect. She greets one with a cordiality that is sometimes disarming and she speaks with a curious drawl that seems quite out of character with her forthright nature.

Miss Ferbers best selling novels have been: "The girls" (grade 1½). "So big" (grade 1½), "Show boat" (grades 1½ & 2), "Cimarron" (grade 1½). Of "So big" she remarks: "Not only did I not plan to write a Best Seller when I wrote "So big" but I thought, when I had finished it, that I had written the world's worst seller. Not that alone, I thought I had written a complete Non-seller. I didn't think anyone would ever read it. And that's the literal truth." "Show boat" was adapted into a musical comedy by Ziegfeld and was one of the outstanding theatrical successes of its time.

Two of Miss Ferber's plays have been successfully produced on Broadway: "Minick" and "The royal family". They were written in collaboration with George S. Kaufman. With George V. Hobart she wrote "Our Mrs. McChesney", and with Newman Levy she wrote "$,200 a year". All the plays are comedies.

Miss Ferber has periodically collected her short stories in book form. The volumes include: "Buttered side down", "Emma McChesney & Co.", "Cheerful, by request", "Half portions", Gigalo (HC,Sacramento), and "Mother knows best" (HC,Seattle, NYPL).

Her novels are: "Dawn O'Hara", "Fanny herself" (grade 1½), "The girls", "So big", "Show boat", and "Cimarron". The last is a departure from her "indoor" stories of the Midwest to the wild Oklahoma out-of-doors. The novel begins with the land rush of 1889, when Oklahoma was still Indian territory, and traverses the pioneer statehood days up to the present. Both "Show boat" and "Cimarron" were made into motion pictures.

Editor's note: Other stories by Edna Ferber in braille: "Our best peopl" (HC,LC). "Perfectly independent" (HC,Seattle), "Roast beef, medium" (HC,NYPL,Sacramento), "Sundried

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P. G. Wodehouse

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, English humorist, was born at Guildford on October 15, 1881. He was educated at Dulwich College, where he spent more time writing Greek farces about his schoolmates than he did in preparation for the Classical Sixth. For a time, in deference to anxious relatives, he tried to become a banker in London. When, after two years, his employer told him he would never make a success in commerce, he agreed with alacrity. He was earning more money with his pen in his spare time than the bank was ever likely to pay.

From then on, he struck out boldly as a writer. After a period of free-lance work he joined the staff of the London Globe, where he conducted the cherry "By the Way" column from 1903 to 1909. His success as a columnist opened the doors to all the leading magazines, while editors and playwrights on both sides of the Atlantic pursued him with contracts.

His first visit to America was in 1904. In 1909 he settled down here for a year to write short stories for magazines. Since then he has made more than twenty trips to America, usually spending half of each year in New York.

Back in England in 1910, Wodehouse lived for three years in the country, with twelve dogs for companions. His house was practically devoid of furniture. An elegant visitor once remarked: "I see you are just on the point of moving into this house. Where was your home before?" His tastes in clothes are simple, too. New suits are a torture to him. He was married, in 1914, to Mrs. Ethel Rowley, widow of Leonard Rowley of Dee Bank, Cheshire. They have a daughter.

Wodehouse began publishing books in 1902 and came into favor with his stories about an uncommonly sharp lad named "Psmith": "Psmith in the city", "Psmith, journalish". Since them his numerous books have been persistent best-sellers on two continents. He has created a long line of laugh-provoking characters who bob in and out of his stories. Some of them, besides Psmith are: Jeeves, Mr. Mulliner, the Oldest Member, Lord Tilbury, the priceless Bertie Wooster, Honoria Glossop, Hamilton Meamish, "Soapy" Molloy, Judson Coker, and Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge.

"His types of men and women are few," says Louis J. McQuilland, "and he doesnot endow them with complexes. His hero as a rule is rather devoid of grey matter, but sometimes he

is quite well off as regards muscle and brawn; at others he is merely a very lovable, silly ass with an exceedingly limited vocabulary. His heroine, however, is always quick of understanding. She is petite and attractive...The Wodehouse villain is a cunning customer who over-reaches himself and comes to final nothingness...Wodehouse's old people are eccentrics, and he specialises in uncles who are much better-hearted then they appear to be. He is quite at home (in fiction) with the criminal classes--abortive burglars, blackmailers and such like. His small boys are precocious to the last degree."

Wodehouse began writing musical comedies in collaboration with Guy Bolton and the composer Jerome D. Kern. He has written more than twenty-two shows with Bolton. His theatrical activities include productions with George Grossmith and Ian Hay. With the latter he has done "A damsel in distress"; "Baa, baa, black sheep"; and "Leave it to Psmith" (HC, Sacramento), With Valeria Wyngate he adapted "Her cardboard lover" from the French. Most of his musical comedies have been produced in America. The best known in England are: "Kissing time", "The golden moth", "The cabaret girl".

In June 1929 Wodehouse's partial record was: one hundred and forty-two short stories published in the Strand Magazine during twenty years; nine boys' stories; twenty-six novels; collaboration in about thirty musical comedies. Since then he has continued his rapid pace. He spent some time in Hollywood in 1930, writing dialog for the talkies.

Wodehouse writes quickly. One time, when he was convalescing from an attack of the mumps, he wrote thirty short stories in a month, but none of them was published. Nowadays, his output is never more than seven short stories a year. He does all his work direct on a typewriter. A conscientious workman, he always writes the first three hundred words of a story a dozen times, and never lets the story go until he has written it thru from start to finish three times. That is the only way, he finds, to "spot bits of over-writing which will creep in when one is hammering the thing out."

He has an uncanny capacity for disappearances. "Whenever he finds himself at a party," says Beverley Nichols, "where the ground is a little too thick with millionaires, or where too many peeresses are calling to their young, or where the wits are warbling too shrilly, he disappears...These disappearances are really the key to his character, which is dominated by a loathing for display". Altho his own conversation is colorful,

he often disappoints his hearers by not attempting to be witty. He never talks about himself. It is also his custom to disappear every Saturday afternoon and go alone to a football match. For years no one, not even his family, knew where he went.

"I imagine Plum (as he is called) makes quite a lot of money," observes Nichols. "But I am quite certain that money to him means principally a curious and almost mythical product which enables one to purchase golf balls and books. After these essentials to life have been obtained, money is something which, when it arrives in large quantities, must be handed to one's wife rather as tho it were an explosive." He takes a childish interest in his small private banking account, which is made up of insignificant sums that come to hand, and which never seems to rise much agove a hundred pounds.

"He is the type," writes McQuilland, "of the perfect uncle, with a twinkle in his eye... His hair recedes a little and he wears spectacles, but he is devoted to cricket and talks of it with zest." D.B.Wyndham Lewis says: "I should sum P.G. up as being an extraordinary sunny sort of bloke, still young in middle age, and certainly the man to go out of his way in the doing of generous things."

Some of the books by P.G.Wodehouse are: "Leave it to Psmith" (H C, Sacramento), "The inimitable Jeeves" (grade 2), "Meet Mr. Mulliner", "Money for nothing" (H C, LC, grade 2), "Mr. Mulliner speaking" (H C, Cincinnati), "Summer lightning", "Very good, Jeeves", "Big money".

Editor's Notes Other stories by P.G.Wodehouse in braille: "Bill the conqueror" (HC, Detroit), "Indiscretions of Archie" (HC, NYPL), "The small bachelor" (HC, Austin), "A very shy gentleman and other stories" (HC, NYPL).

Greek Epic Poetry, from "The Story of the World's Literature" by John Macy, with permission of the publisher, Horace Liveright.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken.

---Keats.

Eight or nine centuries before the Christian era there may have lived a blind bard who went about among the Greek cities of Asia Minor reciting ballads or versified legends. His name may have been something like Homer. He may have been the author of the "Iliad" (grade 2) and the "Odyssey" (grade 2). He may have been a person, or his name may stand for a group or school of poets. Many cities claimed the honor of being the birthplace of this mighty legendary poet.

We know nothing about Homer as a person. By the time that Greek history and criticism, in the fifth and fourth centuries, B.C., began to investigate origins and study documents, Homer was as much a myth and a legend to the Greeks as he is to a modern reader. Plato and Aristotle, if we are to judge by the records, knew less about the history of the Homeric poems than we know of Shakespeare. The reason for the relative difference of knowledge is that Shakespeare lived in the age of print and might have seen with his own eyes the pages of type from which modern editions of his work are reproduced. An educated Athenian in the age of Pericles might conceivably have known by heart some version of the Homeric poems without ever having seen a manuscript. And what such a version might have been we have no means of knowing. It may be that in the sixth century, B.C.,the literary statesman, Pisistratus, collected the works of Homer and gave them somewhat the form in which we have them. But it is certain that later scholars edited the text upon which our modern editions depend. The whole problem of authorship was raised by the German scholar, Friedrich Wolf, at the end of the eighteenth century, and cannot be finally solved.

This is a question for technical scholars. But there are two or three aspects of it which are of great general interest. First, we are reminded that poetry was originally something spoken or recited. And not only "originally," if that word suggests the primitive and barbarous, but among highly civilized people. For the Homeric poems, with all their mythological machinery, are not childish but grown up, as adult as Dante,Milton, Tennyson

or Browning. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are organized with a constructive skill not surpassed by the work of any later poet. Though Homer is antique and his gods no longer rule the heavens, though he was to later Greeks hidden in the mists of the past, yet we must not make too much of a few centuries. Homer is not a musty curiosity. He has survived because he expresses thoughts that we can understand and enjoy and because he is a supreme story-teller.

And we should not make too much of the fact, though it is an important fact, that the works of Homer were oral, addressed to the ear, recited or sung by rhapsodists. That does not wholly account for their superior beauty of sound, if indeed it be superior to the beauty of later poets. For even in our time when every writer thinks of his work in print, the true writer both of verse and of prose writes with his ear, hears what he is saying. There has been a change in the conditions under which literature is recorded and preserved. There has been no essential change in the use of the human senses and imagination which produce poetry and prose. Wordsworth is reported by his neighbors as wandering about the countryside mumbling his verses. Tennyson liked to recite his work to his friends, if not to large audiences. Every poet, the most shy and stage-struck or the most popular and theatrical, recites his verses, in the very act of composing them. In this respect Homer, when he "smote 'is bloomin'lyre," winks back at us, not quite in the sense that Mr. Kipling intended, but in the sense that Mr. Kipling was actually exemplifying when he chanted that verse to himself.

So Homer is a very modern poet; he lived, in the brief recent part of the life of the human race which is recorded in literature, only a day or two ago. That is our short answer to two of the biographical questions which really concern literature, how it is made and how it is related to us. There is a third question: Must there not have been some single commanding individual genius and master, whether or not his name was Homer, who created, or recreated from what material we do not know, such solidly unified and consistently phrased stories as the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"? For they are unified and consistent, no matter what flaws and breaks in continuity and inquisitive scholarship has discovered. With respect to all these questions Matthew Arnold's essay "On translating Homer" is most satisfactory. I have no doubt, though I do not know, that later scholars have corrected Arnold on many points. He asked to be correcte

his dogmatic manner was only a crust over a sensitive inquiring spirit. Though, as a rule, the best thing to do is to go direct to the original (that is, for us, a translation) and to ignore intervening critics, yet I believe that a good way to approach the poems of Homer is to read Arnold's essay. It is two things for us readers of English, an introduction to a master and itself a masterpiece of English prose.

But, to go directly to our poet, what is the "Iliad"? The theme is the final incident in the siege of Troy by the Greeks. The action occupies only a few days. But in the swift narrative there are recalled the story of the nine years of war that have gone before and the cause of the war; indeed a large part of Greek mythology is implicit in the poem. The immediate episode is the wrath of Achilles, the best fighter among the allied Greeks. He is angry at his chief, Agamemnon, because he is obliged to give up a captive girl who has fallen to his lot as part of the spoils of war. So he quits the fight and sulks in his tent. Wherefore the battle goes against the Greeks. But the bosom friend of Achilles, Patroclus, is killed, and Achilles, with another kind of anger, goes back into the combat to avenge his friend's death, and kills the Trojan prince, Hector.

This of course is only a faint outline of part of the backbone of the poem. To get an impression of its real substance, of its nervous vigor and beauty (it is as athletic as one of its own god-like heroes), we need not be Greek scholars. We are wonderfully fortunate in our English translations, though Matthew Arnold, who knew Greek profoundly and was, besides, a fine poet and critic, found fault with all the accepted English versions. The translation by George Chapman, a contemporary of Shakespeare, is in a swinging long line of fourteen syllables. He takes liberties with the text and puts in words for which there are no corresponding words in Homer. But the effect of it all is spirited and poetic. No wonder that two centuries later it inspired the young poet, Keats, to write the splendid sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer", from which are taken the two lines at the head of this chapter. And we may understand the enthusiasm of Chapman himself, who begins his preface: "Of all books extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best."

A hundred years after Chapman, Alexander Pope published his famous translation, which won immediate popularity and remains the most readable rendering of Homer in English verse. It may be that the scholar Bentley was right in saying: "A fine poem, Mr. Pope, but you

must not call it Homer." Perhaps Pope's rhymed couplets are too sharp and glittering to represent the sustained flow of Homer's hexameters. But Pope's version is a fine poem, and it probably seemed even finer to readers in the eighteenth century than it does to us. The version which I recommend to readers who are not comfortably at home in Greek, is the prose of Leaf, Land and Myers. That version in clear simple English, rhythmic in its way, untroubled by the difficulties of verse, and preserving the essential poetic metaphors of the original, reads like a first-rate novel; it is no very serious violation of critical terms for us to regard (and enjoy) the "Iliad" in prose as an historical romance.

The "Odyssey" is closely related to the "Iliad". The two poems may be considered as adjacent sections of the vast epic legend of gods and heroes, other parts of which may or may not have been cast into narrative verse. In manner the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" are much alike, and if they are not expressions of the genius of some individual poet they are expressions of the genius of a race. The "Odyssey" concludes the story of the siege of Troy, its capture by the trick of the wooden horse; and then narrates the travels and adventures of Odysseus or, as we have it in the Latin form, Ulysses. While he is on his long and round-about journey home, his wife, Penelope, is surrounded by suitors who try to force her to infidelity and take advantage of her young son, Telemachus. She remains faithful and is rewarded by the return of her husband who outwits and kills the suitors.

There is no more thrilling story in the literature of the world. In its essential plot it seems ever stronger and finer than the "Iliad". For the "Iliad" is a series of celestial intrigues and hand-to-hand combats which are as repetitious as the exploits of the knights of King Arthur or as modern prize fights. The career of Ulysses embraces the world and touches all the primary emotions and activities of man. Moreover, Ulysses is a more splendid hero than Achilles. Though some of our modern "moral" considerations are irrelevant, alien to the Greek spirit, it is artistically pertinent to point out that Achilles is disloyal to his companions and in the end defeats a better man than himself.

The triumph of Ulysses is wholly satisfactory. He has wit and patience, something more than a strong right arm. And his feats and encounters have a breathlessly rapid variety of interest. He is a man or a superman, and such he will always remain among the great characters of fiction.

It is true that mythological characters have a double meaning. Ulysses may represent a sun god, and Penelope may represent the spring to whom the god returns, routing the forces of winter (the suitors), or she may be the moon from whom the sun is separated and to whom he returns with the new moon. The interpretation of myths and symbols is a fascinating subject on which we can barely touch; lay readers will find a delightful approach to that wonder world in J.G.Frazer's "Golden bough". But is we take the Homeric legends at their face value without going very deep under the surface we have in them the finest examples of swift moving tales of adventure; we accept and enjoy Ulysses as we do Tristan and Robin Hood. Ulysses was a favorite subject of later poets. In Virgil Ulysses is a crafty villain, for Virgil's hero is a Trojan. Dante in a marvelous passage in the twenty-sixth canto of "Inferna" almost out-Homers Homer in a few lines which describe the death of Ulysses. Tennyson's "Ulysses" is the most virile and one of the loveliest of his early poems.

As in the case of the "Iliad" so in the case of the "Odyssey" we English readers are very fortunate, Chapman's version in ten syllable heroic couplets is a little "tighter" and more solid than his "Iliad". Pope and his collaborators made a vivid readable translation. But here again we are happiest in point of accuracy, facility and sheer enjoyment if we read a prose translation, that of George Herbert Palmer. Another fine translation is that by Butcher and Lang. If I put a good deal of stress on translations (there is a word more about them in the biographical note at the end of this volume) it is because through translation the thoughts of the world have passed from nation to nation and from race to race; also because translation can be a fine art, and in rendering the classics the English have practiced the art with much skill.

Around the name of Homer and his tremendous epics are grouped some minor poems, the "Homeric hymns", short prologues or introductions to epics or long narrative recitals. The authorship of them is as obscure as that of the great epics, but they have something of the tone of the major poems. These are first few lines of Shelley's translation of the "Hymn to Athena" (protecting and titular goddess of Athens and so "town-preserving maid"):

I sing the glorious power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas! tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,
Revered and mighty; from his awful head

COMMENTS, BRAILLE BOOK REVIEW
1949

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I also want to say how very valuable we find your Braille Book Review. I have used items from it in some of my library bulletins, and my staff is always eager to look it over.

Nelson Coon, Librarian, Perkins Institution

I really do appreciate the listings of the various books, particularly the handcraft and knitting and crocheting. It is a magazine I cannot be without. Thank you very much.

Hester Stitt, 55 South Ogden Ave., Columbus 4, Ohio

November 14, 1949

A FEW COMMENTS FROM 1950

"We find the Braille Book Review most useful in our work."
Suzanna Starr
March 28, 1950 Library of Hawaii, Honolulu, T.H.

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March 30, 1950 Mary Rider, Denver Public Library

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Donald Wheaton, 2223 Stuart Street
August 4, 1950 Berkeley, Calif.

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"I am taking this opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed the Braille Book Review. I should have done it years ago, but it was one of the things which I never got done until now."
Sidney Church
Sept. 19, 1950 Laona, Wisconsin

A FEW COMMENTS FROM 1950 (Continued)

"It is such a wonderful help to me as I have so little sighted help as far as reading goes. Thanks for all you do for us."

Hazel R. Krieg
3289 Grive St., Denver, Colo.

October 2, 1950

"The Braille Book Review in its own way contributes to my work as a minister."

Paul T. Yamada
Honolulu, Hawaii, T.H.

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Mrs. Mona B. Raper
Lombard Street
Meaford, Ontario, Canada

October 25, 1950

"I miss the magazine very much for the contained information is not duplicated in any other periodical."

Emil L. Raspberry
School for the Blind and the Deaf
Institute, W. Virginia

A FEW COMMENTS FROM 1951

"Thanks so much for the Braille Book Review. It does mean so much. We blind just could not get along without this fine guide to what is new in the talking book, and reading book world. I trust I shall always be on your mailing list. Thanks again for the many services you are rendering to the blind."

Mrs. Ethel M. Johnson
P.O. Box 33,
Merritt Island, Florida

January 2, 1951

"The Book Review hits the spot in the needs of us blind that no other magazine touches."

Alkice M. Dodge
Corning, New York. Route #1

January 15, 1951

THE BRAILLE BOOK REVIEW

A Guide To Braille Publications

Volume 1 Number 2

A Monthly Periodical in Braille
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FOR

AND CIVILIAN BLIND INC.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 1932

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

ABFR	American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind 1544 Hudson Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
ALA	American Library Association.
APH	American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.
ARC	American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.
CPH	Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt.Healthy, Ohio.
HC	Hand-copied.
HMP	Howe Memorial Press, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.
NIB	National Institute for the Blind 224 Great Portland Street, London, England.
PPS	Pax Publishing Society, Logansport, Indiana.
RWAP	Reading with a Purpose Series.
UBP	Universal Braille Press, 739 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Book Announcements

Adams, James Truslow. The Epic of America. 5v. 1931. UBP From Federal funds. See review in this issue.

Bundesen, Herman N. Health, how to keep it; from the Evening Bulletin. 1v. Free Library of Philadelphia, Vaughan Press. Excerpts from articles by a former President of the American Public Health Association, in which a number of ailments, such as headaches, ringworms, housemaid's knee, and their treatments are discussed.

Burroughs, Elizabeth. Irene of Tundra Towers. 4v. 1928 CPH Story of a mystery in the far North.

Foote, Mary Hallock. Edith Bonham. 4v. 1917 APH Mrs. Foote's style with its quiet clarity offers grateful refreshment to ears which may be a trifle weary of the current literary noise. The story has the human appeal and sure touch in dealing with life always found in this author's work. Distinctly a woman's book, one of the few which interpret the best American types.

Grenfell, Wilfrid T. Off the Rocks. 2v. 1906. CPH

-----Harvest of the Sea. 2v. 1905. CPH Both stories of the Labrador.

Grenfell, Wilfrid T. The Fishermen's Saint. 1v. 1930. CPH Rectorial address delivered at St. Andrew's University. November, 1929.

Huntington, Ellsworth. The Human Habitat. 2v. 1927. UBP From Federal funds. This is a fascinating study, written from a fresh point of view, making geography live. The book is of consequence to all readers who are interested in the results of climatic and geographic environment on the economic, social and cultural welfare of man. Among the themes which Mr. Huntington discusses are the geographical and climatic determinants that control the habitats of man; the geographic conditions which favor or discourage advance in human culture; the sources and climate, soil and other conditions of human health, vigor and progress; the results of the inability or unwillingness of humans to adapt themselves to their physical environment; how the earth has decreed the types of culture that have developed on various parts of her surface; the causes of the high state of culture and dominance that has come about in Europe; how American physical conditions compare with those of Europe.

Jones, Rufus M. Finding the Trail of Life. 1v. 1926. ABFR From Federal funds. A professor of philosophy looks back across the years to record the spiritual striving of a little boy brought up in the midst of a Quaker community. In the story of this boy's finding the trail of life there is a definite picture of a sturdy, unique, and now passing type of religious community. Interesting as his story is in itself, for most readers of mature years not the least of its virtue will be indirect, as it prompts them to go back over their own trail and compare it with his. As professor at Haverford College, lecturer, reacher, and writer, he has been primarily an interpreter of the inward and mystical aspect of religion. His simplicity of expression and understanding mind have made his writings loved by all ages and types of people. The reading outline on "The Life of Christ", one of the RWA series, and now in braille, was prepared by Prof. Jones.

Mathews, Shailer. The French Revolution, 1789-1815. 4v. 1923. UBP From Federal funds. Second notice. In the preface to this enlarged edition the author writes: The most important change in the volume is the addition of an entire new part dealing with the Napoleonic period as a phase of the history of the revolution... Real history is something more than events. To understand truly the social forces, to estimate their psychological energy, to discover their origin, to trace their development and effects, we must not neglect that continuity which really is most important in historical study. In this volume I have at least endeavored to treat history from the point of view of genetic social processes and creative social ideas. I venture to hope, also, that I have made it possible to feel that the persons of the historical drama are real folks rather than abstract ideas. A philosophy of history is not history any more than is a collection of historical items indexed by a card catalogue. It is the need of studying the spirit of the French people quite as much as their deeds that has led to what may appear, in a book of this size, a somewhat disproportionately extended treatment of the pre-revolutionary conditions of France. But the change in national spirit and attitude which made the Old Regime impossible and compelled Louis to summon the States General is by far the most important element in the Revolution. To understand the conditions which were outgrown, the origin and growth of the revolutionary spirit, its extension into Europe, and its check by the forces of reaction is one unbroken task. Only in the unity of the

entire cycle can the inner character of the Revolution be disclosed and its real significance discovered.

Morley, Christopher. Kathleen. 1920. CPH The story of an Oxford undergraduate prank. An amusing tale.

Paine, Ralph D. First down, Kentucky. 4v. 1921 APH A good football story.

Palgrave, Francis Turner, compiler. Golden treasury; selected from the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language. 2 bvols. APH One of the best known and most valuable anthologies. Selected with almost faultless discrimination with the aid of Tennyson's advice and criticism. The first series covers the period from Shakespeare to Wordsworth, the second that of the Victorian poets. (This new edition adds some of the later English poets and includes for the first time a number of Americans.)

Stevenson, J. A. Constructive Salesmanship. 6v. 1923. Chicago Public Library Press. The author's aim has not been to assemble in convenient form a variety of clever devices for putting over sales, but to offers plans of selling whereby prospects needs are studied in order to find the specific uses they may have for the commodities offered. The organization of the material follows a plan used with remarkable success both in university schools of life insurance salesmanship and in the salesmanship training courses of several of the large life insurance companies. The author was a professor of education at the University of Illinois before he entered the selling field which may account for the fact that he has been so successful in training salesmen according to the most up-to-date educational theories.

Terhune, Albert P. Many Waters. 1v. CPH 1931 Story of a dog saving a girl's life.

Hand-copied Books Announced by Request of the Librarians.

Benson, Allan Louis. Story of geology. 1927. Detroit. It would be fun to study geology that is written like this. The style is picturesque. The material is more than readable, at times it is fascinating.

Byrd, Richard E. Skyward; man's mastery of the air as shown by brilliant flights of America's leading air explorer; his life and thrilling adventures. 7v. Chicago, Cincinnati, LC, NYPL

Burbank, Luther and Wilbur Hall. The harvest of the years. 7v. 1927. Seattle. Particularly interesting and valuable because it presents so clear a portrayal not only of the birth and growth of his visions but also of the methods and means he used in making them work, transforming them into useful servants of mankind. In addition it brims and glows with his thoughts about man and life, the conclusions to which his long and loving study of nature had brought him.

Buskett, Nancy. Fingers that see. 2v. Seattle.

Curwood, J.O. River's end, a new story of God's country. 5v. 1919. Pittsburgh. This is a clean, moving, and dramatic tale.

Harris, Arthur M. Pirate tales from the law. 6v. Seattle.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. Blue bird. 3 . Pittsburgh. A fairy tale in dramatic form in which two children representing mankind, set out in search of a magic blue bird, the symbol of human happiness.

Maine, my state, and Just Maine folks. Two books edited by the Main Writers Research Club, with contributions from Kate D. Wiggin and other Maine writers. 7v. of each title. LC

Nordliff, Charles B. The derelict. Pittsburgh. An adventure story in which the hero of the "Pearl Lagoon" (grade 1½) tells of his capture by a German raider, of his narrow escape from death in a typhoon and his finding of a mysterious island. His German captor is is undoubtedly Count Luckner in the Sea Devil, ~~(Hand-copied)~~ (HC: LC, NYPL, St. Louis, Sacramento.)

Northcliffe, A.C.W.H. baron. My journey around the world. 11v. Pittsburgh.

Ward, R. DeC. The climates of the United States. 10v. 1925. NYPL A valuable and interesting book wherein frosts, winds, rainfall, sunshine, hot and cold waves, tornadoes and blizzards are discussed and their relation to human beings emphasized. It is good reading as well as an authoritative work. The author is professor of climatology at Harvard.

Walsh, J.J. Our American Cardinals; life stories of seven cardinals. 6v. LC

Wells, H. G. Tono-Bungay. 6v. 1909. NYPL The story of a fortune that comes to man who has the instinct for trading upon the gullibility of a nation susceptible, in the extreme, to advertising frauds. In reviewing Wells' recent books, "The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind", Stuart Chase writes in the Herald Tribune Books: "Once a year I take down from its shelf a book called "Tono-Bungay" and read it through; drawing into focus again the seinging epic of the rise and fall of the House of Ponderevo; remembering again that here, as in no other novel ever written, is the glittering folly, the sublime paradox of a pecuniary civilization documented for all time. In a sense "Work, Wealth and Happiness" is a full length portrait of that economic confusion which "Tono-Bungay" etched in preliminary outline. Yet the etching was by a master's hand, glowing with a life which the portrait lacks."

Wiley, Hugh. The prowler. 6v. 1924. Seattle. A Memphis negro and his mascot goat on the Pacific coast. An amusing and vivid book.

Yezierska, Auzia. Bread givers. 1925. Seattle. An autobiographical novel of the lower East side of New York. Not since Mary Antin's "Promised Land" has there been so moving a story as this.

Publications of the National Institute for the Blind, London.

Braille System for Reading and Writing Grade 2 (including grade 1). Revised by the National Uniform Type Committee, 1931. Price 3 shillings.

Cannon, Cornelia. Red rust. 4v. 1928. The story of a young Minnesota farmer whose great hope is to produce a species of wheat able to with-stand the blighting "red rust". It is an important addition to the growing mass of regional literature. Mrs. Cannon has written a rounded, solidly wrought story that should stand the hard test of time.

Deland, Margaret. Iron woman. 6v. 1911. Remarkably realistic study of a hard-headed and masterful woman mill-owner constrasted with Helena Ritchie, who through her great love and experience of life saves her David, now in early manhood, in a great moral crisis.

du Maurier, George. Trilby. 4v. 1894. Famous as a picture of bohemian life in Paris and for its introduction of hypnotism as a motivating force in the plot.

Hewlett, Maurice. Richard Yea and Nay. 4v. Boldly imaginative study of life and character of Richard ~~Cœur~~ Cœur-de-Lion. While departing from strict accuracy in record of events, the story revives the manners and emotions of the age of tournaments and crusades.

Masefield, John. Captain Margaret. 4v. 1916. A tale of adventurous life at sea. Full of feeling for the beauty and brutality of life.

Murry, J. Middleton. Countries of the mind; essays in ~~library~~ literary criticism. 2v. 1922. Contents: Shakespeare and love. A neglected heroine of Shakespeare. ~~Barton's~~ Burton's Anatomy. The poetry of William Collins, John Clare, Walter de la Mare. Arabian deserts. Baudelaire. Amiel. Gustave Flaubert. Stendhal. A critical credo.

Scott, Sir Walter Scott. Peveril of the Peak. 8v. Has a romantic plot in which a supposed deaf mute and a dwarf help defeat the conspiracy to separate hero and heroine. The Peaks of Derbyshire, the Isle of Man and London are the scenes.

Trollope, Anthony. Barchester Towers. 7v. Trollope was a prolific writer whose works number a hundred or more volumes including novels, tales, history, travel and biography. The Barchester novels form the most popular series. These stories are all laid in the cathedral town of Barchester. Although Trollope's personal acquaintance with ecclesiastical life was slight, his portraits of clergymen are the best in English fiction. - The Bookman's Manual.

Walpole, Hugh. Duchess of Trexe. 6v. A story of the passing of the Victorian tradition, represented here by the Duchess. The time is the end of the last century.

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams. Reviewed by Henry Steele Commager in the New York Herald Tribune Books.

More than other peoples Americans have concerned themselves with conquering a wilderness, subduing the earth, building up a material civilization, but they have been incurably romantic about it all, and the whole process has been sublimated to something of a religious experience. Rightly or wrongly, Americans have believed that they were creating a new order of society where men could shuffle off the trammels of the past and attain to new heights of spiritual dignity. They have called this faith by different names: Liberty, equality, democracy, opportunity; James Truslow Adams makes it the motif of "The American Epic", and calls it "The American Dream".

> "What the common man asked for was what he thought America stood for--opportunity, the chance to grow into something bigger and finer, as bigger and finer appeared to him. He did not envisage America as standing for wealth only, and certainly not as standing for culture; still more certainly not as reproduction of European classes and conditions. Somewhat vaguely he envisioned it as freedom and opportunity for himself and those like him. Perhaps his Americanism was a dream, but it was a great dream."

An illuminating and suggestive volume, Mr. Adam's "Epic of America" is difficult to classify. It is not, in the conventional sense, history, nor is it precisely philosophical interpretation, but something of both. It is an attempt to segregate and interpret the significant experiences, to discover the origin and explanation of the abiding characteristics, of the American people. Using the chronology of history as a vehicle, and the "American Dream" as a central theme, Mr. Adams retells the familiar epic of America with new emphases and revaluations. The point of departure is that so nicely put by Woodrow Wilson in his essay on the Course of American History, "Look how singular a thing: the work of a primitive race, the thought of a civilized". Adams is constantly concerned with the effect that the physical task of subduing successive frontiers would have on the cultural heritage of European peoples in America, and with the effect, in turn, that the "dream" would have on the attitude toward material development. He is fascinated by the juxtaposition of these factors and the resulting cultural and moral confusions.

Mr. Adams is at one with Turner in ascribing to the frontier the dominant influence in moulding the American character, but here again the emphasis is psychological rather than economic or political. Like Lewis Mumford, he is chiefly interested in the effect that the pioneering process had on the American mind, though he does not present this interpretation

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams. Reviewed by Henry Steele Commager
in the New York Herald Tribune Books.

More than rather peculiar Americans have announced themselves with conquering a wilderness, subduing the earth, building up a material civilization, but they have been incurably romantic about it all, and the whole process has been exhibited to something of a religious experience. Plainly or crudely, Americans have believed that they were creating a new order of society where men could shuffle off the trammels of the past and attain to new heights of spiritual dignity. They have called this faith by different names: liberty, equality, democracy, opportunity; James Truslow Adams makes it the motif of "The American Epic", and calls it "The American Dream".

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Mr. Adams is at one with Turner in ascribing to the frontier the dominant influence in moulding the American character, but here again the emphasis is psychological rather than economic or political. Like Carl Becker, he is chiefly interested in the effect that the pioneering process had on the American mind, though he does not present this interpretation

with the thoroughness and brilliance of the author of "The Golden Day". "Just as American Puritanism had become intolerably narrow", Adams remarks, "so was the life on the frontier; and thus two of the strongest influences of our life, religion and the frontier, made in our formative periods for a limited and intolerant intellectual life". It was the pioneering process, Mr. Adams believes, that accounts largely for the materialism of the American outlook, for the quantitative measurement of things, for the confusion of "bigger" and "better", for the dislike of criticism and the tendency to boost.

> "From the very beginning the quantitative measure of value assumed a definite place in the American mentality. If one man built a house in the woods, the Indians would probably tommyhawk him, but if a dozne families settled in a group there might be comparative safety ...All motives, safety, profit, social intercourse, educational opportunities, everything, led the American to watch mounting figures of population growth with an eye to all that made life richer and pleasanter."

To the maladjustments of continuous pioneering, Mr. Adams ascribes the American sympathy for the under-dog, American tolerance of shiftlessness, neglect, haste, American impatience with esthetic demands. Santayana made the same observation: "The luckless American who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform and prosperity dinned into his ears; every door is open in this direction and shut in the other".

The passing of the frontier in 1890 Mr. Adams makes the crucial point in recent American history, repudiating entirely the theory recently advanced by the authors of "The Growth of the American Republic" that this phenomenon was effect rather than cause.

> "For a century or more our successive Wests has dominated the thoughts of the poor, the restless, the discontented, the ambitious, as they had those of business expansionists and statesmen. . . . It had been an adventure of youth. Now it was over. . . . The day was passing when the people could simplify their problems and escape from an environment too perplexing or too inimical by the simple process of going West. The day was coming when, East or West, they would have to stand their ground and face the issues with no escape by a mere shift of ground. Our intensified problems would henceforth permit no escape."

Particularly illuminating is Mr. Adams's explanation of the origin and development of the confusion in American business ethics. Lincoln Steffens has recently revealed the extent to which business has prostituted American morals, politics, society. How material success

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"Upon the very beginning the quantitative measure of value assumed a definite place in the American mentality. If one was small among men in the young, big Indiana world modestly complacent him, but if a giant Hoosier measured in a more mere right to comparative a few ...all to-day, safety, profit, easily informed, educational opportunities, everything, led the American to watch mounting figures of population growth with an eye to all that made life richer and fuller."

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"For a century, or more, an aggressive lusty has dominated the thoughts of the people, the results, the discontent, the ambitions, as they had those of business expansion, and aggressive. . . . In the been an advantage of youth. How it was over. . . . The day was passing when the people could simply shake their shoulders and escape from an environment too potentially for too laborious a simple process of moving West. The day was coming when Western men, too, must have to search their ground and face the issues with no escape by a mere shift of population. Our industrial problems could hereafter be settled by escape."

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was the only success recognized in a primitive society, how increase of wealth, individual or community, became a virtue, how that virtue came to be weighed against other virtues such as honesty or justice, how the whole tradition of our history made for lawlessness and the arrogation to the individual of the right to obey what laws he chose to obey until society itself came to condone law-breaking when it led to profits--all this Mr. Adams sets forth with convicing logic. To this moral confusion he ascribes a good part of the present crisis.

> "That confusion by 1930 had gone full circle. By then it had become complete. If what was economically right was also morally right, we could surrender our souls to professors of economics and captains of industry. But, having surrendered idealism for the sake of prosperity, the "practical" men bankrupted us on both of them. We had forgotten that it is impractical to be only "Practical". Without a vision the people perish."

"The Epic of America" is a courageous attempt to put the quintessence of American experience and character into brief compass. It is a lucid, accurate, shrewd, genial, intelligent, sometimes profound, and spirited rather than brilliant. It has that ripe wisdom and that critical acumen that we have found in Mr. Adams's numerous essays, and the severe impartiality that characterized his early scholarly works. The book moves with an accelerating tempo: it is decidedly better for the national than for the colonial or Revolutionary periods, and this is the more curious in that Mr. Adams's best work has been done in the field of colonial history. Though this interpretation of the modern period is penetrating and convincing, it is somewhat perplexing to find that he has not given proper recognition to the impact of science and invention in the realm of industry, of agriculture, and of urban life. It is not well to cavil at omissions, but assuredly the Bessemer process, the Bell telephone, the Hoe rotary press, the McCormick reaper, the Oliver plow, the Fordson tractor, are a part of the American epic.

Though the authentic American note is optimism, faith, courage, it is not an encouraging story that Mr. Adams unfolds. The American dream was a magnificent one, but only an incurable optimist can pretend that it has been metamorphosed into reality. It would be a bold historian indeed who would pronounce the American experience to be a tragedy, a monument to the inability of men to live up to their ideals and possibilities, to achieve the good life; and Mr. Adams does not so render judgment. Yet even in his narrative the shadows are more pronounced than the lights; if he does not specifically accept the thesis of the Degradation of the Democratic Dogma the process itself is obvious enough. "The prospect," Mr. Adams concludes,

was the only encounter recognized in a primitive society, how increases of wealth, individual or community, became a virtue, how that virtue came to be valued above other virtues such as honesty or justice, how the whole tradition of our history made for laissez-faire and the unequal emphasis on the individual of the right to obey what laws he chose to obey until society itself came to condone law-breaking when it led to profits--all this is Adams' case for the with surprising logic. In this moral confusion he accurates a good part of the present crisis.

"Our conclusion by 1900 had gone full circle. By then it had become complete. If what was economically right was also morally right, economic advisers could be professors of economics and captains of industry. But, having surrendered idealism for the sake of prosperity, the "practical" men hamstrung on both of them. We had forgotten that it is impractical to be only "practical". Without a vision the people perish."

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"is discouraging, but not hopeless. . . . We have a long and arduous road to travel if we are to realize our American dream in the life of the nation, but if we fail, there is nothing left but the whole eternal round. The alternative is the failure of self-government, the failure of the common man to rise to full stature, the failure of all that the American dream has held of hope and promise for mankind.

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Tex State Library: Books for the Blind

244 vols.

The George Washington Bicentennial Celebration

The first two of the braille pamphlets from the "Honor to George Washington" series have been distributed by the Braille Committee of the U. S. Commission for the Celebration of the George Washington Bicentennial. There are to be seven braille pamphlets from this series which is edited by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart; a number of one-act plays, one or two pageants, music and history of Colonial music--these and as many more of the Commission publications as the generosity of Congress will permit. All material is to be distributed free to libraries and schools for the blind and to classes for the blind in the public classes. No braille books are to be sent to individuals. The two pamphlets issued to date of our going to press are "George Washington Year by Year" which gives the dates of important events relating to Washington's history for the earliest English records of his ancestry in 1183 to his death in 1799; and the "Frontier Background of Washington's Career" which includes an introduction to the series, by Colonel U. S. Grant; and "Father of the Land We Love", a song written for the American people, by George M. Cohan.

List of Books in Braille on and by Washington

Hart, Albert B. George Washington. 1v. EWAP 1927 UBP This outline has been published for those who wish to know more about Washington, not only as a public leader but as a versatile man and esteemed citizen. It is especially appropriate at this time because of the national celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington in 1932. The course comprises a brief introduction to the many sided Washington and a guide to a few very readable books about him...Dr. Hart has been a student and teacher of history for more than fifty years. As instructor and professor of history, and later of government, at Harvard University, he has guided thousands of students while writing, editing, and publishing various series and books relating to American history. Recently appointed historian of the United States George Washington Bicentenary Commission he has a great opportunity to make Washington better known to his countrymen.-Preface.

Hill, Frederick Trevor. On the trail of Washington, a narrative history of Washington's boyhood and manhood, based on his own writings, authentic documents and other authoritative information. 2v. APH

Scudder, Horace E. George Washington. 2v. 1889. XFPS Recognized as one of the best of the lives of Washington for young readers and among the best of the one-volume lives for readers of any age. It embodies no original work, but is judicious, fair, cautious, and of admirable literary quality.

Washington, George. Farewell address. 1v. APH

Wilson, Woodrow. George Washington. 2v. 1896. UBP Portrays the man and the times. For the general reader and not the special student. Recommended by Dr. Hart in his outline on the study of George Washington which forms one of the RWAP series. Second notice.

Wister, Owen. The seven ages of Washington. 2v. 1907. APH A delightful biography giving a finished portrait broad and vigorous in treatment. Concerned primarily with the man and only incidentally with the soldier or statesman, but it does not neglect the background or the final impress of Washington upon history.

Woodward, William E. George Washington; the image and the man. 4v. 1926. UBP Not a mere idol-smasher of the vulgar sort. It is a genuine effort at interpretation and, in a high degree, a successful one. The narrative moves easily and rapidly, clothed in a somewhat journalistic and staccato style. There are a number of minor errors but none of much importance. ~~Reviews (N.Y. Herald Tribune.)~~

Library and Press Notes

Magazines: Among the rather recent established and little known braille magazines are: The "Braille Rainbow", a quarterly braille magazine for the deaf-blind, published jointly by the National Institute for the Blind, London, and the National Deaf-Blind Helpers League. "The Herald of Christian Science", a monthly in braille, grade 1½, the braille edition of the inkprint magazine, is printed and embossed by the Universal Braille Press. Subscription price $1.00 a year.

"The Venture", published by the National Institute for the Blind, London, which is devoted to matters of interest to blind boy scouts and girl guides, though not new, is mentioned here as there is little on this subject in braille. The "Boy Scouts of America", a one volume book, from the American Printing House for the Blind, is the only title on the subject so far as we know.

"The Torch" is a braille, bi-monthly. The July number contains 16 pages. It is religious in character and would in print be classed as a tract. It is free but contributions, however small, will be gratefully received. Address Editors: Miss A. Trench, Winscales, Workington, Cumberland, England, or Mrs. Leitch, 46 Cavendish Road, Sutton, Surrey, England.

The Braille Readers' League: The third number of the Braille Readers' League Notes announces that the attempt to create a formal organization on the part of the League has not been particularly successful but this does not mean that the idea will be abandoned. The League is to be developed as an informal association for the purpose of bringing together blind readers and book lovers to study the needs of finger readers, especially adult students, and all advanced and discriminating readers of books in raised type. One of the functions of the League will be the compilation of lists of books recommended by its members for embossing from the U. S. Government funds. Blind readers may become members and sighted persons may become associate members upon application to its secretary, Mr. A. G. S. Josephson, Fairhope, Alabama. Contributions will be gladly received. These should be sent to Mr. Josephson, Bank of Fairhope, Fairhope, Alabama.

The Foundation Library: The November number of "The Teachers Forum" contains an article covering in some detail the work of The Foundation Library. Though this collection on the

subject of blindness and the blind includes only material in inkprint, nevertheless, it should be known to touch readers. Emphasis is place on the fact that it is a lending library equipped to circulate books and pamphlets by mail to any part of the country.

Braille Transcribing: The annual report of the American Red Cross on braille transcribing has just been issued. The report is in the nature of a reminiscent survey, 1918-1931. The year 1930-1931 stands at the peak of accomplishments in braille. All previous records were evidently broken in the number of students enrolled; lessons given; certificates granted; number of pages transcribed; books given to libraries; and in help given to individuals. Attention is called to the annual appropriation recently granted by Congress for books for the adult blind and the effect of this fund on the future of hand transcribing. The report concludes with the statement that there is still a great deal of work for willing hands that can become skillful enough to do it and states that the slogan of the future must be not "more braille", but "better braille".

Getting Into Six Figures. by Arnold Patrick. from The Bookman December 1924.

The romance of great sales in the book world is just a shade more thrilling, it seems to me, than success in any business, because to the publisher at least, and to a certain extent to the author, it is a gamble, but a gamble in which intelligence must play a large part. Betting on a book is certainly not quite so much of a chance as betting on a hand at poker; yet what publisher would be brave enough to claim that he has always known a best seller when he has read one in manuscript? If you should corner him, he would probably admit that he had rejected many a book which made a fortune later for a rival firm; and the rival firm would doubtless admit the same of other volumes.

The choosing of books and plays is a very similar process. It is well known that the famous and vastly profitable "Rain" went the rounds of the New York managers' offices fairly thoroughly before it found a producer. I must confess to the rejection of a famous best seller for one publishing house, and I know that it was allowed to pass out the door of still another. It is these chances that make bookselling highly romantic to the publisher.

The author faces a problem slightly more grim. For him, there is no definite and straight road to success or popularity. By some lucky chance he may strike the public fancy with his first effort and knock the book to a home run of many thousands of copies. Or he may work for years without praise or sales. No successful author can tell how to succeed in writing. He can only detail, as he recalls it, the progress of his own success. Before he starts writing he knows that very few books sell beyond the hundred thousand mark, and that still fewer authors repeat this sale with their new stories as their career progresses. Public fancy is hard to capture and, once gained, even more difficult to hold. The life of any sort of author is not easy; but the life of a successful author is fraught with many perils. He stands in constant fear of losing his great audience. He may turn it away by some thoughtless act of his life which puts him into the limelight and destroys a popular illusion concerning him. His viewpoint may change, so that whatever the magic of his writing was, it vanishes -- and he always knows that it will take perhaps only one dull book to drive away his following. Therefore he must keep himself in as good training as the prizefighter. With every book, he slips into the ring. Applause greets him for his former conquests; but should his performance prove dull, he knows that the knock-out

Selling Long Via Figures. Dramatic Instinct. Dramatic Human Document Type.

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can be swiftly dealt, and that the comeback is difficult and dangerous.

Who are the living American authors whose books sell more than a hundred thousand copies promptly after publication -- say within six months? In talking recently with a man who knows the book market better than most, since his firm distributes the books of all publishers, I was surprised to find how short the list really is. For consistently large sales a certain group springs at once to mind: Zane Grey, Gene Stratton-Porter, Mary Roberts Rinehart, James Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne, Joseph C. Lincoln, Booth Tarkington, Harold Bell Wright, Dorothy Canfield, Edith Wharton, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. These authors have held their places more or less consistently over a period of years, although in most cases certain volumes have proved far more popular than others. Then there are several authors who have recently leaped into the hundred thousand class and who may stay there: Sinclair Lewis, with "Main Street" (grade 2) and "Babbitt" (grade 1½), Charles G. Norris with "Brass" and "Bread", Warner Fabian with "Flaming Youth", Edna Ferber with "So Big" (grade 1½).

There is Gertrude Atherton, early successful with "The Conqueror" (grade 1½), later brilliantly so with the sensational "Black Oxen"; and similarly Harry Leon Wilson whose "The Spenders" had a tremendous vogue, duplicated by his recent "Oh Doctor!" There are others whose books have excellent sales yet have never repeated the great success of one book, like Eleanor Hallowell Abbott ("Molly Make-Believe") (HC: St. Sims), Mary Johnston ("To Have and to Hold") (grade 1½), Frances Little ("The Lady of the Decoration") (grade 1½), Kathleen Norris ("Certain People of Importance"), Alice Hegan Rice ("Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch") (grade 1½), Henry Sydnor Harrison ("Queed"), Basil King ("The Inner Shrine"), Meredith Nicholson ("The House of a Thousand Candles"), Stewart Edward White ("The Blazed Trail") (grade 1½), Owen Wister ("The Virginian") (grade 1½).

Among the other favorite authors whose sales are still large but not so large as for several of their earlier books are Margaret Deland, Irving Bacheller, Rex Beach, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, Thomas Dixon, George Barr McCutcheon, Harold MacGrath, Henry van Dyke. There are a few women writers of the first order who have apparently not yet reached the one hundred thousand sale. They are Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, and Zona Gale. Two others who write popular books, Temple Bailey and Grace S. Richmond, while assured of a very good sale, apparently fall short of one hundred thousand.

This summary leaves out of consideration the many English and foreign authors whose

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Do are the living American authors whose books sell more than a hundred thousand copies annually after publication -- say within six months? In talking recently with a man who knows the book market better than most, since his firm distributes the books of all publishers, I was surprised to find how short the list really is. For considerably large sales a certain prestige attaches at once to mind: Zane Grey, Gene Stratton-Porter, Harry Bowers Hirshberg, James Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne, Joseph C. Lincoln, Rex Beach, Harrington, Harold Bell Wright, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, and Mrs. Wiggs Hodgson Burnett. These authors have held their places more or less consistently over a period of years, although in most cases certain volumes have proved far more popular than others. Then there are several authors who have recently leaped into the hundred thousand class and who may stay there: Sinclair Lewis, with "Main Street" and "Babbitt", Charles G. Norris with "Brass" and "Bread", Harper Lubin with "Flaming Youth", Edna Ferber with "So Big".

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Among the older favorite authors whose sales are still large but not so large as for several of their earlier books are Florence Barclay, Irving Bacheller, Ian Maclaren, Robert W. Chambers, Joseph Lincoln Lil, Thomas Dixon, George Barr McCutcheon, Harold McGrath, Henry Van Dyke. There are a few women writers of the older order who have operated by not yet reached the one hundred thousand sale. They are, Lily Cayler, Miss Glasgow, and Tom Gale. Two others who write popular books, Temple Bailey and Grace S. Richmond, while assured of a very good sale, apparently fall short of one hundred thousand.

This summary leaves out of consideration the very popular non-foreign authors who

sales have reached huge proportions in America -- and it all sounds rather commercial; but my purpose here is to examine success in terms of sales, not in terms of literary quality. Just how have these authors, or some of them, reached the coveted public? We shall attempt to discover.

I: ZANE GREY

A young man in the smoking car of a Lehigh Valley train looked out at a smoky Ohio Village.

"So this is Zanesville", he said.

"Yes, this is Zanesville; what of it?" said the broad Ohioan who was just returning with his wife from a trip through Yellowstone Park.

"Well, Zane Grey was born here!" said the young man.

"Yes!" said the Ohioan.

"Zane Grey's certainly a good fellow", said the young man. "In fact, he's a peach. I like him better than his books."

The Ohioan spat reflectively and twirled his cigar. His scorn came slowly to speech.

"Well, young feller," he said, "I really don't see that it makes much difference what you think of Zane Grey's books!"

It certainly doesn't!

The Ohioan was proud of Zane Grey, as well he should be. Of the work of all living novelists, Mr. Grey's books taken as a whole probably have the widest sale and the greatest reading public. Their readers number millions. They have been translated into many languages. Some of his earlier books still go on selling as well as his later ones. His name is one of the few which has stood for something on the motion picture advertisements. It has definite box office value. Ask the taxicab driver, the peanut boy, the grocer, the lawyer, your father, your brother, your uncle, what books he reads. Nine out of ten American men will answer, Zane Grey's. If you don't believe me -- try it! Of all living authors he is the most successful in his appeal to men. Why?

How did this native of Zanesville, Ohio, learn his trade? Why is it that he is one of the very few authors the sale of whose books continues at high pitch; even, sometimes, increases, as he grows older? What manner of man is he?

sales have reached new proportions in America -- one it will shock rather considerably; but my purpose here is to examine it not in its sales, not in terms of literary reality, but have these books ever, or have of them, reached the average public? Is there a market to discover.

LIVING GUY

A young man in one month got of a leading Valley train looked out of a window while.

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"Yes, this is Bensville; what of it?" said the broad children who was just returning with his wife from a trip through Yellowstone Park.

"Well, Zane Grey was born here", said the young man.

"Yes", said the Oldsmobile.

"Zane Grey, certainly a good fellow", said the young man. "In fact, he's a reason I like him better than his books."

The Oldsmobile partly reflectively and twirled his cigar. His wife came slowly to speech.

"Well, young fellow", he said, "I really don't see that it makes much difference what you think of Zane Grey, looks!"

It certainly doesn't!

The Oldsmobile was proud of Zane Grey, as well as should be. Of the work of all living novelists, Mr. Grey's books reach a more probably than the widest sale and the greatest reading public. Their readers number millions. They have been translated into many languages. Some of his earlier books still go on selling as well as his later ones. His name is one of the few which has stood for something in the motion picture adventure style. It has re-finite box office value. Men the tricked driver, the peasant boy, the preacher, the lawyer, your father, your brother, your uncle, what books he reads. Nine out of ten American men will answer, Zane Grey's. If you don't believe me -- ask! Of all living authors he is the most successful in his appeal to men. Why?

How did this native of Zanesville, Ohio, learn his trade? Why is it that he is one of the very few authors the sale of whose books continues at high ebb even, moreover, increases, as he grows older? What manner of man is he?

Zane Grey is a short, wiry man, with tanned skin, bright eyes, iron grey hair, and a quick smile. He must possess great powers of physical endurance, yet although he seems sturdy, he does not give the impression of great physical force -- rather of much nervous vitality. He has a wife and three children of whom he talks much. He is intensely interested in people, and his views of life are firmly entrenched but amazingly tolerant. I have never met Mrs. Grey, but I suspect that had she not been exactly the sort of person she is, Mr. Grey would not be the success he is. As I write I recall "Merton of the Movies" -- "my best pal and my severest critic". Yet like most burlesgue sentiments, it so often happens to be true. In the first place, it is essential that Mr. Grey be free to travel, to fish, to hunt, to gather the local color for his novels; and this Mrs. Grey has always left him free to do. In the second place, the works of Zane Grey in one way or another amount to a good sized business, the financial details of which annoy Mr. Grey. He tells you that if left to himself he would probably spend all of his money and never know where any of it was. It is Mrs. Grey -- a graduate of Hunter College, New York City, by the way -- who runs the business details. She is the executive; not only that, she advises him on all his manuscripts and goes over them with him.

First requirement for a successful novelist: an executive wife who understands the vagaries of the writer's temperament.

But this doesnot explain the appeal of Mr. Grey's novels -- an appeal which I suspect he is far too close to himself to understand. The author of "The Call of the Canyon", "Wanderer of the Wasteland", "Riders of the Purple Sage","Wildfire", is, first of all, a normal American man. He is an outdoor man, a baseball man. He is a family man. He is a good mixer. He knows how men act and talk and how, in their best moods, they romanticize women. He knows that man, while he sins and sloshes around in the mud, really likes to think of himself as divien; that in his egotistical longings man always envisions a pure life. The American man is essentially clean, he is essentially a sportsman, he loves the out of doors. Here lies the secret of Zane Grey. That and a great desire to write stories, a love of picturesque incident, a natural and a complete belief in himself as a writer.

Second requirement for a successful novelist: not to be a hybrid!

Zane Grey is a short, ruddy man, with coarse skin, bright eyes, iron gray hair, and a quick smile. He must possess great powers of nervous endurance, for although he seems sturdy, he does not give the impression of great physical force -- rather of much nervous vitality. He has a wife and three children of whom he talks much. He is intensely interested in people, and his views of life are firmly entrenched but amazingly tolerant. I have never met him. Grey, but I suspect that had she not been exactly the sort of person she is, Mr. Grey would not be the success he is. As I wrote a recent "Review of the Movies" -- "my best pal and my severest critic". Yet life most builds no sanctuaries, it so often happens to be wise. In the first place, it is essential that Mr. Grey be free to travel, to fish, to hunt, to gather the local color for his novels; and this life. Grey has always left him free to do. In the second place, the works of Zane Grey in one way or another amount to a good sized fortune, the financial details of which annoy Mr. Grey. He tells you that it left to himself he would probably spend all of his money and never know where any of it was. It is Mrs. Grey -- a graduate of Hunter College, New York City, by the way -- who runs the business details. She is the executive; not only that, she advises him on all his manuscripts. Hence over them with him.

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How luckily the details of Zane Grey's life prepared him for his career when he found it. Yet when he discovered that writing was the thing he wanted to do, it required a long period of strenuous work, of discouragement, of disappointment, before he knew that he really could do it successfully. He will tell you of long nights and days spent in hard labor, of painstaking visions of manuscripts, of sacrifices on the part of his wife and family. Nor does writing come easily to him. He fashions a story with even greater care now than he did years ago.

Third requirement for a successful novelist: that he be a hard worker!

Zane Grey was born, as I have said before, in Zanesville, Ohio. There is a slight trace of Indian blood in his veins. His father was a hunter, farmer, back-woodsman, who later became a doctor. One of his early stories that he had published at his own expense, "Betty Zane", was a tale of his own ancestors and of their opening of the Ohio River to civilization. This Elizabeth Zane was a sister of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, Mr. Grey's great-great-grandfather, who held Fort Henry for twenty years against the Indians and British. She was the famous Betty Zane who saved the fort by carrying an apronful of gunpowder to the besieged garrison while she was being fired upon by the enemy. It is with ancestral right that Zane Grey composes thrillers.

His boyhood in Zanesville was not without its moments of romance. He will tell you of high school ballplaying days, and of studies far less successfully accomplished than the baseball.

"My first story was called 'Jim of the Cave'", he told me, " and my father burned it and whipped me, though for some other childish prank, not for writing the story. I suspect, however, he thought there was something rather strange about the committing of such a deed!"

In pre-high school days Mr. Grey admits his literary inheritance to have been Beadle's Dime Library and Harry Castleman's books. Later he read Cooper avidly; to my mind it is to the romances of Cooper that he owes his greatest debt. At sixteen he found himself a good base-ball pitcher. His family moved to Columbus, where he attracted the notice of University of Pennsylvania scouts. Presently he found himself at college, playing on the varsity.

College over, the obvious thing for so excellent a young baseball player to do was to undertake professional baseball. This he did. That some of his baseball games stand out as

~~the most thrilling moments of life, is evid~~

the most thrilling moments of life, is evident after even a short talk with Zane Grey. After a whole day with him recently, I came away filled with stories of great baseball players of the past and with one clear memory of how he played and won a game against Yale in the days of "Dutch" Carter. Grey was playing shortstop at the time. He says that to this day he does not know how he caught the famous ball. "Does one know", he asks, "how it is one accomplishes the things that are seemingly impossible?" There came the ball, and if ever a fair hit spelled a home run that was it. Well, out went his hand, and then there was the ball in it and the hand was numb. But the ball was there!

That was one of the triumphant moments of Mr. Grey's career. That, and the time when a contract was first handed him across the desk at Harper and Brothers for his first published novel. However, that comes a trifle later in this story.

In New York, Mr. Grey went to work and became fairly successful; but in his office he dreamed constantly of out-of-door things. In his vacations he escaped from town to fish and hunt. He began writing articles on hunting and fishing and they found publication in the out-of-door magazines. This was not enough. He soon visioned himself as a writer only, and as a successful writer. His first novel, "Betty Zane", received no encouragement from the gentlemen whom he then characterized as "hard hearted publishers". He borrowed money, published the book at his won expense. Although it received some good press notices, it sold slowly, having no real selling organization back of it.

It was about then that he made the decision to break entirely with his other profession, and to chance everything on his own ability to write. He moved to a cottage at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, taking with him his mother, sisters and brothers. Here he worked unceasingly on various types of writing, only to meet discouragement after discouragement. Meanwhile, he had married. As he was about to give up, his wife -- whom he had met when she was eighteen and still in college -- insisted that he keep on and offered her own money for the family support until such time as he should meet the results she knew were in store for him. After five years failure still pursued, and financial conditions were crucial. An opportunity arose for him to make a trip as scribe with the famous plainsman "Buffalo" Jones. The story of this trip through the west was prepared and submitted to Harpers. Again a rejection followed -- it was the fifth book to be consigned to limbo by that house.

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After a whole day with him recently, I came away filled with stories of great football players of the past and with the clear memory of how he played and coached the game in the days of "iron" Grange. Once, we were playing chess at the time. He gave that to this day he does not know how he caught the forward pass. "Does one know", he says, "how it is one accomplishes the things that are essentially impossible?" There came the ball, and it ever a fair lift spelled a Michigan fast was it. Well, you know the game, and then there was the ball in it and the hand was mark. But the ball was there!

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Life's lesser failure still pursued, and financial conditions were critical. Again, he had to move for him to make a trip to Europe with the job he had been "killing" home. The story of his trip through the Southwest appeared and he lit to Hollywood. Again a rejection followed -- It was the little boys to be managed in Linda by Mae Louse.

That day, Zane Grey says, marks the turning point in his career. As he walked away from Harpers he wanted to give up; but he didn't. Instead, he went home, sat down, and began writing his first western novel, the now famous "Heritage of the Deser". It was accepted by Harpers. It sold. From then on his career is well known. He has not lacked for material, readers, friends, or money, and I suspect we might say:

Final requirement for a successful writer: persistence.

How does Zane Grey prepare his material? How does he write his books?

"I used to write one novel a year and a certain number of articles and short stories", he told me. "Then Barton Currie of "The Ladies' Home Journal' came along, and said: 'It only takes you three months to write a novel, Grey. Why not double your output?'

"This seemed sensible, so I did. Now I write two serials a year."

Mr. Grey's procedure is simple enough -- and, although hard work, exceedingly delightful. Three months, he works at his writing in his new home in Avalon, California. He keeps his place in Lackawaxen, by the way, because of its memories of early struggles and romance. The next three months, he collects material. Perhaps he takes a trip through Arizona or New Mexico. Perhaps he fishes in the far north or the south. When I saw him recently he had just returned from a fishing trip on which he had caught the largest tuna fish on record. Some men go to the libraries to find their material for books -- but sportsmen, guides, and outfitters know more of Zane Grey then librarians. He prepares for a trip as carefully as he rewrites his manuscripts. Sometimes, he says, he carries around the main idea of a book for months. Sometimes he gets it from the random story of a guide, from some thought of his own. He then picks companions and plans his expedition to the locale of his story.

"What sort of people do you like to take with you?" I asked.

"Oh, different sorts", he replied. "My brother is one of my favorite companions. I once took an editor, and he was no tenderfoot. We had a good time. Last year I had a bunch of movie men. Just anyone who likes the outdoors, and, of course, I like my guides."

When he actually begins writing he works with feverish haste. His writing is done with pencil and so rapidly, he says, as to be almost automatic. He works in long stretches, for hours at a time, and he sees his stories as rising to peaks of emotion and of description.

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Final requirements for a successful writer: perseverance.

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His wife then types his manuscript for him and the slow process of revision takes place. About three months, and the book is finished. This is the life and the work of Zane Grey.

"Do you keep notebooks?" I asked. He smiled.

"I didn't used to do so, but as I grow older I find that details slip, that it is much better to keep accurate count of all the things that happen on a trip. I have notebook on notebook filled with unused material now."

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News Item from Publishers Weekly, April 1931

Harper and Brothers and Zane Grey are celebrating, next month (May, 1931) with the publishing of "The Shepherd of Guadalupe", twenty years of publishing association, twenty years that must have been satisfactory to both parties as the arrangements still continue and the literary reputation of Zane Grey and the popular audience for his books holds its own. During these two decades the total sales have reached 11,228,399 which, if each book is read by five people runs to over fifty millions people. His publishers have also made contracts for translations in more than twenty languages. The total number of books on the Zane Grey list is thirty-one, which includes besides the novels, his famous books on fishing.

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Books in Braille by Zane Grey

(Hand-copied books may possibly be found in other libraries than those indicated.)

Bee Hunter. 5v. HC:Chicago, Sacramento.

Border Legion. 8v. HC:LC.

Call of the Canyon. 5 or 6 v. HC:St.Louis, Sacramento.

Desert of Wheat. 9 or 10 v. HC:LC, St.Louis.

Don, the Story of a Lion Dog. 1v.

Ken Ward in the Jungle. 2v.

Last of the Plainsmen. 3v.

Lone Star Ranger. 4v.

Nevada. 3v.

Rainbow Trail. 5v.

Riders of the Purple Sage. 5v.

Shepherd of Guadaloupe. 6 or 7 v. HC:Detroit, LC.

Sunset Pass. 5v.

Tales of Fresh-water Fishing. 6v. HC:NYPL

Thundering Herd. 3v.

U. P. Trail. 3v.

Wanderer of the Wasteland. 5v.

Wild Horse Mesa. 7v. HC:LC,Sacramento.

Wildfire. 9v. HC:LC.

Young Pitcher. 2v.

Living Authors

H. G. Wells

With permission of The H. W. Wilson Company

Herbert George Wells, that "exuberant, amiable Cockney Englishman", was born at Bromley, Kent, a suburb of London on September 21, 1866. His father, the son of a gardener, was a professi nal cricketer and kept a small china shop. His mother, the daughter of an innkeeper, was a lady's maid before her marriage and became a housekeeper when her husband's business failed.

The youth, thrown upon his own at thirteen, largely educated himself. His early desultory schooling was sandwiched in between periods of apprenticeship to dry-goods dealers and druggists. He finally won a scholarship at the Royal College of Science at South Kensington and took a B.Sc. there with honors at the age of twenty-two. After several strenuous years of teaching and tutoring during which he wrote a biology text, his health broke down. While he was convalescing on the south coast, he began to write essays and sketches.

Wells went up to London, where Frank Harris printed one of his essays in the Fortnightly Review in 1891, and he embarked upon a career of educator-journalist which he still maintains is his field rather than that of literary artist. Writing came easily to him and he turned out quantities of essays, reviews, and scientific articles. In 1895 he published "Select Conversations with an Uncle", and in the same year came the first of his scientific romances, "The Time Machine".

Some of his early novels were banned from households and libraries, but the author grew bolder and found boldness the best of adventisements. In the books that followed, at the rate of more than two a year, Wells evolved from romanticist to sociologist and thence to evangelist. He has "lived aloud". His changing ideas are recorded in his books.

The novel "Tono-Bungay, 1909, ~~(grade 2 and~~ (HC: NYPL), established him. It is a sort of bird's eye view of contemporary English life. He has never lost his big public since then. Following the publication of Tono-Bungay he joined the Fabian Society and attempted to reorganize it, but was frozen out. Now he ridicules the group -- he always belittles what he dislikes, and he dislikes anything that resists change. His intimate friends during this period of novel writing were Arnold Bennett, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, and Stephen Crane.

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During the World War, Wells was the chief protagonist of the liberal interpretation of the war as a prelude to Utopia. Since the war he has proposed a world state (not a League of Nations), governed by an intellectual aristocracy for the benefit of the many, a scheme combining the advantages of internationalism and nationalism, communism and aapitalism. He has always delt in futures. Even his most laborious study of the past, "The Outline of History", 1920 (grade 2), was undertaken with an eye on tomorrow. "The Science of Life" 1929, done in collaboration with Julian Huxley and his son G.P.Wells, a reaearch worker, is a companion volume to "The Outline of History".

Wells is reported to have remarked in a speech made in London in 1930 that he had devoted two hundred days of hard work every year (since the war) to attacking the war system. "I have ruined a good second-class reputation as a novelist by that occupation", he said. "It has led the reviewers to describe me as a propagandist. If I wrote a poem about a skylark, they would somehow discover propagana in it."

On another occasion Wells remarked: "I see knowledge increasing and human power increasing. I see ever-increasing possibilities before life, and I see no limits set to it all. Existence impresses me as a perpetual dawn. Our lives, as I apprehend them, swim in expectation."

He thinks that modern civilization, with all its faults, is infinitely superior to the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome. Yet he sees in modern empires the signs of decadence which destroyed those ancient civilizations. "I believe there's a crash coming... We've got to have a complete readjustment of the political systems of Europe, together with, or rather arising from, an equally complete moral and intellectual revolution."

A. St. John Adcock characterized him: "Socialist, scientist, practical idealist, immensely interested in men and affairs, insatiably curious about all life, its origins, implications, possibilities, restlessly delving into the history and mystery of the past for truths that would light his guesses at the darker mystery of the future, it was natural for Wells to put his latest interests into each new book that he wrote, whether it was a matter-of-fact philosophical treatise or romantic or realistic fiction,"

Wells has a wide vogue outside his own country and is popular in American, Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, and France.

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For twenty years Wells lived at Easton Glebe, an old Georgian house in Essex, where he did his writing in a thatched workroom of white plaster. He says his life there ended with the death of his wife, Amy Catherine Robbins, in 1927. If he stayed, he would become an old man and he has no intention of falling into what he calls "the venerable pose". His two sons are launched in the world. So now he divides his life between an expensive London apartment and two villas he rents at Grasse, on the Riviera.

Most of his work is done at Grasse. One of the villas he uses as a guest house, the other as a workshop; one house is luxurious, the other strictly utilitarian. He usually works most of the day and joins his friends in the evening. The guests are met by a high-powered car and are given the key to the wine cellar until the host arrives. Altho Wells is not gregarious, his list of acquaintances is enormous. He knew Anatole France. Maxim Gorky gave him the bronze of Tolstoy which adorns his London apartment.

"H.G." as he is known in England is not a striking personality. In a crowd he is not impressive figure and as a lecturer he is not a success. His voice is high and thin. C. Patrick Thompson describes him as a "robust, heavy, shortish man, with massive face, powerful neck and drum of a chest, always ve y neatly dressed, with carefully pressed trousers... The pale, imaginative eyes smile easily and genially under curiously tufted brows. The mouth is kindly. The nervous system is tense-strained, and its owner can be irascible, especially if some one arouses his dislike. He is not a polite conversationalist."

His favorite attitude is a hunched-up pose. "There is something, I think," says Beverley Nichols, " a little typical of H. G. Wells in the way in which he sits down. The spine is curved, the small hands are tucked away, the neck is bent. The whole posture suggests a spring at tight pressure which may at any moment uncoil itself and leap out in the most surprising directions."

Wells inherited his father's physical energy and love of sports, but he prefers games of his own invention. He used to engage guests in a sort of pseudo-tennis game in a barn behind his home in Essex. He is the author of two books on "Floor Games".

In the earlier days he would go on walking tours while he thought out the general scheme of a story. Now he can work anywhere, even on a train. He never lets an idea escape him. He will get up from bed to scribble down some thoughts. He has enough ideas in his notebooks to keep him busy for one hundred and fifty years.

Some of the numerous books by H. G. Wells are: "The Wheels of Chance", "Love and Mr. Lewisham", "Kipps" (grade 2), "Tono-Bungay", "Ann Veronica", "The History of Mr. Polly" (grade 2), "Mr. Britling Sees It Through", "The World of William Clissold", "The Way the World is Going", "The King Who Was a King" film synopsis published as a book, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham".

Editor's note: Other titles in braille by Wells are: "Christine Alberta's Father" 11v. HC:LC, "First Men in the Morn" 2v. Grade 2;"Marriage" 6v. Grade 2,"Mr. Brisher's Treasure" from Tales of Life and Advneture. 1v. Grade 2; "Stolen Bacillus and other incidents" 2v. Grade 2.

29-30

Doubling [illegible] of
(2 pages [illegible]

Greek Lyric Poetry, from "The Story of the World's Literature" by John Macy, with permission of the publisher, Horace Liveright.

In the fair days when God
By man as godlike trod,
And each alike was Greek, alike was free...

---Swinburne.

In Greek literature, as in all other literatures, some form of song, words mated to music, was among the earliest modes of artistic expression. Undoubtedly there was behind the Homeric epics, those massive narrative structures, a kind of balladry. Yet so far as we know by what survives, the highest development of the lyric poem was later than the development of the epic. This is not a mere matter of dry dates, but a most interesting question in the growth of the human mind. At first men talk about things and events external to themselves, they recite tales of gods and heroes, that is, their poetry is objective. As they grow more civilized, perhaps more complicated in their emotions, they sing of their own souls, they become subjective. A lyric is a cry, whether laughing or tearful, of the individual heart. This inward, personal meaning of lyric is magically expressed in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (in braille):

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.

The word lyric is derived from the name of the musical instrument which the Greeks borrowed from some earlier people and on which they strummed an accompaniment to sung or recited verses. It was a thin and primitive instrument, to ears quite inadequate to the magnificent, varied, sonorous words which we can still hear in Greek poetry. Some Greek lyric verses seem as inappropriately superior to a lyre as Shelley"s "West Wind" or Keats's "Nightingale" (in braille) would be to a mandolin. This suggests the whole problem of the relation between words and music. In the case of the Greek lyric poets we can only guess at the relation; for though we have some of their musical instruments we have no satisfactory records of their musical notation and do not know how rich and elaborate their melodies and harmonies may have been. It is probable that a people who wrought so superbly in words and marble also created a supremely sophisticated music. But we do not know. Words, marble, and musical instruments, survive; but the sound made by musical instruments and the human voice has perished forever.

Lyric poetry has a distinct, special division of Greek verse, and the Greek critics, as

Greek Lyric Poetry, from "The Story of the World's Literature" by John Macy, with permission of the publisher, Horace Liveright.

In the fair days when God
By man as godlike trod,
And each alike was Greek, alike was free...

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In Greek literature, as in all other literatures, some form of song, verse mated to music, was among the earliest modes of artistic expression. Undoubtedly there was behind the epic epics, those massive narrative structures, a kind of balladry. Yet so far as we know by what survives, the highest development of the lyric poem was later than the development of the epic. This is not a mere matter of dry dates, but a most interesting question in the growth of the human mind. As first men talk about things and events external to themselves, they recite tales of gods and heroes, that is, their poetry is objective. As they grow more civilized, perhaps more complicated in their emotions, they take of their own souls, they become subjective. A lyric is a cry, whether laughing or tearful, of the individual heart. This inward, personal meaning of lyric is marvelously expressed in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" (in Prelude):

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Lyric poetry has a distinct, special division of Greek verse, and the Greek critics, as

acute and precise critics as ever lived, have made all the distinctions clear. One of those critics would be puzzled to read in the advertisement of a modern opera that the "lyrics" are by Jerome Smith and the music by Victor Robinson. Yet that advertisement is in its way true to the history of the word as we use it. And the history of a word almost always includes the truth about the fact. We feel as lyric any sequence of words that sings, whether or not it is intended to be accompanied by musical instruments or uttered by a voice which changes pitch according to a definite scale. Our use of the word includes "lyric" prose. And for our purposes we may disregard the fine distinctions and call all poetry lyric which is not epic or dramatic. Of course there are lyric lines in Homer, Virgil, the dramas of Shakespeare. And of course a lyric may be sung, accompanied by a flute or a symphony orchestra or not accompanied at all, merely read with the eye and heard by the ear which is somewhere inside the head.

Now here we meet two great losses. The first is minor, one which we may be able partially to correct for ourselves: we seldom find anybody, even a professor of Greek, who knows how to read Greek verse aloud in a way to give a sense of its beat and vowel value. The second loss is irreparable: most Greek lyrics have disappeared from written literature and we know the poets only by fragments. Some poets have been wiped out, not by the judgment but by the mechanical accidents of time: we know their names only because a writer whose work has survived has mentioned them, or imitated them.

Two of the most tantalizing collections of fragments are those of Alcæus and Sappho. That Alcæus was a great poet we know from the testimony of his admiring imitator, the Latin poet, Horace, who was a sound critic and who knew thousands of verses by Alcæus and other Greeks which have been lost. A large chapter in the story of literature, as, indeed, in the whole story of the human race, is a negative chapter; the imagination is teased by the thought of vanished intellectual temples and the buried tombs of poetic kings. And queens. For one of the earliest of the great Greek lyric poets was Sappho, who in the sixth century, B. C., was acknowledged head of a school of poetry in Lesbos. The few verses of hers which we have are but shreds and patches of the queen's mantle, but they show her quality, her passion, her sharp sense of the joy and pain of love. In Greece her reputation was almost as exalted

route and precise critics as our lived, have made all the distinctions clear. One of those critics would be puzzled to read in the advertisement of a modern opera that the "lyrics" are by Jerome Smith and the music by Victor Robinson. Let that advertisement be in its way true to the history of the work as we see it. And the history of a word almost always includes the truth about the fact. We feel as lyric any sequence of words that sings, whether or not it is intended to be accompanied by musical instruments or uttered by a voice which changes pitch according to a definite scale. Our use of the word includes "lyric" prose. And for our purposes we may disregard the fine distinctions and call all poetry lyric which is not epic or dramatic. Of course there are lyric lines in Dante, Virgil, the dramas of Shakespeare. And of course a lyric may be sung, accompanied by a flute or a symphony orchestra or not accompanied at all, merely read with the eye and heard by the ear which is somewhere inside the head.

Now here we meet two great losses. The first is minor, one which we may be able partially to correct for ourselves: we will's find anybody, even a professor of Greek, who knows how to read Greek verse aloud in a way to give a sense of its sort and tonal value. The second loss is irreparable: most Greek lyrics have disappeared from written literature and we know the poets only by fragments. Whole books have been wiped out, not by the judgment but by the mechanical accidents of time: we know their names only because a writer whose work has survived has mentioned them, or imitated them.

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as that of Homer; she was called "the tenth Muse," which was probably more than a mere poetic compliment; and she became a romantic legendary heroine. The most famous story about her is that because she was repulsed by Phaon whom she loved, she leaped into the sea, but it is not quite clear whether she was killed. In all likelihood she was a woman of genius and passion, like George Sand and the divine Sarah Bernhardt. One form of verse which she invented, or brought to perfection, is named after her. The Sapphic measure was used by the Latin poets, notably Horace. The best way for us to get a sense of its shape and rhythm is to quote one stanza from Swinburne, who was a supreme master of all forms of verse and was as full of the Greek spirit as a modern man can be:

> All the night sleep came not upon my eye-lids,
> Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a feather,
> Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of iron
> Stood and beheld me.

The Alcaic measure, perfected by Alcæus, and imitated by other Greek and Latin poets, does not seem to go in English, but a fair example of it is the following from Tennyson, who knew how to manipulate English meters and probably had as good a sense of ancient meters as any modern poet. His "Alcaics" are, appropriately, a poem to Milton.

> O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
> O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
> God-gifted organ-voice of England,
> Milton, a name of resound for ages;
> Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
> Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries
> Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
> Rings to the roar of an angel onset.

If all the best verse of Greek poets had been preserved, what a library we should have! Of the poems of Solon, the wise man and lawmaker of Athens in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., there remain about three hundred lines which seem to be rather instructive than beautiful. And this is true of the verses of Theognis of Megara, whom we know in a few hundred lines. These poets with their stiff moralistic injunctions are representative of one side of Greek character. They are called elegiac, because of the structure of their verse, a technical matter into which we need not go. The Greek would not have known what "elegy" means to us in Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (in braille). And aside from questions of form, Theognis was far from making elegies over the dead, or weeping over the short and simple annals of the poor. He hated the poor and their poverty. He was a stalwart aristo-

an hour of honor; she was called "the tenth Muse," which was probably more than a mere poetic compliment; and she became a romantic legendary heroine. The most famous story about her is that because she was recognized by Phaon whom she loved, she leaped into the sea, but it is not quite clear whether she was killed. In all likelihood she was a woman of genius and passion, like George Sand and the divine Sarah Bernhardt. One form of verse which she invented, or brought to perfection, is named after her. The Sapphic measure was used by the Latin poets, a lovely metre. The best way for us to get a sense of its shape and rhythm is to quote one stanza from Swinburne, who was a supreme master of all forms of verse and was as full of the free spirit as a modern man can be:

All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
Shed not one, nor sighed nor unclosed a feather,
Yet will I love until those pass with eyes of lions
Stood and beheld me.

The Alcaic measure, perfected by Alcaeus, and imitated by other Greek and Latin poets, does not seem to go in English, but a fair example of it is the following from Tennyson, who knew how to manipulate English words and probably had as good a sense of ancient metres as any modern poet. His "Alcaics" are, approximately, a poor translation.

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Godlike, labour-blanched
Answered from Zebaoth's perpetual armories
Lower, as the deep-toned evening bass
Sings to the soul of an angel guest.

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crat; it is a pity we have not more of his valiant lines.

A poet who enjoyed among the Greeks a reputation almost as shining as that of Homer was Archilochus, who seems to have been a master of elegiac verse and to have invented the sharp iambic satirical verse, somewhat analogous perhaps to the stinging ten-syllable lines of Dryden and Pope. But the river of time has drowned the fire of Archilochus and we can only surmise from a few extant lines what was the "rage" which Horace admired and what was the magnificent form which Horace and other Greek and Latin poets imitated.

Anacreon, whose verse, as in the case of most of the other Greek singers, we know only in broken snatches, played upon the themes of love and wine, in a graceful manner, lighter and less passionate than that of Sappho. His delicacy and neat turn of phrase made him much admired by the Greeks and by modern poets, and he had imitators who wrote "Anacreontics" which were ascribed to him for many centuries. It is to these poems that modern imitators and translators usually refer rather than to the genuine Anacreon. But some of the "Anacreontics" are lovely enough to be worthy of the master.

Such lyric poems as those of Sappho and Anacreon are intensely personal, the expression of the emotion of the individual, the cry of grief, pain, joy, laughter, pity, which the poet feels as his experience. A broader type of lyric is the choral poem, made to be sung, as the word implies, by a chorus and expressing the common emotions of some group, such as hymns and paeans to the gods, odes in praise of victors and heroes. Such poems are necessarily stamped with the peculiar genius of the poet, but they are in substance outside the individual, phrasing the religious and social life that surrounds him. This kind of lyric therefore approaches the poetic drama and resembles the chants of the dramatic chorus, though a dramatic poet may never have written an ode and a master of lyric poetry may never have tried to make a drama.

Of the choral lyric poets (there must have been hundreds whose songs are now forgotten) the three greatest are Simonides of Ceos, Bacchylides, and Pindar. If we think of them as living about 500 B. C., a century after Sappho, that is as near as we need to come in our intentional disregard of exact dates.

Simonides perfected the encomium, a poem in praise of a great man, the method of which is to recall for flattering comparison some hero of the past; thus the legendary story is

ever; it is a pity we have not more of his valiant lines.

A poet who enjoyed among the Greeks a popularity almost as lasting as that of Homer was Archilochus, who seems to have been a master of elegiac verse and to have invented the also lyric, individual verse, composed analogous perhaps to the alternate tetrametric lines of Tyrtaeus and Solon. But the fire of wine has drowned the fire of Archilochus and we can only surmise from a few stray lines what was his "rage" which forced adopted and what was the magnificent lyric which horses and charioteers and lovely girls inspired.

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Simonides perfected the epinikion, a poem in praise of a great man, the method of which is to recall for flattering comparison some hero of the past; thus the legendary story is

preserved though the immediate subject of the poem may have been forgotten.

Bacchylides is an illustration of the strange luck that governs the reputation of a poet after he is dead. His poems were lost for many centuries, and then a few of them were found in 1896 in Egyptian papyrus, ragged and incomplete. Books which record the adventures of human beings sometimes have curious adventures themselves! The genius of Bacchylides and much of the spirit of Greek victory-poetry are illustrated by an ode in celebration of a horse which won the race at the Olympic games. The Greeks took their athletics even more seriously than do modern college boys, for the athletic contests were involved not only in patriotic motives (as when American crews row against English crews on the Thames) but in religious motives which are outside our experience. In praising the horse, the poet is praising the owner, Hiero, ruler of Syracuse. But the value of the poem is that the mythological part tells of the meeting of Heracles and Meleager in the nether world, and that is the only place in Greek literature where the story appears. At the festivals in honor of the gods, the great festivals at Olympia and Delphi and other cities, Greek competed with Greek in every form of prowess from wrestling and running races to music, poetry, sculpture, philosophic discourse. So that though some of the philosophers thought that too much honor was paid to mere athletes, a complaint which we have heard from scholars in our own time, the public then, as now, overruled them, and it was an honorable thing for a poet to celebrate the victor in a horse race or a chariot race in a dignified ode.

The greatest of the writers of odes of victory is Pindar. He was happy not only in his genius, but in his posthumous fortune, for about a fourth of his work remains, several complete odes celebrating victories at the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian and Nemean games, and several hundred fragments. The ode thus became almost exlusively associated in modern times with the name of Pindar, though among the Greeks he was no more distinguised than several other poets.

An ode was actually sung by a chorus to a sort of circling dance. One stanza was accompanied by a movement from right to left, that was the strophe or "turning"; with the next stanza the movement was reversed, the antistrophe; during the third stanza, the after-song, epode, the chorus stood still. And this triplicate unit could be repeated as many times as the poet wished. The ode became an important and beautiful form in English

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Bacchylides is an illustration of the average lyric that covers the reputation of a poet after he is dead. His poems were lost for many centuries, and then a few of them were found in 1896 in Egyptian papyrus, ragged and incomplete. Book which recount the adventures of human beings sometimes have curious adventures themselves! The genius of Bacchylides and much of the spirit of Greek victory-poetry are illustrated by an ode in celebration of a horse which won the race at the Olympic games. The Greeks took their athletics even more seriously than do modern college boys, for the athletic contests were involved not only in patriotic motives (as when Persian crews fought against English crews on the Thames) but in religious motives which are outside our experience. In celebrating the horse, the poet is praising the owner, Hiero, ruler of Syracuse. But the value of the poem is that the rhythmical part tells of the meeting of mortals and heroes in the nether world, and that is the only place in Greek literature where the story appears. At the festivals in honor of the gods, the great festivals at Olympia and Delphi and other cities, Greece composed with Greece in every form of progress from wrestling and running races to music, poetry, sculpture, philosophic discourse. So that though some of the philosophers thought that too much honor was paid to mere athletes, a complaint which we have heard from scholars in our own time, the public mind, as now, overvalued them, and it was an honorable thing for a poet to celebrate the victor in a horse race or a chariot race in a dignified ode.

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An ode was actually sung by a chorus to a sort of dancing measure. The chorus was accompanied by a movement from right to left, that was the strophe or "turning"; with the next stanza the movement was reversed, the antistrophe; during the third stanza, the after-song, epode, the chorus stood still. And this antistrophic lyric could be repeated as many times as the poet wished. The ode became an important and beautiful form in English

poetry, though it is looser in structure than the Greek and has little in common with the substance of the Greek. Shelley's "West Wind", Keats's "Nightingale and "Grecian Urn" (in braille), Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" (in braille), Swinburne's "Birthday Ode" to Victor Hugo, Tennyson's "Duke of Wellington (in braille), are all odes in the modern sense. They resemble their Greek ancestor in one essential respect, the dignity and emotional seriousness of the themes. An interesting example for Americans, though not a highly inspired poem, is Lowell's "Commemoration Ode". An example which adheres more closely to the Greek form is that addressed to Queen Anne, on the occasion of Marlborough's victories, by the brilliant William Congreve. He was the first to point out that the true Pindaric ode is regular and accurate in structure, and not a wilful irregular arrangement of long and short lines, such as had been called pindariques by the poet Cowley in the seventeenth century. But Pindar's beauty does not lie wholly in his form; it is also in the boldness and loftiness of his thought. He was an artist with a feeling for all the arts, a feeling not peculiar to him, since it is characteristically Greek, but by him exquisitely phrased. For example, he recognized the kinship of poetry and sculpture and said in words whose beauty is not altogether lost in translation: "No sculptor I, to fashion images that shall stand idly on one pedestal for ever; no, go thou forth from Ægina, sweet song of mine, on every freighted ship, on each light bark."

We think of Athens as the intellectual leader of Greece, and so it was for several centuries, chiefly the fifth and the fourth, B. C. But Greek civilization extended from Asia Minor to Sicily and Southern Italy, and the arts flourished in many cities and provinces. It is significant that seven cities claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. Pindar was born near Thebes, Bacchylides and Simonides on the island of Ceos, Anacreon in Teo in Asia Minor, Alcaeus at Mytilene in Lesbos, and so on. Poets and artists from other Greek states were attracted to Athens and went there if they could, either for a short time or to settle as citizens, much as a French writer will try to go sooner or later to Paris, or an Englishman to London, though Athens never was a populous political and commercial capital like the great modern cities.

When Alexander the Great conquered the world, all the Greek cities lost their power, though they could not immediately lose their individual and local characteristics, and

poetry, though it is looser in structure than the Greek and has little in common with the substance of the Greek. Shelley's "Ode to Liberty", Keats's "Nightingale and "Grecian Urn" (in brevis), Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" (in brevis), Swinburne's "Birthday Ode" "To Victor Hugo", Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women", are all odes in the modern sense. They resemble their Greek ancestor in one essential respect, the dignity and emotional seriousness of the theme. An interesting example for Americans, though not a highly inspired poem, is Lowell's "Commemoration Ode". An example which adheres more closely to the Greek form is that addressed to Queen Anne, on the occasion of Marlborough's victories, by the brilliant William Congreve. He was the first to point out that the true Pindaric ode is regular and accurate in structure, and not a wilful irregular arrangement of long and short lines, such as had been called Pindaric by the poet Cowley in the seventeenth century. But Pindar's beauty does not lie wholly in his form; it is also in the boldness and lofticness of his thought. He was an artist with a feeling for all the arts, a feeling not peculiar to him, since it is characteristically Greek, but by him exquisitely phrased. For example, he recognized the kinship of poetry and sculpture and said in words whose beauty is not altogether lost in translation: "No sculptor I, to fashion images that shall stand fast for ever; no, to thee from this Aegina, sweet song of mine, on every freighted ship, as a gift I fly."

We think of Athens as the intellectual leader of Greece, and as it was for several centuries, chiefly the fifth and the fourth B. C. But Greek civilization extended from Asia Minor to Sicily and southern Italy, and the great "Ionians" in every city-state provinces. It is a mistake that seven cities claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. Pindar was born near Thebes, Sappho and Alcaeus on the island of Lesbos, Herodotus in Asia Minor, Aeschylus at Marathon in Attica, and so on. Poets and artists from other Greek states were attracted to Athens and went there if they could, either for a short time or to settle as citizens, just as a French writer will try to go sooner or later to Paris, or an Englishman to London, though Athens never was a populous political and commercial capital like the great modern cities.

Then Alexander the Great conquered the world, all the Greek cities lost their power, though they could not immediately lose their individual and local characteristics, and

literature gradually weakened in several ways. It was no longer the natural expression of the people through the lips of genius. The whole world spoke Greek and literary men wrote for each other, a wide and learned audience, but all alike, no longer the intense and varied populace. Literature became less and less the voice of life and more and more a matter of books, of mutual imitation, and self-conscious artifice. The chief literary center, Alexandria in Egypt, founded by the conqueror at the end of the fourth century, B.C., soon had a population of three hundred thousand, and partly on account of the vast library which the ruling Ptolemies built up, attracted scholars and artists and poets. The rulers at Alexandria and at Pergamum and other cities old and new certainly tried to foster art and learning. And learning flourished, philosophy and criticism. But something had happened to art, especially to poetry.

There is no exact way of explaining why Alexandrian poetry (Alexandrian refers to the period, not the city) lost the savor and vigor of the older Greek. For one thing the new poets wrote their poems to be read, that is, addressed to the eye, whereas the older poetry was made to be recited and sung, addressed to the ear. And it may be that Greek genius had said all that it had to say and was not able to renew itself in fresh thoughts and forms.

One poet did have something fresh to say in an original manner, that is Theocritus. He brought the pastoral to such perfection that the name of this important form and his name are identical, like the almost monopolistic identity of the ode with Pindar. The pastoral is, as the word implies, a poem about shepherds, their loves, their superstitions, and the natural scenery in which they live. The dialogues and songs of the shepherds are so graceful and poetic that critics of a later and even more artificial time doubted whether crude peasants could have had such fine sentiments, but we know that the folk-song of so called common people is imaginative and often lovely in phrase and rhythm. As a matter of fact, Theocritus derived his idylls (the word means "little images") from the actual shepherds who sang and piped on the green hills and under the blue skies of Sicily as their descendants do to this very day. Though he shaped his material with sophisticated art and was himself an aristocrat, what makes him a vital and sincere poet is the reality of his material and its relation to the lives of simple people. His rustic poems are his best; when he turns

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One poet did have something fresh to say in an original manner, that is Theocritus. He brought the material to such perfection that the name of this important form and his name are identical, like the almost monopolistic identity of the ode with Pindar. The material is, as the word implies, about shepherds, their loves, their superstitions, and the natural scenery in which they live. The dialogues and songs of the shepherds are so graceful and poetic that critics of a later and even more artificial time doubted whether some peasants could have had such fine sentiments, but we know that the folk-song of so called common people is imaginative and often lovely in phrase and rhythm. As a matter of fact, Theocritus derived his idylls (the word means "little images") from the rustic shepherds who sang and piped on the green hills and under the blue skies of Sicily as their descendants do to this very day. Though he shaped his material with sophisticated art and was himself an aristocrat, what makes him vital and whatever that is the reality of his material and his relation to the lives of simple people. His rustic poems are his best; when he turns

from the bucolic to the conventional epic theme he is not the natural poet of Sicily but the bookish poet of Alexandria. His successors, Bion and Moschus, are memorable for two poems, Bion's "Lament for Adonis", and the "Lament for Bion" by Moschus; these represent the pastoral idyll in its character of threnody or chant for the dead, and in that character the pastoral is at its noblest in the many modern imitations.

For the pastoral became a tradition in all modern languages. Virgil's "Eclogues" (HC:NYPL) are imitations of Theocritus, the rather servile work of a young poet who has not yet found himself, but with a charm of their own and increasingly admired as the reputation of Virgil's mature poetry spread and solidified. Virgil, of course, exerted more power over the romance nations and England than any Greek poet, and it is partly due to him that bucolic poetry multiplied. Much of the pastoral literature of modern nations is insincere and as silly as those idle people in the French court who used to dress as shepherd and shepherdesses in silks and laces! But much pastoral poetry is perfectly genuine, because poets do love the countryside, and if a poet call a pretty English girl Chloe, well, she is just as fragrant as if he called her Tess or Annie.

The pastoral developed in four ways. The short idyll or eclogue of the Theocritus-Virgil type continued to be a favorite form with the poets for many centuries. The literature of Elizabethan England swarms with "Affectionate" Shepherd, and "Passionate" Shepherds, all kinds of shepherds. Some of the English eclogues are lovely and natural. The most famous are the twelve in Spenser's "Shepheards Calender", one for each month of the year, consciously imitative of the classics but full of English spirit. In the eighteenth century John Gay in the "Shepherd's Week" deliberately anglicizes the eclogue and sets out to describe "the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation than those of Sicily or Arcady."

The second development of the pastoral was the expansion of the little dialogue into a complete drama. The best known example in Italian is Tasso's "Aminta". In English the best examples are Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd", which smells of the English woodland, and John Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" inspired by Tasso's "Aminta", and Greek or pseudo- Greek in the setting and the names of the characters and the mythology. And we must not forget the "Gentle Shepherd" in the Lowland Scottish dialect by Allan Ramsay, a poem of genuine simple

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beauty with living characters.

A third development was the prose romance, or the romance in which prose and poetry are combined as in the "Arcadia" of the Italian, Sannazaro. On this Philip Sidney based his "Arcadia" written in an embroidered style far above the speech not only of rustic people but of any people except literary courtiers. The prose pastoral that we care for is simply the romantic novel which deals with country folk, like the romances of George Sand in France, and of Thomas Hardy in England. They probably owe nothing to the tradition of Theocritus, but they belong in the same world because their sheep and shepherds are real.

The fourth development and the most loftily poetic is exemplified in Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley'S "Adonais". The poet lamenting a dead friend figures himself and his friend as Greeks. In "Adonais" there is little touch of the pastoral; Keats, the dead hero, is not directly represented as a shepherd, but as a poet mourned by

All he had loved and moulded into thought,

and the Greek disguise is only in the name. But in "Lycidas" Milton carries out the pastoral symbolism. He and his friend, King, who were friends at college

were nursed upon the self-same hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

A dirge for the dead in any form of verse is artificial, but there is something especially artificial in expressing sorrow for an English friend under a Greek mask. Milton of course did it magnificently and Matthew Arnold in his "Thyrsis" showed himself the learned Greek scholar that he was. But I doubt if we shall care much for any later specimens. Our taste for that kind of poetry has grown dull, except for great examples of it in the past; it will surely never come back into modern literature.

One of the most precious books of extant Greek poetry, and that means of all poetry, is the "Anthology" a collection of short poems by many authors from the sixth century B. C. to the fifth or sixth century A.D. These poems, little odes, little idylls, epigrams, brief love lyrics, all the moods of humanity succinctly phrased, give us a deeper look into the heart of Greek life--or some corners of that heart--than the great epics and dramas and historical records.

The "Anthology" was begun by the poet Meleager in the first century B. C. He put to-

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gether poems by about forty poets, including many of the great lyrists of the preceding centuries, and called his collection the "Garland", a wreath of flowers, which is what anthology means. This work became very popular and was imitated and added to by later anthologists until finally, ten centuries after Meleager, Constantinus Cephalas (of whom nothing else is known) made a sort of anthology of anthologies, pluddering previous collections and making additions of his own. The history of this anthology is a fascinating chapter in the long tale of books. A monk named Paludes in the fourteenth century made a new edition. He omitted many good things from the work of Cephalas and added other things, some good, some mediocre; and this Paludean anthology became the standard text for a long time. Meanwhile Ceohalas was lost and forgotten, until in the early part of the seventeenth century a young student discovered a manuscript of Cephalas in the University of Heidelberg. This manuscript, rescued from oblivion, was to have still further adventures. During the Thirty Years' War when no perishable thing was safe in Germany, it was sent to the Vatican. Then at the end of the eighteenth century when the French conquered and looted Italy they took the manuscript to Paris whither scholars flocked to see it.

The value of the "Anthology" cannot be overestimated. It preserved many poems which without it would have perished. Not only are the thousands of single flowers exquisite (some, it must be confessed, are but artificial paper) but the collection as a whole covers the entire range of feeling and experience. It reveals, though we know so little about the individual poets, the development of Greek poetry from early morning vigor to twilight decadence. Can we find in any other literature (except possibly Chinese) such a long continued, many-voiced choir? The Greek, not any one Greek, but the race, knew how to say anything that a human being has ever thought or felt (I mean, of course, fundamental human facts, not details that have come into life since Greece crumbled, such as the American Revolution and Radio). The Greeks were expressive, articulate, outspoken people. They could drive a poisoned two-edged epigram into a human enemy and with proudly curled lip and philosophic brow contemplate the last enemy and friend, Death--a favorite subject in the "Anthology".

The English poets have made excellent versions of many of these perfect little poems. I quote one example, a poem by Callimachus, a poet and scholar of the third century B.C.,

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and one of the librarians of the great library of Alexandria. The translation is by an English poet and scholar of the nineteenth century, William Cory.

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, they nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

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A Fragment From Pindar

On Delos

Hail, O heaven-built isle, the most lovely scion of the
children of bright-haired Leto, O daughter of the sea,
thou unmoved marvel of the spacious earth, by mortal
men called Delos, but by the blessed gods of Olympus
known as the far-seen star of the dark-blue earth...

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Some Anthologies in Braille

Carhart, George S. and P. A. McGhee. 4v. 1926. APH A good anthology for boys and girls of high school age. Poems from classical and contemporary fields have been chosen regardless of chronological periods and of schools of poetry. Some of the best poems of our language are gathered here. They vary extensively as they should and they represent the romance, and the dreams that for centuries have stirred our race to song. Grade 1½.

Drinkwater, John, compiler. The way of poetry: an anthology for younger readers. 4v. 1922. A very miscellaneous collection of standard poems ranging from Mother Goose to modern verse. Grade 2.

Palgrave, Francis T., compiler. Golden treasury. See "Book Announcements" in this issue.

Rittenhouse, Jessie B., compiler. Little book of modern verse; a selection from the work of contemporary American poets. 1v. 1913. UBP Poems and arranged so that each sets the keynote to the next or bears some relation to it.

----The second ~~little~~ book of modern verse; a selection from the work of contemporaneous American poets. 1v. 1919 UBP Supplements the "Little Book of Modern Verse" giving chiefly poems published between 1913 - 1919.

Squire, J.C., compiler. The comic muse, an anthology of humorous verse. 5v. NIB Grade 2.

Thompson, Edward, compiler. A religious anthology. NIB Grade 2.

Untermeyer, Louis, compiler. This singing world; an anthology of modern poetry for young people. 4v. 1923 APH Covers a wide range so that many different tasts may be satisfied. It is mostly contemporary poets who are represented in the collection.

Contents for March

Book Announcements

Beard, Charles and Mary Beard. The Rise of American Civilization. 1927. APH From Federal funds. See review in this issue. Number of volumes not yet announced.

Boynton, Percy H. American Literature. 8v. 1923 APH First edition 1919. Omitting authors of minor importance the book has been written with a view to showing the drift of American thought as illustrated by major writers. In this second edition the greater part of the text is the same as in the first with some simplification of diction and some abridgements designed to ~~adopt~~ adapt it for use in secondary schools.

Gibbons, H. A. The New Map of Europe (1911-1914). 3v. APH From Federal funds. Beginning with a chapter on Germany in Alsace and Lorraine the author traces the development of the causes of the general European war and concludes that in August 1914 the only way to have avoided the catastrophe would have been to allow Germany to make according to her own desires and ambitions the new map of Europe.- Second notice.

Grayson, David, pseudonym. Adventures in Solitude. 1v. 1931. APH From Federal funds. See review in this issue.

Hindus, Maurice. Humanity Uprooted. APH From Federal funds. See review in this issue. Number of volumes not yet announced.

Lincoln, Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln. Blair's Attic. 9v. 1929. ARC A mystery story of Cape Cod. The same philosophy and dry humor that characterize his other books appear here. His admirers need not fear that his son's collaboration has changed the old tradition of his Cape Cod stories.

Sandford, W.P. and W.H. Yeager. Successful speaking, a text for secondary schools. 3v. 1927. APH

Smyth, J. Paterson. A People's Life of Christ. 3v. 1920. APH A simple finely imaginative and very reverent narrative, following the beliefs of orthodox Christianity, and related without theological discussion or criticism.

Thompson, Holland. The Age of Invention. 4v. ARC From the Chronicles of America series. For note on this series see "Book Announcements", January number, under Huntington.

Van Tyne, Claude H. The Causes of the War of Independence; being the first volume of a history of the founding of the American republic. 4v. 1922. UBP From Federal funds. The

author who is a professor of history in the University of Michigan (1922) examines the period during which the colonies were advancing toward independence and explains the growth of the spirit which made Americans discontented with their position in the British Empire. The book closes with the meeting of the Continental Congress and the first bloodshed. The text is not only a boon to the reader who digs deep into history but it is lucid enough and provokes such interest that the everyday reader can enjoy every word. Not many historical works in a season are accepted by so many readers with so keen a relish.

The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary E. Beard. Reviewed by J. P. Bretz in the American Historical Review, October, 1927.

This is a brilliant and stimulating interpretation of American history from the earliest times to the machine age. The story is attractively presented. Almost every sentence is vivified by a deft turn of expression. Almost every paragraph is illuminated by choice quotation or incisive comment. The management of the vast body of literature dealing with American history and with numerous other phases of American life is impressive. There are minor errors of fact but they do not affect the conclusions. There may be difference of opinion as to the conclusions but this is inevitable in a large-scale interpretation of history.

Professor Beard's work is well known and his views have been widely disseminated. One expects to find in the present volume signs of all that has gone before. The subtitles of the volumes, the Agricultural Era and the Industrial Era, indicate at the outset the point of view that is maintained. The story does not proceed far without the discovery of a "ruling class", and Professor Beard finds himself at an early stage in the presence of the enemy. When an ever-watchful English imperialism appears on the scene the account is well under way. It should be said however that the characteristic views of Professor Beard are made very acceptable in his treatment of his great theme. His economic interpretation of the great controversies of American history is pervasive rather than opinionated. Moderation and a sense of proportion are joined with great catholicity of mind. The attempt to establish something like a synthesis of history elicits the reader's hearty approval.

It would be unprofitable to compare the various chapters with respect to interest and importance. Readers will differ as to their merits, and the authors might be surprised at the results of such a comparison. The chapter on Provincial America deserves commendation in these days when the study of colonial history is no longer fashionable. The threads of colonial history are cleverly interwoven, and it may be doubted if the social and intellectual life of the colonies has ever been more successfully described. The chapters on the Clash of Metropolis and Colony and on Independence and Civil Conflict are excellent summaries of the best thought concerning the American Revolution. The treatment is at all times original and refreshing. These chapters are followed by Populism and Reaction. It is to be noted that Professor Beard has less to say here about the matter dealt with in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States", 1913, than might have been expected.

Significant chapters in the second volume are those dealing with the Irrepressible Conflict and with the Second American Revolution. In these chapters Professor Beard finds opportunity to present the results of his labor of recent years. Those who accept, without reservation, Professor Beard's approach to history will find his treatment of the great controversy satisfactory and perhaps conclusive. The chapters on the Gilded Age and on the Machine Age are instructive and entertaining. It may fairly be said that there is not a dull or useless chapter in the thirty.

The book has met with the cordial welcome that it deserves. Newspaper reviewers have been devastated by it. The publishers assure us that in purchasing it one is making a permanent investment. What are more serious students of American history to say about it?

It goes without saying that professional workers in American history will enjoy the book. They will find pleasure in sly thrusts at ruling classes, military and technical experts, lawyers, doctors of finance, diplomats, and other inescapable pests. They will readily agree with the authors that the roots of a controversy such as that of the Civil War lie "in social groupings founded on differences in climate, soil, industries, and labor systems, in divergent social forces, rather than varying degrees of righteousness and wisdom". The point has, in fact, long been conceded.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maruice Hindus. From review in The New York Times Book Review, December, 1929, by Anne O'Hare McCormick

Every eye that looks on the new Russia bulges a little. The latest report of the revolution is almost as dazed and exclamatory as was the first. It does not matter whether the reporter is the returned native, like Mr. Hindus, thrilling to the vast changes convulsing the wide and stagnant land of his boyhood, or a political prisoner, like Mr. Cederholm, viewing the strange scene through the distorting bars of a Gay-Pay-Oo jail, or a joyous journalist like Mlle. Viollis, wandering alone from Moscow to Erivan and writing home about the most exciting sights she has ever seen. For a long time to come Soviet Russia will be rediscovered, breathlessly, by each fresh beholder.

The reason for this is implicit in the title of the book. There is no exaggeration in that sweeping statement. What has been happening in Russia for twelve years, what continues to happen, lately with increased force and speed, is the literal uprooting of a large section of humanity. Granting as Professor John Dewey points out in his enthusiastic preface to Mr. Hindus's volume, that the upheaval is thoroughly Russian in character and cannot be imagined on another soil or among a less impressionable and unanchored people, it is at the least so shattering a spectacle that no one can watch it in silence or unmoved. The observer no sooner surveys with his own eyes this ruthless attempt to re-create man and start him all over again in a world that never was, than he knows it has never been described. He can no more resist straining the language to communicate his excitement than Byrd could resist telling of the first flight above the mountains of the South Pole or a visitor to Mars could come back to earth and keep to himself the wonders he had seen.

Russia has missed so many of the intermediate stages of civilization that an airplane over Antarctica is hardly more sudden than the Machine Age driving across the steppe. Here is a land untouched by the ideals of chivalry or the ideas of the Protestant Reformation. It has heard neither Calvin nor the Troubadours, escaped both the refinements of the Renaissance and the dialectics of the Age of Reason. The Russian proletariat has had no chance to try many of the painfully evolved institutions of Western civilization which the dictatorship of the proletariat is now abolishing. The wonder is not that there are so many but that there are so few books describing this fantastic scrapping of centuries. We are all so deeply

engaged in the fate of the Soviet experiments that there can hardly be too many reports, especially when they repeat and thereby confirm what has been told before.

Mr. Hindus has his own roots in the Russian soil. He was born in what is called a deaf village, cut off from all sound of the world, emigrated to the United States at the age of 14, and did not return until 1923. In his first book, "Broken Earth," he confined his observations to the ~~changes~~ changes that had occurred in his native place in the interval; he reported vividly and faithfully the reactions of the peasants he knew, their questions, complaints, conflicts and agitations. His account was a kind of epic of the revolution in the village, so well rendered, indeed, that one hopes he will return to his first field. No one could better interpret the massive struggle going on in the village today, when the movement to Bolshevize the peasant and socialize the land has reached its height, and the new theories meet their first real test in the effort to force the peasant to accept the State as his new landlord.

In the present volume Mr. Hindus analyzes and generalizes observations made on repeated journeys over a much wider field. For the reason that it attempts so much more, the second book conveys less, and conveys it less authentically, than the first. "Humanity Uprooted" is a series of explanations. It tells why the ruling party in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics wages its relentless war against most of the traditions and conventions of mankind. It appraises the results of this warfare against property, religion, marriage, home, the family, the rights of the individual. It summarizes the effects of the revolution on various groups of the population -- peasant, proletarian, Communist, youth, Jew, Cossack, intellectual, woman. These appraisals and summaries are full of illumination. The chapter on the Communist should be read by all who wish to understand the mentality of the Russian rulers; that on the intelligentsia by all who would realize how much of the old mentaility, the former reverence for the thinker, has been sacrificed to the present exaltation of the worker.

The chapters on religion under the Soviets are perhaps the most suggestive. Mr. Hindus disposes of Holy Russia by concluding that it never existed. He argues that Bolshevist persecution is not a sufficient explanation for the collapse of religion, since elsewhere persecution has had the opposite effect. His explanation is that Orthodoxy was a form and not

a conviction and that at heart the Russian peasant has always remained a pagan. Undoubtedly there is truth in this observation. It is difficult to believe that there was much spiritual power in a Church that appears to disintegrate so easily, though one might ask a more disinterested witness to the failures of the old Church than the one quoted by Mr. Hindus, the so-called "Red Bishop" Vedensky, spokesman for the "Living Church" which disintegrates almost before it is established.

No traveler in Russia but feels the gusto of youth's denial of God and its hilarious flouting of the idea of sin. None can be blind to the apathy of large sections of the peasantry as the old altars fall into decay. One wonders, none the less, what brews in the muddled mind of this peasant thrust suddenly into a world where all his values are overturned. To Mr. Hindus it is of prime significance that multitudes no longer go to church, but the Bolshevist leaders are non-plused because after twelve years of the most formidable anti-religious propaganda ever attempted multitudes still go to church. And the central question persists: If the growths of centuries wither in a decade, how long will the present plants endure? If the old roots are so tenuous, how deep go the fibers of the new?

Adventures in Solitude, by David Grayson. From
The New York Times Book Review.

The David Grayson books have the quality that inevitably produces a decided reaction in the reader either for or against them. The "Adventures" series -- "in Understanding", "in Friendship," "in Contentment," "in Solitude" -- and the three or four others either bring you keen inner satisfaction, delight, excitement and arouse in you ardent admiration for the author, or they leave you cold and, perhaps, a bit contemptuous. It all dependson the kinship there happens to be between your nature and his. If you have in you just that little touch of the mystic that makes you feel in sky and earth, in tree and flower, in bird and bee, an appeal that clothes it with a significance alien to the perceptions of the materialist, if you enjoy probing with a kindly, inquiring, sensitive mind into the meaning of any new manifestation of nature or human nature that you come across, if you like to walk about sometimes in a leisurely way in city or country with mind and heart ready to savor whatever you find that is fine and good and beautiful, then David Grayson will have a very special place in your favor. Otherwise, you will not be able to "see anything in him."

This new book is particularly flavorsome of his distinctive qualities. It grew out of his endeavor to find in his own mind the companionship, the happiness, the exhilaration, denied temporarily by his surroundings. Solitude, he says in his foreword, is the normal state of man, since every one spends most of his time alone with himself. "A whole world," he continues, "a man creates within his own personality. ... If he cannot command this world of his own making he is miserable, indeed." Then he adds that the book deals "with a fortunate, if enforced, solitude, and the effort of a man to make or find his own felicity." It tells how he made this effort and what precious results it brought him during many months spent in a hospital when, much of the time, even books were denied him. After many days of wretchedness he began to ask himself if his busy life had not left enough in his mind to carry him through a few months in bed, if he had come to such a pass that he had no resources of the spirit and soon realized that he had, after all, "vast inner possessions upon which he had not counted." He tested and explored this idea, developed it day after day, and the book tells just what he did, how he drew upon his memory through days of pain and feebleness and sleepless nights for whatever he could recall of passages of poetry and prose that could feed his emotional needs of the moment, tried to reconstruct the books he had read, found interest

in what he could see from his window, used his imagination to walk abroad while in bed, and so on. As in all the "adventures" of David Grayson, who, as every one has long known, is really Ray Stannard Baker, the book is full of ideas, expressions, bits of truth, that the reader to whom he means much welcomes with an inner excitement and warm response and treasures in his memory.

attached to preceding page in copy sent to Paris.

Featuring American History

Until recently the requests for books on American history were a source of disappointment to the readers and of embarrassment to the librarians for the supply was meagre, consisting as it did of a few text-books ~~on history~~ and any related matter that might be found in biography. *At the beginning of the Washington celebration when nine months of publicity ~~are [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible] celebration~~ will turn all men's thoughts sooner or later, toward American history your attention is drawn to the notable books on the subject ~~available. These outstanding titles have appeared in braille this fall and have been received in this magazine. The Rise of American Civilization by Charles and Mary Beard, The Epic of America by James Truslow Adams, and Our Times by Mark Sullivan. The first two mentioned are from~~

~~with~~ The Letters of Page are brilliant, filled as they are with illuminating comments on public men and policies, differences with Woodrow Wilson before the entrance of the United States into the war, and enthusiasm for the fine qualities of the English people; they form an inspiring and invaluable contribution to our history and literature. The book was awarded the Pulitzer prize in 1923 for the best American biography.

* John Brown's Body is a ~~long~~ narrative poem of the Civil War, "extraordinarily rich in action as well as actors, vivid, varied and so expressive of many men and much that prose could never have ~~[illegible]~~ carried its electric burden."

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Featuring American History

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Partial List of Novels on American History

Colonial Period

Bachellor, Irving. A Candle in the Wilderness. 3v.

Johnston, Mary. The Great Valley. 3v. Grade 2.

Parker, Gilbert. Seats of the Mighty. 6v.

Revolutionary Period.

Boyd, James. Drums. 8v.

Chambers, Robert. The Painted Minx. 5v. HC:NYPL

Churchill, Winston. Richard Carvel. 7v. Grade 2.

Cooper, J. F. The Spy. 8v.

Ford, P.L. Janice Meredith. 13v. or 15v. HC:LC,NYPL

Mitchell, S.W. Hugh Wynne, 5v.

Roberts, Elizabeth. Great meadow. 2v.

Sabatini, Rafael. The Carolinian. 7v.

War of 1812

Knipe. Lost -- a brother. 3v.

Civil War

Boyd, James. Marching On. 5v.

Churchill, Winston. The Crisis. 9v.

Crane, Stephen. Red Badge of Courage. 3v. HC:NYPL

Fox, John. Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. 3v. and 4v. editions.

Singmaster, Elsie. Emmeline. 2v.

Reconstruction

Page, T. N. Red Rock. 7v.

RWAP
Russian Literature

One of the later additions to the Reading With a Purpose series is "Russian Literature", by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, a native Russian, now an American citizen. He tells us that "anyone who cares for imaginative writing would be missing the elephant in the circus if he passed by the Russian novels of the last century." And that "it was the next generation, the heirs of Pushkin and Gogol, who brought the writing of fiction to such a level of excellence that they made Russia as renowned in the field of the novel as Germany is in that of music, France in painting, America in the mechanical arts." The following related books are recommended. The complete list is given here. The titles available in braille are so indicated.

Novels

Dead Souls, by Nikolay Gogol.

Oblomov, by Ivan Goncharov.

Fathers and Children, by Ivan Turgenev. 5v. HC:NYPL

War and Peace, by Leo Tolstoi.

Anna Karenina, by Leo Tolstoi.

The Brothers Karamazov, by Fedor Dostoevsky.

Books on Russian Literature

An Outline of Russian Literatury, by Maurice Baring.

Modern Russian Literature, by Prince Dmitry Mirsky. 3v.

Turgenev, the Man, his Art, and his Age, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

Russian Poetry; an Anthology, compiled and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. 4v. HC:NYPL

Other Russian Classics

The Captain's Daughter, by Alexander Pushkin.

Memoirs of Alexander Herzen, by Alexander Herzen.

Crime and Punishment, by Fedor Dostoevsky.

Virgin Soil, by Ivan Turgenev. 3v. Grade 2.

Short Stories, by Anton Chekhov. HC:NYPL, Seattle.

My Childhood, by Maxim Gorky.

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, by Dmitri Merejkowski.

Other Books in Braille by these Authors.

The District Doctor, by Ivan Turgenev. 1v. Grade 2.

Kreutzer Sonata, by Leo Tolstoi. 1v. Grade 2.

Liza, by Ivan Turgenev. 6v. HC: LC

Reminiscences of Tolstoi, by Maxim Gorky. 1v. HC: NYPL

A Russian Proprieter, by Leo Tolstoi. 1v. Grade 2.

Russian Stories, by Alexander Pushkin. 2v. HC: Detroit.

Smoke, by Ivan Turgenev. 5v. HC: LC, NYPL.

Taras Bulba. 1v. HC: LC.

What Men Live By; and What Shall it Profit a Man, by Leo Tolstoi. 1v. Grade 2.

Library Notes

From a letter recently received from Mrs. Grace Davis, in charge of the Department for the Blind in the Detroit Public Library, we learn that the Junior League of that city has given her some 60 subscriptions to the Braille Book Review for readers. "It is my desire," writes Mrs. Davis, "to have every adult reader get the magazine." Hurrah for Michigan!

The braille "List of Books in Grade 1½" was published under date of March 1930 by the American Braille Press. The first supplement was issued March 1931 and the second is given in this March 1932 issue. The main catalog is a bound volume of some 120 pages. With its supplements it forms a complete list of books and magazines published up to date in braille, grade 1½. The total number of titles listed falls just short of 2000. It may be borrowed from all, or nearly all, of the libraries for the blind. The New York Public Library keeps some 25 copies in constant circulation. Price $2.00 per copy.

Getting Into Six Figures. by Arnold Patrick. from the Bookman.

II: Joseph C. Lincoln.

If you consider the character of the inhabitants of Cape Cod essentially New England, it is perhaps difficult to understand the continued and consistent success of Joseph Lincoln's stories of Cape Cod folk. Why should local color stories of a small section of America be received with enthusiasm in Australia? I mention Australia because Mr. Lincoln told me the other day that many of the most interesting letters in his huge correspondence come from that far distant part of the British Empire. He recalled particularly a mail friendship, during the war, with an Australian captain who wrote him long and detailed accounts of his activities from the front line.

"The really honest letters from readers are one of the finest rewards of a writer", said Mr. Lincoln, and went on to tell me of others, some inspiring, some pathetic, some entertaining, and some, of course, annoying. It is not, however, in Australia alone that his breezy, homely, witty stories are read. They are read all over the world.

Isn't the secret of their popularity the fact that, in addition to being well done, they deal with folk who represent a curious mingling of the qualities that appeal to most of us? Cape Cod people are, in the first place, of the sea--sailors, fishermen, life savers--and a love of the sea is universal. Yet they till their own soil. They are of the farm, and there are few of us who can go back many generations without finding a sturdy grower of grain among forebears. Then, if you look carefully into their ancestry, in certain localities of the cape you'll detect a touch of "Injun" blood. Perhaps that is why they are so fond of their own folk lore and legendry.

Yet New England contributes more definitely, too, to Mr. Lincoln's success, in my opinion. Where, after all, do most midwesterners come from? Old New England. Most far westerners? Old New England. And in Mr. Lincoln's people these pioneers recognize their own characteristics and those of their ancestors.

Above all, though, Mr. Lincoln's stories are of the home, they are of home loving people, and that fact constitutes an appeal without limit of country.

Isn't that why, from the very first, Mr. Lincoln's books have sold well; why every new book sells more than the preceding one; why he has had little trouble in reaching the 100,000

Getting into his figure. My friend Bertram Ford's journal.

Mr. Joseph G. Lincoln.

If you consider the number of the inhabitants of this country, it is perhaps difficult to realize that we could get such a large access of foreign life—only a sprinkle of true Yankees. My whole local color stories of a small section of America be received with enthusiasm in Australia? Lincoln evidently has the other day that many of the most interesting letters in his business correspondence came from that far distant part of the world. He recalled particularly a man interested, during the war, with an American captain who wrote him long and detailed accounts of his activities from the front line.

"The really honest letters from readers are one of the finest rewards of a writer", said Mr. Lincoln, and went on to enumerate some, some laughing, some pathetic, some interesting, and some, of course, annoying. It is not, however, in America alone that he is known, but also, of course, abroad. They like read all over the world.

Isn't the secret of their popularity the fact that, in addition to being well done, they feel like too? Who represents a cross-section of the qualities that appeal to most of us? Cape Cod people are, in the first place, of the sea—salty. Fishermen, life savers—are a love of the sea in universal. Yet they still their own soil. They are of the farm, and there are few of us who can go back many generations without finding a sturdy farmer of yeoman ancestors. Then, if you look correctly into their ancestry, in certain localities of the cape you'll detect a trace of "Injun" blood. Perhaps that is why they are so keen of their own folk lore and legend.

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Isn't that why, from the very first, Mr. Lincoln books have sold well; why every new book sells more than the preceding one; why he was too little trouble in reaching the 100,000

class, in "getting into six figures"?

Mr. Lincoln could not write of these people as he does if he were not of them. The characters in "Cap'n Eri", in "The Postmaster", in "The Portygee", in "Rugged Water", and more than a dozen other volumes are beyond the shadow of a doubt authentic. So is their author. Short, robust, stout enought to be jolly yet not stout enough to be called fat, ruddy of complexion, enjoying a good story and telling many good ones, proud of his family, fond of his friends, wholesome, honest, interested in the world at large, he is obviously a Yankee, and a Cape Cod Yankee at that! And that Yankee habit of story telling is the reason, probably, why he is one of the best of American authors to read aloud. He knows perfectly how to compress an incident so as to make a dramatic and a pointed anecdote.

What can we learn of becoming a successful writer from Joseph Lincoln's career? Again, as in the case of Zane Grey, we find that the recipe lies in living enthusiastically and working hard; that no special training makes the great story teller.

"The things I have done in my life have always been the unexpected things, those for which I had really not planned at all", Mr. Lincoln told me laughingly; but most of us would add to that statement the belief that success has followed because he has taken advantage of those unexpected opportunities.

Mr. Lincoln is, first of all, like so many other writers, a product of the sea. Chance alone kept him from being a sea captain as were all his ancestors, great-grandfathers, grandfathers, uncles, cousins. His father, Joseph Lincoln, was a captain also. His mother often voyaged with her husband. She, too, knew the sweep of storm and the shine of phosphorous in a still sea; in fact, she was planning to join Captain Lincoln when he was taken sick of a fever and died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1871. The son was then a year old. Brewster, Massachusetts, was their home village; but they soon moved nearer Boston, where the boy went to school. His spare hours he spent with the local fishermen, and in the life saving stations along the coast. Here are still to be seen the old records of adventures, in cramped hands, strange dialect, but with a power of their own, ably transcribed now by Mr. Lincoln in "Rugged Water".

Although young Joe was a sportsman and an out-of-door boy, although he liked to go out in boats, to fish, to swim, the dramatic instinct, and the artistic, showed in him early. He

elsewhere, in "Setting Sun and Other Stories".

Mr. Lincoln's comic or satirical vein of humor appears in some of his characters in "Wampum", in "The Postmaster", in "The Portrait", in "Proved Liar", and more than in these other volumes are beyond the shadow of a doubt autobiographic. He is shy, retiring, modest, humble enough to be jolly yet not exactly to be called fat, ruddy of complexion, twinkling eyes behind spectacles, poor once, proud of his family, fond of his friends, modest to, honesty into contact with the world at large. He is obviously a Yankee, and a Cape Cod Yankee at that. And that Yankee quality of shrewd telling is the reason, probably, why he is one of the best of American authors yet read. He knows perfectly how to compress as much into a few words as possible and a portrait or anecdote.

Not can we learn of Lincoln's successful and far from Lincoln's career, with, as in the case of Jane Cable, we find that the people in living substantially, are working men; that romance is frequently made more by story-tellers.

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Brewster, Massachusetts, was their home village; but they soon moved to Pocasset, where he went to school. His stories sometimes seem that the local Pocasset, and in one life seeing visitors stay to go coast. Here are small to be seen the old results of experiences, in change, strange dialect, but that a sort of pair own, only transcribed from Mr. Lincoln in "Cape Cod".

Although Mr. Joe was a sportsman and an ardent golf-ist, Lincoln likes to be in books, to the , to sail, to fish, to hunt in woods, and the artistic, shown in his work. He

built himself a toy theatre. From R.L.S. backward and forward, this has been a childhood amusement of authors, artists, and playwrights, you'll find. Lincoln built his miniature structure, painted his scenes and characters, wrote his own plays and put them on. In a darkened room he would raise the small curtain and behold his own stories come to life for him. Long after the proper age for toys he indulged in this pastime. Finally, he feared this was an occupation not befitting a man.

"You know why I gave up my toy theatre?" he questioned. I nodded, laughing. "Well, I guess lots of youngsters have given up things like that because they thought other youngsters or their elders wouldn't understand."

His family were practically minded for him. He was to be trained for business, and, being a dutiful son, he turned his mind wholly in that direction. College was impossible for him. His son, who intends to be a writer, has just completed his college course, and I wondered how he felt about university training for writers.

"I'm sorry that I didn't go to college", he confessed.

I protested a trifle at that, and asked him if he didn't think academic training sometimes took the edge off the natural ability to tell a story well, if it didn't tend to make writers self conscious and over-literary?

"Perhaps", he admitted. "But it's the friendships, the associations of college, that are important. I'm glad that my son was graduated successfully. He's being a reporter on a Philadelphia paper now. That will give him the practical side of writing".

Mr. Lincoln himself never had any actual reportorial experience. He started his business career early, in a broker's office. This work, he says, he disliked. He has been quoted as stating: "I have always felt that they were as glad to get rid of me as I was to leave them." Feeling, however, that it would have been difficult for Mr. Lincoln actually to fail at anything, I pressed this point, and he told me how he lost his first job.

The firm, it appears, had one of those annoying reorganizations which business men know so well, when most of the working force suddenly find themselves without jobs. He, however, was one of the few retained. This pleased him very much, in a way; and proves to our satisfaction his business ability. However, it created something like over-confidence in his breast. He went to his employer, since times were hard and wages slim, and asked for a raise

until he was [illegible] the time. From R.I.T. graduates and others, he received a surprised amount of letters, articles, and biographies, you'll find. Lincoln built his character, he said, his success was character, more than anything else put together. In a [illegible] from [illegible] small [illegible] in [illegible] case the life for him. Long after the interviews for [illegible] be thought in this [illegible]. Finally, he feared this was an occupation not befitting a man.

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Mr. Lincoln himself never had any social recreational experiences. He started his business career early, in a broker's office. Hard work, he says, he claimed. He has been quoted as saying: "I have always felt that they were paid to get rid of me as I was to leave them." I feel, however, that it would have been difficult for Mr. Lincoln actually to fail at anything. I passed this point, and wondered how he lost his first job.

The firm, it appears, had one of those amazing reorganizations which practically put them out of business, when most of the working force suddenly find themselves without jobs. Mr. Lincoln, however, was one of the few retained. This pleased him very much, in a way and proved to our satisfaction his [illegible] ability. However, it required [illegible] life over-confidence in himself. He went to the employer, since three more men had gone also, and asked for a raise

The raise was not forthcoming. Mr. Lincoln left to seek other fields of endeavor.

Since the days of the toy theatre he had always wanted to draw. He took lessons of Henry Sandham ("Hy"), a prominent illustrator and caricaturist of that period. In Boston he and a friend set out to make their art commercial. They took an office and attempted to sell their pictures. With these pictures, Mr. Lincoln sometimes sent along a verse or a bit of humorous prose, and presnetly discovered to his surprise that the literature was better than the art. It was, again, the unexpected. Even more unexpected was his next position.

"Everyone, except myself, was riding a bicycly in those days", he told me. "So knowing nothing of bicycling I found myself associate editor of 'The League of American Wheelmen Bulletin". I did the illustrations for the magazine." And he added, under his breath, "They were pretty dreadful pictures, too."

Never having seen the pictures, one cannot give an opinion. The verses of those days, though, were good. They were salty and amusing, they had a fine swing and were filled with homely philosophy. While Mr. Lincoln was holding his editorial position, he kept busy nights writing, and had moderate success in placing his material. His first short story appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post", his verses were to be found in various magazines, among them "Puck", of which Harry Leon Wilson was then editor. That veteran humorist's kindliness and cordiality to him, he remembers with gratitude; for when he finally broke away from Boston in 1899 and came to New York City, it was his verses that made friends for him among writers and editors.

He had married in 1897, and even in those days the sale of poetry and an occasional short story proved precarious living on which to support a family. It is much better, Mr. Lincoln believes, for the young writer with dependents to have some source of regular income. It leaves the mind freer for good work, if there is a weekly pay check to stave off major worries. If there isn't enough vitality in a man's creative impulse to survive a daily job, to write in spite of everything, he'd better not write at all. Study the careers of writers, and I think you'll agree with him that if a man is destined to be a success in the world of editors and magazines he will turn out his copy in spite of everything, that not even the exigencies of desk work by day can stop him.

Again it was the unexpected.

[illegible] Furthermore, Mr. Thorpe left [illegible] other fields [illegible].

Since the [illegible] of the top theatres in and always wanted to draw. His work is [illegible] of Henry Lundeen ("Hy"), a prominent illustrator and caricaturist of that period. In London he and a friend set out to make their art commercial. They took an office [illegible] to sell their pictures. With these pictures, Mr. Lincoln sometimes sent along verse or a bit of humorous prose, and presently discovered to his surprise that the literature was better than the art. It was, again, the unexpected. Even more unexpected was his next position.

"Everyone, except myself, was writing a biography in those days," he told me. "So knowing nothing of photography I found myself associate editor of 'The League of Photoplay Dealers Bulletin'. I did the illustrations for the magazine." And he added, under his breath, "They were pretty wonderful pictures, too."

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Again in [illegible] the unexpected.

"Knowing little of banking, I found myself in the office of the American Institute of Bankers", he told me. This institution, in those days starting on a small scale, has since turned into the large and well known Junior Bankers of America. Mr. Lincoln here acted in the capacity of secretary, combined with duties which would now be termed, I presume, "publicity".

"Never having made a speech," he went on, "I was sent to Cincinnati to talk on banking and the Association".

This was his first public speech, and he admits that he was filled with confusion. Would he be able to hold his audience, to convince them of what he had to say? He is glad now that such an opportunity came to him, for it gave him confidence and taught him something of how to interest people. Since then, he has delivered hundreds of lectures. His anecdotal talk on "Cape Cod Folks" has delighted men and women all over America. For the most part, he now enjoys lecturing, although it is harder work than writing, in his opinion--"takes more out of you!"

Living in the suburbs at Hackensack--which is still his winter home--he found time for much hard work turning out verses and short stories. His first book, "Cape Cod Ballads", was published in 1902. He now found that his income warranted giving over the regular office routine, and he made the profession of writing his only one.

His first novel, "Cap'n Eri", was greeted with enthusiasm and some critical praise, and from then on his success as a writer of fiction was assured. His is character fiction, he explains:

"My situations always develop from a set of characters. I suppose I could construct more of a plot than I do, if I wanted to; but that's not my kind of writing. I am interested, first and foremost, in the people of whom I write."

And it is his people, rather than his situations, that we remember: Cap'n Eri, Galusha, Albert, Solomon Pratt, Keziah Coffin. What they do does not so much matter as does the sort of person they are and how they set about doing what they do.

Mr. Lincoln likes to write joyfully. He writes, in a sense, psychological stories--character novels must have a modicum of psychology in them--but he dislikes morbidity and he sees the bright side of human nature. He has often made it plain that he likes to write

tales with happy endings and that he considers it his privilege to do so. Eugene O'Neill chooses to write of New Englanders and sea folk on the verge of insanity. Joseph Lincoln chooses the eminently sane. Each of these types of story is perfectly true; if anything, I think O'Neill's is the more exaggerated, although by such exaggeration often he achieves great tragic beauty, just as Mr. Lincoln by slight exaggeration achieves sparkling humor. Such departures from literal reality are an author's privilege, and it is his use of them that creates manner and style. When New York critics, as they did recently in reviewing a play, occupy themselves with long discussions of the inbred and decaying New England character, Mr. Lincoln must find himself much entertained. Doubtless, in his Cape villages, he has seen many delightful homely happenings and few examples of murder and incest.

I am not defending Joseph Lincoln's characters. They need no defense. Even if they were entirely untrue to Cape Cod characteristics they would be worthwile in themselves. What I am trying to point out is that in these days of psychological meandering on the part of authors, it is a relief to find an author as wholesome as Joseph Lincoln--and that the very fact that it is the wholesome authors which the public rewards by wide sales proves the fundamental soundness of the public mind. There are occasional novels of a sensational character that reach sales beyond the 100,000 mark; but on no such reputation can a steady and continuing sale for an author be builded. It is not the caller who excites us by walking around the ceiling whom we most like to see. In the long run, the dependable and quietly humorful guest is most welcomed.

Mr. Lincoln's methods of work are simple. His material is a part of him, and he does not need to go far afield to collect it. He spends his summers on Cape Cod, and many of his stories are undoubtedly compounds of tales he still hears there or remembers from his youth. He has claimed that he never puts a real character into his books, that they are all mixtures of people he has known. Before he wrote "Rugged Water" he traveled up and down the Massachusetts coast seeking the retired life savers and consulting them about ways and means during the heyday of the old service.

He writes in the mornings, with stern instructions for no interruptions, which Mrs. Lincoln carries out with determination. A writer's family must be not only a family, it must be a bulwark. It must learn to be silent and to fight for silence. After all, it is on the

family's conduct that livelihood partly depends. I know one young author who has taught his baby the sacredness of the typewriter by telling him that this is the machine on which papa grinds out pennies. The dishonesty of such education may be questioned; but at least it is a protection for the typewriter until the young man decides to try grinding for himself.

Mr. Lincoln works longer on a novel than many of our popular story writers, for it takes him about six months to complete a manuscript. He writes with a soft pencil on large sheets of paper. This is an interesting point to note. Few writers, unless they began their career in newspaper offices of a somewhat late date, can "think on a typewriter". There is no rule for ways of putting thought to paper. Some academicians might frown at learning that a novelist dictated his stories. Do they frown when they learn that Joseph Conrad dictated his?

So, in Hackensack or at Cape Cod, Joseph Lincoln writes his gay novels. When he is not writing, he is playing golf or fishing or taking a part in the interests of the community or his family's pleasures. It has become usual to say that a well known novelist is modest or shy. Joseph Lincoln is not shy; but he is, beyond any shadow of a doubt, one of the most modest men I have ever met--and one of the most wholehearted. Good luck to him! May every new book go on selling more copies than the last, until Cape Cod and its Lincoln characters are so permanent a part of our legendry as Washington and his cherry tree.

- -

Books in Braille by Joseph Lincoln

Big Mogul. 11v. HC:Perkins.

Blair's attic. 9v.

Blowing clear. 7v. HC:LC.

The Cure. 1v. HC:LC.

Dr. Nye of Ostable. 4v.

Extricating Obadiah. 9v. HC:NYPL, Philadelphia.

Fair harbor. 5v.

Limits. 1v. HC:LC.

Mr. Pratt. 6v. HC:Perkins.

Portygee. 8v. HC:Chicago.

Queer Judson. 1v. HC:LC.

Shavings. 4v.

Silas Bradford's boy. 9 or 11v. HC:Chicago, LC, Philadelphia, Sacramento.

Thankful's inheritance. 9v. HC:LC.

Sketches from "Living Authors".
With permission of the H. W. Wilson Company

Stuart Chase

Stuart Chase was born in Somersworth, New Hampshire, on March 8, 1888. There were nine generations of New Englanders in his family before him. He was brought up in Boston, studied mathematics and engineering for two years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and specialized in econonomics and statistics during his two years at Harvard, where he received his Bachelor's degree in science, cum laude, in 1910.

His ambition was to be an architect, but he practiced public accounting in Boston, in his father's accounting office, until 1917. He heartily disliked this work, altho he was so proficient as to receive the degree of Certified Public Accountant from the State of Massachusetts in 1916. In 1917 he joined the Federal Trade Commission and was sent to Chicago to take charge of the inbestigation of Armour & Company, wich was part of the general meat investigation. A year later he was transferred to the Food Administration and placed in local charge of the Control of Packers' Profits under the wartime regulation of the Food Administration. After the War, he rejoined the Federal Trade Commission, wrote the volume on Profits for the meat investigation, and then took charge of the accounting features of the Milk Investigation. He left the Federal Trade Commission in 1921 and joined the Technical Alliance in New York, an organization of progressive engineers working on a program of industrial coordination. At this time he became keenly interested in the problem of waste from the wider engineering point of view.

Mr. Chase joined the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc., in October 1921, to take charge of the accounting and auditing sections of the Bureaus' work. Besides the accounting features, he has made extended studies for various labor and cooperative organizations into national productivity, U.S.Government finances, cost of the World War, the anthracite coal industry, and the general problem of waste in a competitively organized society.

In 1914 he married Margaret Hatfield and the honeymoon was spent in a strange city, where Mr. and Mrs. Chase presented themselves as a couple out of work and had some first hand experience with the problems of unemployment, low wages for women workers, factory conditions, and so forth. This experience was subsequently published in a little book called "A Honeymoon Experiment."

Mr. Chase has written many magazine articles for such publications as The Forum, The Nation, The New Republic, Good Housekeeping, The Survey, Journal of the American Institute of Architects, Journal of Accountancy, etc. In 1924 he won Life's prize for "Bigger and Better Ward," a two hundred word recipe, for which there were some 14,000 contestants; and a little later he won Boni & Liveright's prize of $500 for the best review of King C. Gillette's book, "The People's Corporation".

His "Tragedy of Waste", 1925, a general survey of competitive waste in America, inspired the Saturday Review of Literature to say: "Congress should pass a law compelling every American citizen to read this book at least once."

"Your Money's Worth", 1927, written inccollaboration with F.J.Schlink, is an expose of "The tricks behind the trade marks."

In 1929 came "Men and Machines", which has been described as "a preface to ethics." In "The Nemesis of American Business", 1930, a group of essays, Mr. Chase tells what's wrong with America and what might be done about it. (grade 4: Reviewed in January number).

"Mexico: A Study of Two Americas", 1931, (HC:NYPL) written in collaboration with Marion Tyler, his present wife, compares life in Mexico with life in the United States, and presents far more in favor of Mexican habits of work and play than one might expect. Mrs. Chase learned Spanish so that she could help her husband do research for this book.

The Chases live in Redding, Connecticut, in a beautiful house built of an old barn. It is bright with lacquered gourds, Mexican tapestries, and rugs. Mr. Chase has a workroom and likes to make things. The book-shelves in his home are noble specimens of his handiwork. One of Mrs. Chase's problems is to suggest other useful things her husband can make without cluttering up the place--or, as he himself might say, without contributing to the Tragedy of Waste!

Among his favorite books are "The Forsyte Saga", (Grades 1½ and 2), Of Human Bondage, the early novels of H. G. Wells, and"Growth of the Soil",(Grade 2). He hates reading newspapers, but you may be sure he does. He writes in longhand, rapidly, and his spelling is reputed to be dreadful. Most of his work goes not into the actual writing, but into the preparatory research. "Mexico" took him almost a year to prepare and only two and a half months to write. When he plans a book he jots down notes on cards, five by eight inches. He gets himself into

a writing mood by swimming, walking, or playing tennis with tremendous energy.

Dancing, skiing, mountain climbing, and swimming are his favorite diversions, but he dislikes organized sports. He is fond of keen discussion, kindly casual contact with strangers, and the spontaneous sort of parties. Formal entertainments and long-winded dinners he considers among the major blights of civilization, and he detests business interviews and pointless conversations. These are the things he longs for: travel ("I should like to visit the lost cities of which I dream; to climb in the Andes and Himalayas"); a congenial and adventurous communtiy life in the midst of indigenously flourishing arts and crafts; a house where he may take sun baths unmolested; good food; good wine; and "above all leisure, leisure, a break in the remorseless and meaningless urgencies of the twentieth-century pace." He is happy, nevertheless, in his present work: "Fun for me is economic research and writing about it."

City life irks him. He visits New York only once a week to attend to his duties at the Labor Bureau, which he performs without fee; and to work at the one accounting job he has retained, for the simple reason that it pays him so well. He has a son and a daughter.

Selma Robinson describes Stuart Chase: "He is forty-three years old and looks ten years younger; his body is spare and lithe, he has an upturned, inquisitive nose and his skin is as brown as that of the Mexicans he writes about. His hair is a sandy kind of gray that doesn't add anything to his years or his dignity. As a matter of fact, 'dignified' is scarcely the adjective to apply to Stuart Chase. He is friendly, intelligent, alert, unpretentious, and eager."

Greek History and Historians, from "The Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy. With permission of the publisher, Horace Liveright.

It is my duty to report all that is said; but
I am not obliged to believe it all alike.

Herodotus.

~~We shall begin our short account of Greek literature by glancing at the historians.~~ History, be it understood, is not an early form of literature; it develops late, after a nation has had centuries of experience and has expressed itself in poetry, drama, and other artistic types. This is true of Jewish literature as we find it in the Bible, though there the historical elements are so confused by ethical and religious motives that the sharpest modern scholarship is baffled in its effort to separate the purely historical writing from the rest and to determine the approximate date of composition. In the case of Greek literature we know with almost perfect definiteness when the writing of history began and where the line is to be drawn between the fact and legend; for the Greek told his own story with critical precision, with a highly civilized detachment and coolness of judgment unknown to the Hebrew. The writing of history, as we understand the word, began in Greece with Herodotus. To be sure, in the long process of life and literature, no form or method is suddenly invented by any single individual. That is the first lesson of history: ideas grow and pass from mind to mind. The goddess Pallas Athene sprang full-armed from the forehead of Zeus, but nobody knew better than did Herodotus himself that such things happen to goddesses in poetry, not to the thoughts of human beings. For he was a critic, an investigator, a sceptic. That he has been called the father of history and that later historians down to our present "scientific" age have been willing to concede him the title tells us much about him and even more about the civilization in which he lived.

And what a civilization it was! In the small city of Athens in the fifth century before Christ there lived more men of genius than ever happened to live in any other place at any other time. There is nothing comparable to the Athens of Pericles until almost twenty centuries later we come to another small city, Florence. No historian, not the wisest disciple of Herodotus, can explain just why so many men of brains were assembled on this particular spot of the world at this particular moment. All we know is that it is so. Greece had repelled the invading Persian armies and in spite of continuous internal rivalry and warfare was, in

intellectual matters, a more or less united civilization. Athens was the center of the "glory that was Greece".

The city was rich in brilliant native sons and also entertained the cleverest men and women from the rest of Greece. Herodotus was an Athenian only be adoption and lived but a few years of his life as one of the jewels in the crown of Athens. He was born in Asia Minor and spent his last years in a Greek colony in Italy. He was a citizen of the world, a great traveler in his time, partaking of the culture not only of the capital city but of many cities and countries outside Greece. Outside Greece, but not far outside Greek culture, for we must remember that for centuries before the time of Herodotus and for centuries after, long after Alexander had conquered the world, Greece, as a civilization, meant almost all the life that touched on any part of the Mediterranean Sea. The Greek arms which kept Asia out of Europe are not so wonderful as the Greek mind, which, backed by physical prowess, absorbed and in part supplanted every kind of thought and civilization which it encountered.

The theme of Herodotus is the triumph of the Greeks over the invading Persians. He treats the theme in the "grand manner", and though his history is in prose, it has the scope, the dramatic power, and much of the fire of a poetic epic. Because he was gifted with a spacious vision and because he had seen much of the world, he was not vainglorious. If he celebrates the deeds of his countrymen, he also criticizes them shrewdly. And he devotes much of his work to an account of other countries, especially the Persian empire. He appreciates the enemies of Greece, partly of course because the more splendid the enemy, the more splendid the victory. But the victory is only the climax; Herodotus is a student of men and peoples, he sees war in its relation to the rest of life, and he finds the proper time and place to discuss the arts of peace, commerce, manners and customs. If modern historians know more than he did, it is largely due to him that they know so much. We will let them dispute about his accuracy. We are sure that he was a superb artist who handled his narrative with immense sweep and movement. And if, as some who read Greek easily have told us, his style is even finer than Rawlinson's English version of it, then we can quite believe that Herodotus is not only the father of history but the father of narrative prose. (The History of Herodotus, translated by G.C. Macaulay, is in grade 2.)

Thucydides, the second great Greek historian, wrote an account of the conflict which took place in his own time between Athens and Sparta and their allies, the Peloponnesian War. He

was the first great war correspondent and reporter, with an immediate sense of fact. He could not correspond or report in our meaning of the words, for there was no Athens Herald delivered before breakfast to his fellow-citizens. But he did take notes on the spot, and his acquaintance with the leading men of his time gave him access to the "inside" story. He worked his notes over at leisure after the conflict, and, unlike many who are now trying to write books about the World War, he happens to be a man of genius. He was an artist. For all his severe assumption of accuracy, he invented speeches like a dramatist and put them into the mouths of historical characters. His major mistake is that he thought the war between the Greek states the most important thing that had ever happened to mankind. This was not true in his time and it seems still less true after twenty-four centuries. For us the glory that was Greece is the story of peaceful arts, of which Thucydides says very little. One lesson which the historian of the present and the future has to learn from the omissions and false emphasis of the ancient historian is that the record of killing is not the whole tale; even the terrific tragedy from which our world has not yet emerged may to later chroniclers with proper perspective take its place as only an important episode in the life of the race. Perhaps the present hour, when we are sick of the reminiscences of major-generals, politicians, and professional and amateur war correspondents, is the very worst time to appreciate Thucydides. Yet there is magnificent dignity in his narrative of battles long ago. All modern historians, even the most critically analytical, respect him. And thanks to that master translator from the Greek, Benjamin Jowett, Thucydides is an English classic.

A few years after Thucydides there lived and wrote a Greek historian who was a man of action as well as a writer--Xenophon. He was the general in command of the ten thousand Greeks whose retreat he records in the Anabasis (grandson). As the hero of his own tale he resembles the Roman commander and historian, Julius Caesar. And there is another point of resemblance which is humorously sad: the first text presented to modern children in their Latin lesson is Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, and the first text in Greek is Xenophon's Anabasis. The reason is the same in both cases. Caesar and Xenophon wrote exciting narratives in simple plain style. Schoolmasters naturally selected them as the easiest examples of languages the complexities of which, in the hands of philosophic and poetic writers, would

be baffling to beginners and are probably baffling to most of the schoolmasters. Perhaps we learned to hate Xenophon's Greek too young, but his story is a good one; and it is a curious illustration of the fact that an adventure of a few thousand men centuries ago, if told by the right man, can hold its interest in a world where recently ten thousand men, defeated or triumphant, seemed almost as unimportant as flies. Literature is the written record of life. Yet, strangely enough, there is no exact correspondence between the intellectual magnitude of a book and the magnitude of the facts, events, ideas which it treats. The simplest answer in this case is that Xenophon was an interesting person who knew how to write. We owe to him the most "human" portrait we have of his master, the philosopher Socrates, in the Memorabilia. Xenophon was not a profound thinker and his account of Socrates is thin compared with that of Plato, who made Socrates the vehicle of Platonic wisdom, as we shall see in a later chapter. But Xenophon gives us a living picture of the wisest man in Athens and of the actual like that surrounded him.

To pass from Xenophon to Polybius is as if, in English literature, we jumped from Walter Raleigh's Discoverie of Guiana to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (in grade 2), a leap of about two centuries. Polybius is the most important Greek historian after Herodotus and Thucydides. His voluminous history, of which about one-sixth is preserved, narrates the growth of the Roman empire in the second century B. C. He is a plain practical historian, matter of fact and impartial in his observation of events. He is for historians a most valuable source of information. Rome was becoming mistress of the world, and Polybius, though a Greek, admired the triumph of Roman arms and policies. His aim, however, was accuracy rather than the expression of admiration; for he kept his emotions to himself and was not a literary artist.

The historians who come after Polybius are not of great importance, perhaps because we do not know what they wrote. The remaining fragments, though they are treasured by scholars, have no interest to the general reader. But in the first century of the Christian era we meet a writer who is immensely important in history and in the art of letters, Plutarch.

In Plutarch's Lives (Selections from the Lives in grade 2), we have a work of universal genius, a masterpiece which is part of the heritage of all living readers of European languages. Plutarch was a Greek and wrote Greek; but in substance he belongs almost equally to Roman history, for about half of his

subjects are Roman. His method is to make parallels or comparisons between Greek and Roman heroes, for example, Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Demosthenes and Cicero. He is not a blind hero-worshiper, and there is not a trace in him of the kind of patriotism which exalts one's fellow-countrymen above the rest of the world. He has a thorough understanding of human character, reasonable and temperate thical standards without moralistic fustian. Moreover, he has a solid knowledge of outer facts and circumstances that are the background of his characters. Modern research has corrected him at several points,but has not on the whold discredited him. And his persons live in modern tradition as he portrayed them. The reputations of some of the ancient good and great remain as Plutarch created them. Some of his portraits were made doubly secrue and permanent in English literature because they were the basis, in part, of Shakespeare's Caesar (in braille), Coriolanus (in braille), and Antony and Cleopatra (in braille). This partial dependence (partial because I do not believe that Shakespeare's knowledge of the classics was restricted to any one book) was due to Thomas North's translation of Plutarch by way of the French version of Jacques Amyot. In Antony and Cleopatra some of the speeches seem to be lifted without change from North. The interest in Plutarch has been continuous in English literature. A century after North, Dryden was sponsor for a translation; he supplied a life of Plutarch, but did only a part of the work on the text. This translation was revised in the nineteenth century by the English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, and that revised version has become the standard for English readers.

It is no paradox to say that the greatest Greek historians were not Greeks but modern scholars. Since the Italian Renaissance, which means primarily the revival of interest in the ancient classics, Greek civilization has been the subject of almost worshipful study on the part of historians and men of letters. In the nineteenth century this study was deepened and sharpened by the scientific spirit which investigated documents and sources. Owing to this spirit and the advantage of perspective, the modern historian knows some things about the Greeks that they did not know about themselves. To name only a few of those eminent in English literature, George Grote, Benjamin Jowett, J. P. Mahaffy, Gilbert Murray, and J. B. Bury, can tell us more about the life and times of Thucydides than we can get from the Greek master. And we have to omit from our limited and unscholarly sketch even a mention of the

works of French, Italian, and German historians. In spite of the efforts of some practical professional educators to strike the study of Greek out of the curricula of schools and colleges, ancient Greece is still alive in the cultivated thought of the present time. The reason for this is that literature, rather than boards of education and trustees of colleges, ordains what we shall read and think about. For example, Grote's History of Greece, which experts tell us is full of inaccuracies and has been superseded, belongs to English literature, whatever its place may be in the rigid school of history. I cannot explain to myself or to anyone else why a book, by Gibbon or Grote, Darwin or Huxley, comes over from a clearly bounded technical province of thought into the vague world of literature; the words are all vague and not clearly bounded. Grote has style--whatever that is; he is good to read, good for the ordinary layman. I suspect that if we read Grote we shall be filled with the essential spirit of Greece. And I know that if we read him we shall get a lesson in clean direct use of our language. The same thing is true of the work of Mahaffy, who was--another word that defies definition--an artist. In his Social Life in Greece a civilization lives again, or continues to live. A little later than these eminent Victorians is J. B. Bury, professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge. In his History of Greece are combined the scholar and the artist. It is an especially happy combination in an historian who writes of the most artistic people that ever lived.

Contents for April 1932

Bennett, Arnold. The old wives' tale. 12v. CPH. FF from Federal

Book Announcements

Besant, Annie, and C. W. Leadbeater. Man: whence, how and whither. 4v. Theosophical Book Association.

Bryan, George S. Edison: the man and his work. 3v. 1926 HMP From Federal Funds. Beginning with the story of the early years, during which the telegraph operator turned to inventing, Mr. Bryan describes Edison's spectacular successes in connection with the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the motion-picture camera and the phonograph, as well as with somewhat outside ventures in the making of Portland cement, magnetic ore-milling, and a whole host of later miscellaneous achievements.

A well-constructed biography. With little attempt at literary fret-work, the author provides a vivid, compact and readily assimiliable account of a life devoted whole-heartedly to invention and mechanical discovery.

There is always a place for such a work as this, if for no other reason, because the reading public does not find it easy to keep up with the remarkable volume and r range of Mr. Edison's achievements. Even those who are fairly familiar with the principal Edison inventions will find reference in this book to many devices to which his name has never been associated but in which he had a part in perfecting and making valuable.

Buck, Pearl S. The good earth 3v. CPH From Federal funds. See review in this issue.

Delafield, E. M., pseudonym. Diary of a provincial lady; with a preface by Mary Borden. 3v. 1931. APH From Federal funds. See review in this issue.

Fernald, James C. English synonyms and antonyms, with notes on the correct use of prepositions; designed as a companion for the study and as a text-book for the use of schools.

v. 1924. BIA The English language is peculiarly rich in synonyms, as, with such a history, it could not fail to be. From the time of Julius Caesar, Britons, Romans, Northmen, Saxons, Danes, and Normans fighting, fortifying, and settling upon the soil of England, with Scotch and Irish contending for mastery or existence across the mountain border and the Channel, and all fenced in together by the sea, could not but influence one another's speech. English merchants, sailors, soldiers, and travelers, trading, warring, and exploring in every clime, of necessity brought back new terms of sea, and shore, of shop and camp and battle-field. English scholars have studied

Greek and Latin for a thousand years, and the languages of the Continent and of the Orient in more recent times. English churchmen have introduced words from Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, through Bible and prayer-book, sermon and tract. From all this it results that there is scarcely a language ever spoken among men that has not some representative in English speech... Not only for the highest reach of oratory and the perfection of literary style, but for accuracy and explicitness joined with luminous brevity in business communications, or for sprightliness, force and union of ease and grace with effectiveness in conversation, the careful study of synonyms will be found one of the most profitable to which any speaker or writer can devote himself. From the Preface.

Gibbons, H.A. The new map of Asia (1900-1919). 4v. 1919 APH From Federal Funds. Deals with what is called modern imperialism -- the establishment of political power in Asia by European states for the purpose -- or at least with the result -- of exploiting for their own benefit the economic resources of these countries. Contents: Great Britain and the Approaches to India. The two shields of India: Afghanistan and Tibet. India in the Twentieth Centure. British Asiatic Colonies and Protectorates. Paring Down Siam. France in Asia. Portuguese and Dutch in Asia. The United States in the Philippines. The Disintegration of the Ottoman Empire. The Ottoman Empire and the World War. Palestine and the Zionists. The future of the Ottoman Races. The Attempt to Partition Persia. Persia Before the Peace Conference. Russian Expansion Across Asia. The Island Extension of Japan. Korea Loses Her Independence. The Russo-Japanese War. China the Victim of European Imperialism. China Becomes a Republic. The Constitutional Evolution of Japan. Germany is Expelled from Asia. Japan and China in the World War. The Challenge to European Eminent Domain.

Lagerlof, Selma. The story of Gosta Berling, translated by P. B. Flach. 4v. 1898 ABFR From Federal Funds. The author an eminent Swedish writer was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1909 and is the only woman ever elected to the Swedish Academy. The story is a wild, strange tale with a half legendary hero, Gosta Berling, the unfrocked priest. Into the story are woven legends and superstitions with beautiful descriptions of the Swedish landscape.

Lewis, Sinclair. Babbitt. 4v. Now complete. Noted in speciment number.

Martin, Everett Dean. Psychology, what it has to teach you about yourself and your world. 7v. 1924. Chicago Public Library Press. A series of twenty lectures that were given before Classes in the People's Institute by its director. They cover the main field of modern psychological study with the latest developments and although prepared for the intelligent layman, are also of interest to the specialist.

Rinehart, M.R. The out trail. 1923 BIA A humorous narrative of varied company adventures in the deserts of the Southwest, Mexico and Florida and other favorite American outing areas, into which the author has injected much of her joy of life.

Russell, Bertrand. The conquest of happiness. 2v. c1930. ABFR See review in this issue.

Shackleton, Robert. The book of Philadelphia. 7v. 1918 ARC A pleasant, well balanced and satisfying account of the distinctive features of the past and present city, with a chapter on its famous suburbs.

Sullivan, J.W.N. Beethoven - his spiritual development. 3v. 1928. ARC This is an analysis of Beethoven's music in relation to the emotional experience that prompted him to expression. He denies that Beethoven was a "philosopher" in music; "music can no more express philosophic ideas than it can express scientific ideas." The point of view from which Mr. Sullivan analyzes many of Beethoven's works and differentiates the 'styles' in which he wrote is interesting criticism and is sometimes paired with some acute philosophizing.

Hand-copied Books

Crosby. Fanny Crosby's story of ninety-four years retold by M. T. Jackson. 3v. NYPL

Curwood, J. O. Black Hunter. 7v. 1926. Detroit. Deals with the French attempt to establish a New France in Canada against the opposition of the British. The story is mainly one of action and will appeal especially to those who like an occasional hint of gun-play and scalping mixed with their r mance.

Cutter, S.J. Conundrums, riddles, puzzles and games. 1v. Detroit.

De la Roche, Mazo. Explorers of the dawn. 5v. 1922. Seattle. The story of three small boys who have one gay adventure after another. The book with its imagination, humor and delicate fancy makes the same appeal as Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" and as in that book the appeal is more to the Olympians than to children.

Gibbons, H.A. Wider Horizons, the new map of the world. 8v. 1930 NYPL A history of the geographical, political and social changes which have taken place between 1900 and 1930. Chiefly by the juxtaposition of well-chosen and inherently absorbing material, Dr. Gibbons carries his reader along. Most of what he tells us all who are addicted to the morning paper already know. At best he is supplementing the news of the last thirty years with competent editorial comment. But the arrangement is so good that one is grateful for a bird's-eye view even of familiar country. Stringfellow Barr, "in Books."

Gibbs, A.H. Soundings. 7v. 1925 Seattle. An English girl brought up to be unafraid of tradition, to stand on her own feet and to be honest. Her love story begins in Paris, meets with cruel interruptions but comes to fulfillment through her steadfastness and courage.

Lardner, Ring. The Round Up. 3v. 1929 Detroit. The short stories brought together under this title must be counted among the few that will be readable twenty years hence. Out of our favorless life Mr. Lardner has extracted a flavor; out of the boiler-plate of current slang he has achieved a living speech; out of canned goods and synthetic breakfast foods he has produced, with consummate art, a seven-course dinner. From a hundred dead jokes and banal witticisms and cheap wisecracks he has created a commentary which is as funny to a mature mind as the original repartee seemed to the vulgar.--Lewis Mumford, "in Books."

Lucas, Edward Varrall. Windfall's Eve. 4v. 1930. Seattle. An elderly official of the British Museum unexpectedly wins the Calcutta sweepstakes. How he spends the money makes this novel which is light and very readable.

Robinson, Edwin A. Tristram. 3v. 1927. Detroit, NYPL, Seattle. A fine narrative poem combining great beauty and grace of form with the medieval charm of an old and much loved story.

Salten, Felix. Bambi, a life in the woods. 3v. 1928. Chicago, LC,NYPL,Overbrook,Sacramento The life of a forest deer told enchantingly, with beauty and grace and an individuality rare among works of fiction of the day. The author has a fine faculty of conveying sound through the medium of words. It is decidedly not a book for children alone.

Tilney, Frederick. The Mastery of Destiny, a biography of the brain. 5v. 1930 NYPL The cerebral history of animal life from earliest times to the present development of the brain of man which the author calls the age of the "frontal lobe." It is the belief of the author that we are in our racial youth--that the modern brain has scarcely outgrown its childhood and has yet far to go before it reaches ultimate development. His chapters dealing with the higher apes are among the most interesting in the book. The readable manner in which he has handled the subject should be of inestimable value in bringing it to public attention.

Wagenknecht, Edward. Values in Literature. 2v. Seattle. A book of practical interest to every intelligent reader. An admirable little study of the elements of literary criticism, originating in a series of college lectures but nicely adjusted to wider audience. Its principal virtue is its common sense which declines the fads and fancies of literary experiment and concentrates attention on the excellencies that have been tested by time. It will do as much as any book can do to keep a young reader on an even keel in the currents of modern writing.--The Forum. Mr. Wagenknecht is a teacher of English at the University of Washington.

Youtz, Philip N. Sounding Stones of Architecture. 3v. 1919 NYPL An interesting discussion for the layman of the philosophy of architecture, its relation to the observer. Delightful essays designed to teach appreciation of architecture. "For the walls of architecture are built of sounding stones which might yield rich melodies did we but know the art." Covers symbolism, function, structure, materials, design.

The Good Earth by Pearl S. Buck. Reviewed by Nathaniel Peffer in the New York Herald Tribune Books.

When Mrs. Buck's "East Wind, West Wind" appeared a year ago I wrote in these pages that it was the first mature novel in English dealing with China. With the appearance now of "The Good Earth" the suggestion of faint praise must be eliminated. She is entitled to be counted as a first-rate novelist, without qualification for the exotic and unique material in which she works.

This is of course China. It is China as it has never before been portrayed in fiction, the China that Chinese live in and as Chinese live. By comparison "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" is the artifice of a clever and imaginative undergraduate, sparkling, entertaining and untrue, a synthetic romanticization of the "Oriental" as an escape from our own daily lives.

"The Good Earth" is, however, much more than China. One need never have lived in China or know anything about the Chinese to understand it or respond to its appeal. This is the elemental struggle of men with the soil, a struggle which is more stark and heavier with drama in China only because there men confront nature with the will alone, unaided by the mechanical devices with which the men of the modern West have learned to shield themselves.

The design is simple. Wang Lung, peasant, takes unto himself a wife, slave girl in the house of the squire Hwang. He leads her through the city gate to his mud-walled house and without words they mate, mute because they are inarticulate and also because their feelings are too simple and dim and unformed for expression. They till the soil and beget, till the soil and beget again, one process as natural as the other, their begetting differentiated from that of the animals only by the half-conscious sense of the grandeur of family and continuity of line which Chinese tradition passes down even to the humblest of the race. Then drought comes and famine settles on the land.

Most of the peasants of the countryside wait dumbly for death, since death by starvation is to them only one of the natural ways of quitting the earth and famine part of the natural order. Wang Lung, of sterner stuff, leads his family to the south, where by begging and by sweating as a ricksha puller he manages to hold them together through the winter. Then, when a stake gained by joining in the looting of a rich family during an outburst of civil war, they return to their own soil. The earth flourishes and Wang Lung waxes, driven by his unappeasable hunger for land to add more and more to his acres, though he and his wife still labor as

beasts of burden. But as wealth comes to him he satisfies an equally pressing ambition. He sends his sons to school, that they may be men of learning. And because it is also a mark of success he takes unto himself a concubine. His sons grew up and because they are learned in reading and writing draw away from him. He himself acquires ever more riches and with riches disillusionment, but egged on by his children he buys the house of the squire Hwang and himself becomes the squire. And he remains the peasant hungering for the soil, only half-satisfied by the envy of his fellow men; a little proud that his sons are cultivated, and more chagrined that they themselves have no attachment to the land. And he dies, while they plan to sell the land to become town dandies, and he is laid in the ebony coffin which has long stood in his room waiting for him, as is meet for the head of a great house.

The design is filled out with richness of detail and lyric beauty. If now and then there is a straining for effects of Biblical poesy, more often there is poignancy in the simple narrative of simple, rude events. Something of the slow, deep flowing rhythm of Chinese peasant life has been caught in the style. Most of all, there is verity. The undramatic horror of famine, the mute suffering of the peasant wife when wealth has opened the door for her displacement by a young, flower-like concubine out of the teahouse, the primitive jungle-like struggle for survival in a land where there are too many mouths and too little food, and nature is every ready to smite--these are the life of a race. Wang Lung is his people and his kind, but Mrs. Buck has succeeded also in endowing him with personality. He is not only a Chinese and a peasant, but an individual, understandable apart from his race, understandable to those who know nothing of the race.

One thing more. Mrs. Buck portrays a form of life outwardly but little different from that of the lower animals, a form of life which Americans, unused to a peasantry, can scarcely visualize and find repellent when theybdo. But she has succeeded in conveying a sense of the dignity of this life, however primitive, a dignity shared also by European peasants and craftsmen, but certainly lost by the industrial proletariat. Perhaps it is the lack of that dignity in the industrial middle classes, for all their slick veneer, that makes the life of these classes in our own times so rootless and unsatisfying. They have no sense of poise in the scheme of things.

China is ceasing to be a curio. Some day it will be embodied in the human race for us and we shall see it as a people, as so many men and women and not as figures in a tapestry or

a Hollywood nightmare. If so, it will be more likely through the efforts of artists than by the analyses of social and political scientists or the glib prattlings of "travel writers."

? submitted 45 words.

The Conquest of Happiness, by Bertrand Russell.
Reviewed by Alan Burton Clarke in the Bookman.

(9)

This book is one of the least formal and yet happily one of the best that has come from the prolific pen of Bertrand Russell. Despite the lack of organization and of sufficient generalization to give good working hypotheses, The Conquest of Happiness has in it the sort of advice which a confused and blundering world needs.

Positively, the book stresses reason, control, acceptance of reality both mechanical and psychological, and the transcendent virtue of the golden mean. Mr. Russell, as everybody knows, is essentially a rationalist. He extends his theories of individual and social stability from the basis of a hard and brilliant mathematical position. But he does not neglect emotion. To him emotion must always be controlled by reason, and here he is at one with the best of Greek thought. But Mr. Russell, even in this book which contains so much that is excellent, continues to ignore certain fundamental distinctions. They may appear over-subtle and out of reach of the average man, but they are vital to any true understanding of happiness.

For instance, Mr. Russell does not make it clear that there is a difference between the combative will and the will to refrain. He falls too frequently into the Platonic paradox of believing that reason is a sufficient brake to natural and emotion excess. Hence, his emphasis on what he calls "resignation", which is a stoical, not a humanistic, virtue. This resignation might be considered the sign of inner action, but Mr. Russell never presents it as such. Now this point of view involves a fundamental confusion. Stoical resignation is a state of mind induced by reason. Inner action is a condition imposed by the will guided by reason. Of inner action as the way toward happiness, Mr. Russell has little to say. He even stresses outer action and says that "zest is the secret of happiness and well-being". Does he mean zest in the sense in which Hazlitt used "gusto", or does he mean the zest which results from an Aristotelian or Confucian balance?

These distinctions are important to the reader who approaches Mr. Russell's book with a knowledge of the great eudaimonistic philosophies of the past. With these in mind, a reader will find Mr. Russell at center a stoic, and that cold contemplation of the world's panorama from the lofty citadel of reason has proved inadequate.

From a less searching point of view, The Conquest of Happiness does contain a fine

antidote for contemporary aimlessness in the spiritual realm; for even stoicism is to be preferred to the emotional chaos in which so much of the modern world is floundering.

Estimated at 1200 words. 10

Diary of a Provincial Lady, by E. M. Delafield. Reviewed by Isabel Paterson.
From The New York Herald Tribune Books, October 4, 1931.

Let it be said at the very beginning, as a simple statement of the premises, that this is a delicious book. It's the kind of book one would wish to give or lend only those who are worthy of it, persons of sensibility, intelligence and taste. It would serve admirably as a test in revising one's calling list. Appreciation of it would constitute a Bond. If perusal of one chapter fails to produce a gentle glow of beatific amusement, if the subject of the experiment asks, But What is it About? - is it a Novel or a Real Diary? remove it instantly and substitute a Consular Report on Bolivian Commerce for 1908 or the Collected Works of Felicia Hemans, or anything, it doesn't matter what; that person cannot distinguish a Book from a China Doorknob.

It isn't, of course, a Real Diary. The names at least must have been disguised sufficiently to enable the author to deny that she meant what she meant. Otherwise she would have had to Leave the Country. But it is True. Mrs. Delafield has woven on the threads of her own daily routine a web of the most delicate and penetrating satire. It's an exquisite exposure of the blahness of human nature. And as people are the same everywhere, it applies unerringly to any milieu. It is, in effect, your routine and mine; not a point is missed.

This is a triumph of art and wit, since Mrs. Delafield is writing of a group and setting peculiarly English. What she has done is to extract from them the universals, the pure essence of comedy. She arouses the emotion of recognition in any one who has ever risen from hard earned repose morning after morning to face the terrible trifles of the day.

There is no exact American equivalent of the types, the atmosphere surrounding this Provincial Lady. They are country folk; in relation to the Peerage, they might be called the Cousinage. The diarist is specifically a lady in the English sense, the class sense. Her name does not appear; but she has a husband named Robert, and two children, Vicky and Robin. The household also comprises a cook, housemaid and French governess; there are symptoms of a gardener. Unwanted cats are added to the menage by the children. Occasionally a friend complicates the situation by coming for a visit, and Robin fetches home a schoolmate for the holidays.

Local acquaintances are a mixed lot: sporting spinsters, perennial invalid mothers, and the like. There are no eligible men. The vicar and his wife may be taken for granted.

There is also Lady Boxe. Apparently Robert, the diarist's husband, is land agent for Lady Boxe, who stands on the apex of local society. A very difficult relation for the agent's wife. Under the patronage of Lady B., Mrs. Robert develops sentiments which, though carefully concealed, would do credit to a practicing Bolshevik.

It is obvious that whatever an agent's remuneration may be, it is inadequate to cover the expenses of such an establishment. On an equivalent income, an American woman would keep one general servant, send out the heavy wash, have a man come by the hour to cut the grass and tend the furnace - unless she had an oil or gas furnace - and drive her own car. The children would go to a day school; and the circle of friends would mostly be in the same circumstances.

Nevertheless, any American woman will discover in the Provincial Lady a sister spirit. One might live in a tent in the wilderness and yet relish the humor of her desperate struggle with ways and means, and the pathetic inadequacy of speech as a mode of communication.

Evidently Mrs. Delafield is one of those divinely afflicted beings who actually hear what is said to them. Sinclair Lewis has this fatal gift. Concentrate on it some time and you will find your self wondering if you can believe your ears. It doesn't seem possible that any one should be uttering such drivel. It is not advisable to listen to your own contributions; that way lies madness, for you'll find further you are answering in kind. In the ordinary course of events this exchange proceeds automatically. Certain remarks, certain replies are made, just as in walking one methodically places one foot before the other without conscious thought. Thus the day is got through.

The Provincial Lady saves her reason by pursuing the literal and logical implications of these banalities. She keeps her thoughts to herself mostly, but it wouldn't matter very much if she spoke out. Whatever she said would be waved aside as irrelevant, a miscue.

Quotations cannot do justice to the whole, because part of the effect is cumulative, like a mild intoxicant. As in actual experience the repetitious bothers of the day may finally result in hysterics over the least of the incidents, the last straw breaking the camel's back, so Mrs. Delafield transforms this incessancy of actual boredom into an equivalent of mirth. However, a few quotations will do no harm:

"Spend exhausting day in Plymouth chasing mythical house-parlourmaids. Meet Lady B., who says the servant difficulty, in reality, is non-existent. She has no trouble. It is a question of knowing how to treat them. Firmness, she says, but at the same time one must be human. Am I human? she asks. Do I understand that they want occasional diversion, just as I do myself? I lose my head and reply No, that it is my custom to keep my servants chained up in the cellar when their work is done... Lady B., laughing heartily and saying that I am always so amusing." And Lady B. goes right on in the same vein.

Or when a friend returns from the United States. "Rose staying here two days before going on to London. Says All American houses are Always Warm, which annoys Robert. He says in return that All American Houses are Grossly Overheated and Entirely Airless. Impossible not to feel that this would carry more weight if Robert had ever been in America." But that consideration is secondary to Robert. His opinions on America are merely part of his current coin to pay his social dues, and as useful in that respect as any other arrangement of words would be. The important thing is to have this small change to disburse, without effort. There are further views on America which are acceptable, as on another occasion: "The conversation has mysteriously, switched onto the United States of America, about which we are all very emphatic. Americans, we say, undoubtedly hospitable - but what about the War Dept? What about Prohibition? What about Sinclair Lewis, Aimee McPherson and Co-education? By the time we have done with them it transpires that none of us have ever been to America, but all hold definite opinions, which fortunately coincide with the views of everybody else."

It is Main Street on another level. It is you and me the Joneses.

That it is done so deftly, so gayly, makes an adequate review difficult. To be "serious" about anything so continuously amusing is to misrepresent it; yet wit is greatly undervalued, as if it were a kind of mental vacation. Wit is a mode of thought, as intellectual as higher mathematics. It is a series of shortcuts to profound truths, and a highly workable philosophy.

And perhaps the reason why it eludes definition is because it needs none. We should have been warned by Mary Borden's preface to the "Diary," which, though we are sure it was inspired by perfect good will and enthusiasm, sounds as if it had been written by Lady Boxe, the Vicar's

Wife, and Old Mrs. Blenkinsop in collaboration.

And this review, we fear, does not quite escape a touch of Miss Pankerton, who remarked of the Local Flower Show (with merry-go-round for the children) that "the whole thing reminded her of Dostoeffsky."

Some Books on the East

Boothby, Guy. Dr. Nikola. 3v. Grade 2. China; fiction.

Bramah, Ernest. Kai Lung's golden hours. 3v. 1923. Grade 2. We are set in China, a fantastic, conventional, bogus China, where people are all mild-mannered, soft-spoken, ceremonious, eronic and heartless. Kai Lung, professional tale-teller, in the heat of the day is resting in a small wood. He awakes to find romance and danger but finally gains safety and success through his ability as a story teller.

----- Wallet of Kai Lung. 3v. 1923. Grade 2. A collection of Chinese tales, strung together on the thread of adventures of Kai Lung, vagabond, philosopher and accomplished story-teller. With the first story, "The transmutation of Ling" he wins his freedom from the brigands who have captured him.

Bulstrode, Beatrix. Tour in Mongolia, with an introduction bearing on the political aspect of the country by David Fraser. 2v. 1922. Grade 2.

Burke, Thomas. The Chink and the Child, from "Limehouse Nights." 1v. 1917. Grade 2. A frankly and brutally realistic book but the author casts a glamour over his pages that prevents his stories from being merely studies in the sordid. He has seen things with a sharp vision. But somehow he makes you feel that he has viewed life with pity and tenderness and loving comprehension.--Bookman.

Byrne, Donn. "Messer Marco Polo". 1v. A little book which tells the love story of Marco Polo and the daughter of Kubla Khan. It is a delicately beautiful tale that catches all the charm and magic and elaborate diction of Polo's own writings.

Condliffe, J.B. The Pacific area in international relations. 1v. Because of the importance of this subject this course (it is one of the RWAP series) has been prepared for those who want to know what has been done, is being done, or might be done in this field. Its author is an economist who has specialized in the problems of the Pacific area and is a most entertaining writer. Read this interesting outline touching on the high spots.

Giles, H.A. Civilization of China. 2v. 1911. Grade 2. A graphic, readable and informing sketch of the history, manners and customs, arts, literature and religion of China from the earliest times.

Hearn, Lafcadio. Japan, an attempt at an interpretation. 4v. 1904. Grade 2. A sympathetic interpretation of Japanese civilization by one who passed many years in Japan. Both the prose and the poetry of Japanese life are infused into Mr. Hearn's charming pages. Nobody, so far as we know, has given a better description of the fascination which Japanese life has at first for such as enter into its tru spirit, and of its gradual disappearance. The swan-song of a very striking writer.-London Spectator.

----- Out of the East. 4v. 1895. HC in NYPL. Essays on Japanese life.

Hunt, Frazier. The Rising Temper of the East Sounding the Human Note in the World-wide Cry for Land and Liberty. 5v. 1922. HC in LC The writer is an American newspaper man. He has told his story of a billion discontented people in terms of every-day humanity not in the manner of the sociologist with a pet theory to expound. That is why his book helps us to realize the unrest in the East more thoroughly than more ambitious works.

LaMotte, E.N. Peking dust. 2v. 1919. An informing and very interesting book. The Chinese problem is treated with more sentiment than logic, but the author is remarkably right in her arraignment of the general foreign policy of loot and speaks of events that have not been dwelt upon in the American press.

Lee, J.B.P. The Chinese Coat. 2v. 1920. A story that is remarkably compact and sustained in interest throughout. To Eleanor More and her husband a blue Chinese coat that she could not afford to buy became a kind of symbol. The desire to give it to her stayed with her husband and their pilgrimage to a far country to at last secure it is the climax of a story which is part allegory and part romance.

Macauley, F.C. The lady of the decoration. 1v. 1907. Entertaining romance in Japanese setting.

McGovern, W.M. To Lhasa in disguise: a secret expedition through mysterious Tibet. 4v. 1925. Grade 2. Journeying into the very heart of Tibet as a native coolie servant is the unprecedented feat of an English scholar here recounted. Interesting reading and authoritative descriptions of the country and the customs of an almost fanatical people.-London Times.

Miln, L.J. By Soochow Waters. 10v. Sacramento. A cultured English girl goes to China, meets there an equally cultured Chinese gentleman, a widower, and falls in love with him. They are to be married despite the opposition of the girl's friends and relatives and his, when the sight of his Chinese children brings the girl to a realization of the impossibility of the situation.

----- Flutes of Shanghai. 6v. and 8v. Detroit, NYPL. Shanghai in 1926 is the background for this love story of a thoroughly fine English girl and an Englishman who had lived all his life in China. Ming Mee-Yin, the beautiful Chinese flute-player, with her aged and blind kinsmen, also flute-players, weave in and out among the intricacies of the story.

----- In a Shantung Garden. 7v. and 8v. HC in LC, NYPL? Sacramento. 1924. A romance of and American business man and a daughter of China, giving a peek at the manners and customs of China's well born that are even yet too little understood and appreciated in the West.--Literary Review.

----- Soul of China; selections. 1v. NYPL The writer shows an insight into Chinese customs and character and a desire to portray the human and attractive side of Chinese life. Her descriptions of the delicate, sensuous beauties of the Chinese landscape are particularly good.

Ossendowski, Ferdynand. Beasts, men and gods. 3v. 1922. Grade 2. A wildly fantastic Odyssey related by a Polish professor and scientist. Caught in the maelstrom of the Russian revolution he traveled eleven hundred miles, dogged by cold, hunger and death, through Siberia, Mongolia and Tibet in an effort to escape the Red army. Forced to retrace almost the entire distance he finally arrived at Manchuria. The pictures of the wild nomadic life with constantly warring tribes are extremely melo-dramatic.

Polo, Marco. The travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian: revised from Marsden's translation. 6v. 1926. HC in NYPL Marco Polo was the pioneer explorer of Central Asia and China. He is the most romantic traveler that has ever written. He saw not the peril and adventure in travel but only the romance.

Smith, Philip. Ancient history of the East. 15v. Canadian NL This book has run through half a dozen editions from 1871 to 1891 HC in CNL

Sugimoto, Etsu Inagaki. A Daughter of the Samurai. 5v. 1925. The autobiography of a daughter of feudal Japan educated to take the place of a runaway brother, married to a Japanese merchant in San Francisco, and returned to Japan as a young widow with two little daughters. Interesting as a vivid picture of home life in northern Japan, and as a portrayal of the experiences in America of an educated, broad-minded Japanese woman and her efforts to adopt Western civilization to the needs of her children upon their return to Japan.

Cut

Dodgson-Carrol: A Dual Character, by P.W. Wilson.
From The New York Times Magazine, January, 1932.

In the cemetery at Guildford in Surrey there is a cross of white marble bearing the name Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and below it a second name, more modestly displayed. The second name is Lewis Carroll. The strange man who there sleeps was born on Jan. 27, 1832, just a hundred years ago. He died on Jan. 14, 1898.

Dodgson's story is soon told. His clan was clerical and his parents--the Archdeacon and Frances Jane Lutwidge--were cousins. He was one of eleven children, and for eleven years his entire universe was a village in Lancashire called Daresbury, where the traffic, when congested, might include a horse and cart. Thence he proceeded to Rugby, the school where the football comes from, just reformed by that great headmaster, Dr. Arnold. So to Oxford, where, during forty-seven years, he dwelt within the cloisters of Christ Church, attending his chapel, eating his dinners, tutoring undergraduates and, for exercise, taking a daily walk.

If, then, the children call for the most adorable author of the twentieth century and demand that he take his curtain, what would the footlights disclose? A very correctly attired clergyman, with a mobile mouth, molded by a precise and persistent pronunciation of plums, prunes and prisms; a clean-shaven countenance, delicate features, abundant yet orderly hair - a saint, indeed, in whom there is no guile.

In his subject--mathematics--he did not propound any new theories of the universe. While Cambridge, led by Clerk Maxwell, Kelvin and Cayley, was blazing the trail for Einstein and Marconi, Dodgson was studying the movements of a monkey on a string and the vagaries of x and y when squared and divided by two. The astonishing thing is that apparently he believed that he was achieving original research!

But in Dodgson's blood there surged unsuspected the energies that have made England what she is. Within the narrow arena of a college there was compressed an activity of mind that might have won battles.

His only kingdom was a couple of rooms in the college; and the very intensity of his tidiness indicates what forces were pent up within this environment. Wesley himself was not more Methodist than this autocrat of the study. His nephew tells us that of every letter that he wrote or received he made a precis, with cross-references and file number, of which the last

was 98,721. The green cardboard boxes, each with its label, could be counted by the score; his lists of topics were innumerable.

With photography still in the wet stage, he made a marvelous collection of portraits, excellently lighted, which are now priceless as records. They include the Rossettis, Holman Hunt, Millais and many other celebrities. When Tennyson published "In Memoriam," Dodgson promptly supplied an index.

He collected anecdotes and told them well. He devised a system of mnemonics, according to which, despite a bad memory, he could date every college in Oxford. As curator of the common room at Christ Church, he made the stimulating discovery that the port in the cellar, bought at 3 shillings a bottle, had risen in value to 11 shillings. On the question whether the fellows of the college should pay the larger or smaller price, he wrote a treatise which, at the time, did much to reawaken the latent intellect of the university.

Doubtless, things would have been very different if he had married. But he remained, incorrigibly, a bachelor. His argument was that no lady of his acquaintance had ever interested him for more than a fortnight, and this would be only half a honeymoon.

So it was that Dodgson fell into the habit of using his imagination as a magic carpet on which, during his walks or when he failed to sleep, he was wafted away from himself and his surroundings. As a boy, he had built the railway in the garden on which, phantomized, Alice was to be a passenger. He elaborated a maze, compared with which the maze at Hampton Court is simple. He constructed a theatre and himself worked the marionettes therein.

He ran a newspaper, drew pictures for it, and composed poems. He was expert as a conjurer and kept curious animals--for instance, snails, toads and worms--which he treated as friends. Even at that early age, he was creating for himself the world that is known to us as Wonderland. To a brother, aged 6, he would write, "roar not lest thou be abolished." His warning to be quiet was a whim.

It happened that, at Christ Church, the dean, Dr. Liddell, known to scholars as joint author of a Greek lexicon, had three daughters. To Dodgson, they were known as Prima, Secunda and Tertia; Secunda was called Alice. With Dodgson, these little girls, in 1862, enjoyed some picnics on the Thames, either at Luneham, the seat of the Harcourts, or at Godstow, and the children would make the usual demand, "Tell us a story." Dodgson compiled; but he could

be something of a tease. He would go on for a bit and then break off suddently with, "and that's all till next time." Also, he had a habit of suddenly falling asleep so that he would have to be waked up again.

There was no idea of publishing the tales. But as a Christmas gift "to a dear child in memory of a Summer day," Mr. Dodgson wrote in exquisite copperprint, every letter standing by itself--ninety pages, including his own pictures, of "Alice's Adventures Under Ground."

On the Fourth of July, 1865, just three years after the most famous of the picnics, "Alice in Wonderland" - of which "Alice's Adventures Under Ground" had been the original - appeared as a book, with the dedication which begins:

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied.
While little hands make vain pretense
Our wanderings to guide.

The story had been developed somewhat, but the main addition was the special pictures drawn by Sir John Tenniel, the great cartoonist of Punch. It was his pen that visualized the creations of Carroll's fancy, lending activity to the scenes without sacrifice of their humor. "Through the Looking Glass" --not a sequel in the ordinary sense, but a companion volume--appeared in 1871.

Thus it was that Charles Lutwidge Dodgson suddenly found himself face to face with an a alter ego called Lewis Carroll--the name he had signed to the books, and concerning which there is a story. A few years earlier he had sent a poem to The Train, a magazine of which Edmund Yates was editor, and with it four pseudonyms. Yates had chosen Lewis Carroll as the best--"Lewis" a form of "Lutwidge" and "Carroll" derived from "Charles" by way of the Latin "Carolus."

At any rate, Lewis Carroll was now a celebrity, and to snub Carroll lest he become conceited became Dodgson's duty and pet diversion. If a host, entertaining Dodgson, alluded to Carroll, the guest would leave the house. If an editor was thus indiscreet, Dodgson threw away the newspaper unread. An interviewer, crashing the barriers, fled frost-bitten. Some girls at Boston, asking for a set of Carroll's fairy tales, were told that Mr. Dodgson's works, being mathematical, would not interest their seminary. So with autograph hunters.

Queen Victoria liked the "Alice" books so much that she wrote to Lewis Carroll and asked him to send her the rest of his works. With his humble duty, the Rev. Charles Litwidge Dodgson presented to her Magesty a number of volumes, all mathematical, and including a treatise on "The Condensation of Determinants."

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Alice Lives: In Wonderland - And In Fact,
From an article in The New York Times Magazine.

(Editor's Note: It was originally intended to open the comprehensive Columbia University "Lewis Carroll" Exhitition with the celebration of the centenary of his birth on January 27, his birthday, and the original "Alice" herself (now Mrs. Hargreaves) was invited to attend the celebration as the guest of the university; but she feared to cross the ocean in January at her advanced age. The celebration was therefore postponed until May 4, which is her eightieth birthday, and she will be there. The exhibition will be opened to the public on April 1.)

Lewis Carroll sleeps beneath the yews and cypresses in the steep hillside cemetery at Guildford, but Mrs. Alice Hargreaves is happily still with us. Years and years ago Mrs. Hargreaves was Miss Alice Liddell--the Alice of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." Nowadays she lives in retirement, much interested in the celebrations of the Lewis Carroll centenary in Oxford and London but unable to attend them. At Westerham in Kent, where she is spending the Winter, she is conservind her strength in the hope of being able to go to New York late in the spring. Her hair has turned gray; she does not walk as much as she used to; she no longer goes on expeditions up the river to Godstow; but she is full of memories of Lewis Carroll and of the friendship which inspired Wonderland. Her marriage took her away from Oxford and gave her a big house of her own called Cuffnells near Lyndhurst in the heart of the new forest, which has remained her home for more than forty-five years.

original drawings ~~for the memorial window still hand at Cufnells.~~)

Only four of Dean Liddell's ten children now survive--Mrs. Hargreaves herself; Miss Rhoda Liddell, who was too young to join Lorina, Alice and Edith in their boating trips to Godstow with Carroll; Sir Frederick Liddell, who is now legal adviser to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lionel Liddell, who lives in retirement at Dinard on the French coast. The House of Commons is apt to strike the reader as a place most remarkably remote from Wonderland, but it should perhaps be remembered that Frederick and Lionel as boys had no part in Wonderland. To the end of his life Lewis Carroll could champion little girls against all the grown-ups in the world but he could never make anything of little boys.

* * *

Nearly three years ago Mrs. Hargreaves made one of her now rare visits to London in order to attend the sale of most of her Carroll relics at Sothebys--a sale which proved to be so wonderful as to be worthy of Wonderland itself. The old leather-bound manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" which Carroll gave her--a little green volume of ninety-two pages covered with Carroll's clear print-like writing and thirty-seven of his pen-and-ink drawings--began at £5,000 and went up and up and up until it finally went to the United States at £15,400 (say $77,000), the highest price which any book has ever brought in an English auction room.

The nearest that England had ever come to such a price was the £15,000 ($75,500) which was paid in 1919 for Shakespeare's "The Passionate Pilgrim". As far as is known, only once has such a price ever been exceeded and that was when a Gutenberg Bible brought $109,000 five years ago in New York. If auction room prices are any indication, "Alice in Wonderland" may now be said to rank somewhere between the Bible and Shakespeare in the affections of the English-speaking world.

Lytton Strachey by Claude F. Fuess.
From The Saturday Review of Literature.

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pages 21, 22

(Editor's note: Among books by Strachey, these are in braille:
Chinese Gordon, from Eminent Victorians. 1v.
Elizabeth and Essex; 5 and 6v. HC in Chicago, Detroit, LC, NYPL, Perkins, Philadelphia.
Eminent Victorians. 3v. Grade 2.
Florence Nightingale, from Eminent Victorians. 1v.
Landmarks in French Literature, his first book, 1912. 2v. Grade 2.
Queen Victoria; 5 and 6 v. HC in LC, NYPL)

Sketches from Living Authors

With the permission of The H. W. Wilson Company

Bertrand Russell

(Editor's note. Among the books by this author the following are in braille:

The Conquest of Happiness. 2v.

Icarus; or The Future of Science. 1v. HC in LC

Philosophy. 6v. HC in NYPL

What I Believe. 1v. HC in LC)

Bertrand Arthur William Russell was born at Trelleck on May 18, 1872, the second son of Viscount Amberley. An earldom was created in 1861 for his grandfather, Lord John Russell, Liberal Prime Minister and a follower of John Stuart Mill. Bertrand Russell fell heir to that title in March 1931 upon the death of his brother, the second Earl Russell.

Left an orphan at the age of three, Bertrand Russell was brought up by his grandmother at Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park. Taught by governesses and tutors, he acquired a perfect knowledge of French and German, and laid the foundation for a lucid prose style. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he obtained a First Class in Mathematics and Moral Sciences.

When he left Cambridge in 1894 Russell was attached to the British Embassy in Paris for several months. In December 1894 he married Alys Pearsall Smith. They spent some months in Berlin where he studied social democracy, and then settled in a small cottage near Haslemere where Russell devoted himself to philosophy. In 1896 he published "German Social Democracy".

At the Mathematical Congress in Paris in 1900 Russell became interested in the Italian mathematician Peano, and after a study of his works wrote "The Principles of Mathematics", 1903, his first important book. With Dr. A. N. Whitehead, he developed the mathematical logic of Peano and Frere, and jointly they wrote "Principia Mathematica", 1910.

In 1910 Russell was appointed lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had been made a fellow after graduation. He made frequent trips to the Continent, and occasionally abandoned philosophy for politics. When the World War broke out he took an active part in the No Conscription Fellowship and was fined one hundred pounds for issuing a pamphlet on conscientious objection. His library was seized in payment of the fine, and altho it was sold to a friend, several valuable volumes were lost. Trinity College canceled his lecture-

ship. When he was offered a post at Harvard, where he intended to give a lecture course, the military authorities prevented his departure from England. In 1918 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for his pacifist views expressed in an article in the Tribunal. He wrote his "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy", 1919, in prison.

When he was released a group of Russell's friends arranged for him to give some lectures in London which resulted in his writing "Analysis of the Mind", 1921. He made a brief visit to Russia to study conditions and wrote "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism", 1920. In the fall of 1920 Russell went to China to lecture on philosophy at Peking University. The following spring he fell ill with pneumonia and was on the point of death for three weeks. Some Japanese newspapers announced his decease and the Chinese offered to bury him by the Western Lake.

Russell returned to England following his recovery and in September 1921, after his wife had obtained a divorce, he married Dora Winifred Black, author of "The Right to be Happy", 1927. For six years they spent their winters in Chelsea and summers near Lands End. He supported himself by lecturing, journalism, and writing books.

In 1922 and 1923 Russell stood as the Labour candidate for Parliament in Chelsea and his wife was a candidate in 1924.

In 1927 Russell and his wife started a famous nursery school, which has been a success in every way, except financially. The heavy drain on his income has forced him to write voluminously and make several lecture trips in America to cover the deficit. Russell's conception of freedom in the nursery school has shocked the English; some of Russell's own friends deplore the time he has spent in the school as a comrade of children. But the youngsters who have hade the privilege of sitting in his study, in the tower room of a large country house in Sussex, talking about history with one of the wisest men in England, will probably be as regretful as Lord Russell himself that 1931 is to be the last year of the school.

Russell, on becoming a peer of the realm and a noble lord in 1931, announced that he would take his seat in the House of Lords, where he hopes to speak not on partisan measures but on social questions, such as divorce.

Burton Rascoe describes him as "a thin, wiry man, a little below medium height, with a hatchet face, furrowed cheeks, a Scot's complexion, and a heavy shock of white hair. He

looks a little like Henry Ford. He has a quizzical smile and an alert look of intense curiosity. He has a fund of anecdotes and tells them well." Amiable and human, he can enjoy a gay party and have a playful time. He is fond of adding "malicious footnotes" to his manuscripts.

Russell planned to publish "The Meaning of Science" in the fall of 1931. Speaking early in 1931 of the book, he said: "The scientific society in its pure form is incompatible with the pursuit of truth, with love, with art, with every ideal that men have hitherto cherished. If such a society is ever created, it will therefore probably perish thru the fact that the individuals composing it will find life unbearable..."

The varied works of Bertrand Russell, besides those mentioned, include: "The Problems of Philosophy", 1911, "Principles of Social Reconstruction", 1917, "Mysticism and Logic", 1918, "Roads to Freedom", 1918, "The A.B.C. of Atoms", 1923, "The Prospectus of Industrial Civilization", 1923, "The A. B. C. of Relativity", 1925, "On Education", 1926, "The Analysis of Matter", 1927, "Philosophy", 1927 ("An Outline of Philosophy" in English edition), "Sceptical Essays", 1928, "Marriage and Morals", 1929, "The Conquest of Happiness", 1930.

an article on Pearl Buck (from living authors)
follows. Estimated at 1350 words.

25, 26,

Two New Libraries for the Blind

Readers in Colorado need have no difficulties in braille book service so far as titles provided by the U. S. Government are concerned. For the Denver Public Library is now one of the nineteen distributing centers. Mr. Malcolm Wyer, librarian, writes under date of January 19, 1932: We have about 185 titles in Braille type, and we have been receiving new titles of unusual interest and timeliness, since the newly established department at the Library of Congress has been developing this work. Our readers express great pleasure at being able to secure recent and popular books in Braille type. Of course there are not a great number of blind readers who make regular use of our collection as we have only about fifty, but many of these are regular readers who have exhausted our collection, and who greatly appreciate the improved opportunities of securing interesting books in Braille.

From the Library of Hawaii, Honlulu, Miss Margaret Newman, librarian, writes under date of January 11, 1932: We have as yet no department for the blind in our library altho we have been designated by the Library of Congress as a regional center for the distribution of books for the blind in this Territory. We have arranged with Mrs. Lacey, the principal of the Territorial School for the Deaf and Blind, that all our books for the blind shall be placed in the school where they will be most accessible to the adults as well as the young people attending the school. At present there are very few adult blind who are able to read. Eventually, when funds are available and the need more urgent, we hope to have a section of our library devoted to books for the blind. Until that time arrives, the Territorial School for the Blind is very generously acting as our distributing agency.

~~Library Notes~~

International Postal Service: From Postal Guide, July 1931, page 203: Printed matter for the blind to all foreign destinations requires postage of one cent for each 2 lbs, 3 oz. or fraction thereof and limit of weight is 11 lbs.

From Miss Carson, of the Cleveland Public Library, we learn that that library has a collection of books in grade 2, and that additions are constantly being made to it. The name of the Cleveland library was unintentionally omitted from a list of those carrying grade 2 books.

An inkprint list of the books in braille in the Free Theosophical Library for the Blind, 184 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California, recently received, states that books from that library are loaned free to the blind anywhere in the world. For an inkprint catalog and further information apply to that address.

A recent report of the Braille Circulating Library, Y.M.C.A. Building, Richmond, Va., states it contains 36 titles by James H. McConkey. These devotional books may be borrowed by any who request them. More than 1200 readers have been served during the year. The secretary of the organization will be glad to hear from those who desire to read these books.

Though it has now been some little time since the Cincinnati Library Society for the Blind announced the appointment of Mr. Roy Frank to succeed Mr. John Ralls as librarian for the blind in that Library, we take this our first opportunity to wish success both to Mr. Frank in his new work and to Mr. Ralls who resigned, we understand, to continue his law practice.

Hereafter the initials B9a will be used in place of U13P to designate books from the Braille Institute of America, 739 North Vermont avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Oklahoma Library Commission: Books for the Blind

The Oklahoma Library Commission, State Capitol Building, Oklahoma City, has for circulation about four hundred titles in Revised Braille grades 1½ and 2. These titles range f from primers, spellers and arithmetics, to the more popular fiction, travel and biography. The one copy of Reader's Digest when received from the publisher each month, is sent on a "round robin" of circulation among the interested borrowers and is kept in constant circulation for at least six months.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the department is the fact that there are two catalogs, one in Revised Braille and one in ink print. Those in Revised Braille were furnished the Commission through the courtesy of the studentsof the State School for the Blind at Muskogee. Anyone interested may have a copy of these catalogs.

One of the most difficult problems in sending braille books through the mail is wrapping the books properly so that they will not be crushed. During the last year the Commission has purchased over three dozen new canvas covers for mailing books, thus partially eliminating this difficulty.

For the fiscal year of 1930-1931, 374 requests were received and 1,333 volumes were send to borrowers over the state. Although we do not make a practice of sending books to people of other states, should someone outside of the state request a book which he cannot get in his own state, we are indeed very glad to be able to accomadate him.

Contents for May

Book Announcements

Allen, Frederick L. Only yesterday. 3v. 1931 BIA From Federal funds. See review in this issue.

Bennett, Arnold. The old wives' tale. 6v. 1911 CPH From Federal funds. Bennett once sat in a restaurant watching two dumpy, dowdy old ladies, and the realization that flashed over him that they had once been vivid, lithesome girls led to the writing of this masterly portrayal of the life of the two sisters from girlhood to old age. It is a faithful piece of realism describing the commonplace life of a small English industrial town with keen observation, convincing psychology and a somewhat grim humor. Bennett's novels are of two kinds, his works of genius and his pot-boilers. As William Dean Howells has said "Bennett always writes a bad book after he has written a good one." He gives us either "books of outstanding character" or else "second-rate sensational shockers." "The old wives' tale" is Bennett's masterpiece. In the "Clayhanger" series, which comes next in merit, he attempts the interesting experiment of telling the same story three times, each time from a different viewpoint--first from Edwin Clayhanger's, second from Hilda Lessways, and third from the united experience of "These Twain." "Buried alive" is humorous fiction. "Denry the Audacious" or, "The card," is an intermediate book between his very good and his very poor books. ~~From~~ The "Log of the Velsa" is whimsical travel. His other works are inferior to these.

Bleyer, Willard Grosvenor. Newspaper writing and editing. 4v. 1923 BIA From Federal funds. "This is a practical handbook for the reporter and the copy reader, and is designed as an introduction to the kinds of newspaper work that they are likely to do during the first year of their journalistic experience. It explains how daily newspapers are edited and published and discusses news and news values, methods of getting news, and the structure and style of news stories. It also deals with the handling of various kinds of news, such as that of crime, accidents, speeches, interviews, criminal and civil trials, sports and society." For fuller description of this book and for an interesting outline of the subject and a short list of other books recommended read the book called "Journalism," one of the RWAP series in braille.

Bowman, Isaiah. The new world; problems in political geography. 8v. 1928 edition. (First edition 1921) APH From Federal funds. A full discussion of the geographical problems and political changes growing out of the war. The object of the book is to provide the background of political geography that is necessary to an understanding of the main international questions of the new world arising from the upheaval of the great war. These questions concern new boundaries, concessions, colonies, mandatories, spheres of influence and protectorates now appearing on the map of the world; the kind of people composing the new states; the survival of new democracies; the elements of economic strength and weakness possessed by the new states, and the increase or decrease, by treaty, of the resources of the old states. The author, who is director of the American geographical society of New York, acted as chief territorial specialist of the American commission to negotiate peace.

Chaucer, Geoffrey. Canterbury tales (omitting the two prose tales); from The Student's Chaucer, Oxford edition. 5v. APH From Federal funds. See article in this number, "English Literature Before the Age of Elizabeth."

Clendening, Logan. The human body. 4v. 1928. BIA From Federal funds. It is first and last an epitome of medical knowledge, with just enough anatomy and physiology to enable the reader to comprehend the normal body in health, whose disorders in disease and old age are the main theme of the work. The treatment is refreshingly frank and not a few medical idols of confiding patients are tumbled off their pedestals.

With all his charm of style Dr. Clendening cannot make the human body a less complicated instrument than it is, nor does he prepose--he being a practitioner himself--to carry out so ambitious a project as making physicians dispensable to his readers. But he does succeed in clarifying to the lay mind some of the processes of the human body and in conveying various common-sense conclusions.

Among the most notable contributions, to public education in health in recent years. The historical background on which the volume is based gives it an authenticity not available in similar works. Doctor Clendening has viewed his patients both subjectively and objectively as actual human beings, and from them he has derived a conception of healthful living that has thus far not been available in print. "The Human Body" is therefore an epoch-marking volume.

Davis, William Stearns. Europe since Waterloo; a non-technical history of Europe from the exile of Napoleon to the Treaty of Versailles, 1815-1919. 11v. 1927. APH From Federal funds. This volume tells in direct and readable fashion the story of one hundred and four years of European history--from the departure of Napoleon I for St. Helena to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. Dr. Davis is a trained and careful historian, but he is also the master of a clear and interesting style. He is refreshingly free from pedantry, from involved thought, and from affectations which sometimes infest the books of college teachers.

He writes in an easy, popular style, avoiding technical language, and so has succeeded in producing a very readable book and one which, in spite of some rather elementary errors here and there, gives a vivid and true picture of the forces which moulded the destinies of Europe during the century which lay between the end of the Napoleonic Wars and the out-break of the World War.

His method is novel. It is not chronological. He does not leave a subject until he has exhausted it, and then turns to another, so that you may leave 1870 and find 1820 on the next page. You may think this will be confusing, but it brings about a clearness that has always been lacking in the chronological histories. Everything is grouped. Further though he is a scholar, he has a rushing and engrossing style... Nobody has summarized the World War so fully and fairly.

Ford, Paul Leicester. The many-sided Franklin. 4v. 1926 edition. First edition 1899. CPH From Federal funds. Emphasizes the many-sidedness of Franklin's genius by treating in each chapter a separate phase of his varied activity. The printer, the journalist, the scientist, the diplomat, the administrator, the family man, the lover, and the friend are in turn set before the reader and the effect produced is more lifelike than that of the usual chronological narrative.

3V APH From Federal funds

Galsworthy, John. Maid in waiting. 1931. "Perhaps the first thing to be said about Mr. Galsworthy's new novel is that in type as well as in subject it is a departure from the Forsyte series. It is not a study of a period or of a generation; it propounds no social theories or problems. It even dispenses with the familiar Galsworthian device of balancing against each other characters or groups representing different

classes. The only Forsyte whom we meet in it is Fleur, and her appearance is momentary. Some other figures from the Forsyte novels, such as Sir Lawrence Mont and Hilary Charwell, play minor roles. Like these, the leading characters are people of an older and finer tradition than the Forsytes, and the story deals with them, not as representatives of a class, but as individuals. Mr. Galsworthy turns away also from the theme of love, and gives us a heroine who finds other things more interesting. All this is refreshing, both in itself and as a new proof of the flexibility of the novelist's art. He is in no danger of limiting himself to a formula; he is still experimenting." From the Saturday Review of Literature.

Appearing four years after the last novel of the Forsyte series, "Maid in waiting" is again, in distinction of style, in truth of characterization and emotion, in humor, and in saddened thoughtfulness, the essence of Mr. Galsworthy--yet with a difference. The author himself suggests that in the plot for the rescue of Hubert there is a whiff of the films. But if the sequences of this drama were the heart of the book, it would mean that Mr. Galsworthy had ceased to be himself. The heart of the book is once more the author's preoccupation with the problems of human suffering and of injustice. This novel like the rest, is rich with the love of English earth and the sense of the divine continuity of beauty. I think that for the counterpart of the English essence in his landscapes, particularly in his fragrant nocturnes, one must look back to the lyrics of Matthew Arnold.

The hypercritical will find fault with "Maid in waiting", for they will compare the novel with the brilliant pages of the Forsyte epic. But John Galsworthy is to his fingertips so much the expert novelist, so much the sharp delineator of persons, and so much the discriminating analyst of manners and morals, that even his second best will find a welcome.

Gregory, Jackson. The maid of the mountain; a romance of the California wilderness. 5v. 1925. CPH Mr. Gregory can always be depended upon for a vivid tale of the West and in this he has exceeded his previous efforts.

Hadley, Arthur. T. Undercurrents in American politics. 1v. 1915. APH From Federal funds. It is always an experience to read Professor Hadley's books. What he says is said crisply

and with a just sense of limitation. Professor Hadley has the gift of seeing things in the mass. The chief defect of the book seems to me a certain inconclusiveness due to brevity. On the whole it is candid, fair-spoken, and only unintentionally conservative, and throughout is interesting and stimulating. It disappoints chiefly by comparison with the book that Professor Hadly might have written had he taken the time.

The first series of lectures in this book, on Property and democracy, was delivered at Oxford as the Ford lectures for 1914. The second series, on Political methods, old and new, was delivered in the same year as the Barbour-Page lectures at the University of Virginia. The object of the first series was to "show how a great many organized activities of the community have been kept out of government control altogether"; of the second, to "show how these matters which were left in government hands have often been managed by very different agencies from those which the framers of our constitution intended." The three lectures of the first series are: The gradual development of American democracy; The constitutional position of the property owner; Recent tendencies in economics and in legislation. Those of the second series are: The growth of party machinery; The reaction against machine control; The seat of power today.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The scarlet letter. 2 v. ~~1850.~~ BIA From Federal funds. Has been called the most imaginative American novel. A strong story of the workings of conscience embodied in a romance of Puritan Boston. "The success of this now world-famous romance surprised both the author and the publisher. Hawthorne thought that it could not appeal to the broadest class of sympathies because it 'lacks sunshine.' The publisher issued five thousand copies and then had the type distributed; in a few days the edition was sold and the book had to be set up again to meet the continued demand. This illustrates a great and important fact in the story of literature: that when a work of genius first appears some readers may see its value at once, but nobody, author, critic, or publisher can guess how other people are going to judge it. Time alone is the only safe and sane judge, and Time plays queer tricks with books, as with everything else.

If 'The scarlet letter' lacks sunshine, it is full of purple clouds and shadows and mysterious moonshine. The pathos of the story of Hester Prynne moved Hawthorne profoundly, and some of his readers were so affected that they wrote to him as a father

confessor asking for help in their sorrow and temptation. We do not take the moral burden of the story quite so hard as that. For us Hester has become one of the lovely unhappy heroines of romance, like the unfaithful nun in Scott's 'Marmion," like King Arthur's Guinevere, like Helen of Troy. Hawthorne was the first maker of tragic myth in American literature and he remains the most important one."

Hugo, Victor. Les miserables. 16v. First published in 1862, BIA From Federal funds. One of the most powerful and absorbing romances in literature, dealing with the unfortunate and criminal classes of Paris. The central figure, Jean Valjean, is a conception of great impressiveness and nobility of character. In "Les miserables" Hugo put together, rather loosely strung on the career of Jean Valjean, five or six novels and the makings of more. There is almost everything in it that a novel can hold; the title is untranslatable into English, for it does not mean "miserable," nor "poor," nor "wretched," nor "unfortunate;" it means all of those and something more; perhaps it was Hugo who gave the word its rich meaning in French. What he means, what he does, is to show all life below the level of ease, of privilege. It would be sociological special pleading, tiresome stuff, if Hugo were not a blazing story-teller. Swinburne in one of his blind rushes of enthusiasm called "Les miserables" "the greatest epic and dramatic work of fiction ever created or conceived." We do not need to go so far as that but can concur in Stevenson's cooler opinion that Hugo's prose romances "would have made a very great fame for any writer, and yet they are but one facade of the monument that Victor Hugo has erected to his genius." The other facades are his poetry and drama.

-----Notre Dame de Paris. 6v. 1831. Grade 2. This has been in braille for sometime. It was written thirty-one years before his next work of fiction, "Les miserables." It is a story of the great cathedral in Paris written with the idea of reviving interest in the ancient landmarks of France. The hero is the bell-ringer of Notre Dame.

Inge, William Ralph. England. 3v. 1926. CPH From Federal funds. In this honest and outspoken book Dean Inge lays bare his hopes and fears for England. After describing the land and its inhabitants, the national characteristics of the English and the growth of the Empire he turns to conditions within which he believes are the chief sources of England's danger--the industrialism that has transformed her whole civilization, the democrat-

ization of the government, and the spread of the Socialist movement.

Many readers will disagree with him profoundly, but few will deny that he has written a brilliant, learned and arresting, if provocative, book.

The author notoriously takes the whole field of knowledge for his province. But never before has he packed so varied and detailed a wealth of learning into such little room. His outline of the geographical, racial, political, and religious history of England is a miracle of condensation. "Amateurish," in his own word, much of his learning must inevitably be. It is not, however, superficial or crude; and it is the more remarkable and the more delightful because the Dean has not only digested the recognized authorities, but he has made intimate acqua ntance with many little known, yet very illuminating, documents.

Keith, Sir Arthur. Concerning man's origin; being the presidential address given at the meeting of the British association held in Leeds in 1927, together with recent essays on Darwinian subjects. lv. 1928 ABFR From Federal funds. The learned English scientist writes clearly and simply on Darwinism for the layman. The book is a mine of interesting and up-to-date information by one of the greatest of living scientists. As a popular book on the subject it compares very favorably with the best and certainly shows more evidence of original thought than most.

Lagerlof, Selma. Legend of the Christmas rose. From "The girl from the marsh croft"; a collection of short stories. lv. 1908 CPH Her work has the quality of striking and attractive individuality; a remarkably gifted writer. Her fairy stories are considered the last that have been written since the death of Hans Christian Andersen.

Lincoln, Joseph. Blowing clear. 6v. 1930 CPH Altogether, a bang-up tale in the usual Lincoln manner.

Mr. Lincoln has been gaining steadily in the vigor, ease and skill with which he ha handles his materials. In many respects this new novel is among the best of all his books.

The satisfaction one finds in his books, outside of his frequently exhibited ability to draw character, as he has with minor delinquencies, in John Health, is the pleasure one finds in any competent craftsmanship. The story is well put together. The joiner work scarcely shows. It doesn't really matter that the intellectual content could be

reduced to a platitude, or that the moral involved is somewhat shopeworn. Mr. Lincoln never leads his reader to expect too much--and he never disappoints him. Competent workmanship and a readable tale are not to be despised.

Lippmann, Walter. A preface to morals. 3v. 1929 BIA From Federal funds. A thoughtful and thought-provoking book, written with admirable lucidity and charm.

It may be said at once that Mr. Lippmann's credo is a statement profound, eloquent and sustained of a philosophy for the adult modern. His thought has become mellow and his language has stayed fresh. He has gone to the core of contemporary confusions. He has perceived its origins and its characteristic agonies. With candor and comprehension he has indicated the possibility of a way of life for those who will no longer take one on authority, a religion for the faithless, a morality that a free intelligence can recognize as the native expression of his life and his world. Mr. Lippmann has written a brilliant preface to contemporary morals. In that field no one can ever write a conclusion.

A critic in "The Saturday Review of Literature" says, "to read it is a continous intellectual excitement. It is the record of a finely endowed mind, with not a little first-hand experience of human affairs, trying to think its way through and out of the moral confusion of our time. It is full of penetrating analyses and of sound criticisms."

As Edmund Wilson in "The New Republic" puts it"'A Preface to morals 'is far and away Walter Lippmann's best book. In style, it is a long way from the sometimes tiresome Chestertonisms of his early political books; and in thought, it shows a new competence, a new inspiration even, in fields where he has never before ventured. It is beautifully organized, beautifully clear; and it is both outspoken and persuasive in bringing news which has been uneasily awaited. For Lippmann has not merely, as other writers have done, shown us the picture of our own confusion, with our ancient sanctions and authorities gone and obliged to stand on our own human feet: he gives us the assurance that we shall be able to do so, that we have begun to do so already."

MacCringle, A.M. Ice in Egypt. 2v. 1931 BIA From Federal funds. Short stories of the street people of Cairo. Most of these relate adventurex in the life of Mahmoud the iceman. In a manner reminiscent of the novels of "Elizabeth," the author embroiders small

amusing comments on the little things of life. This drawing room point of view transferred to a collection of street urchins, gets an added fillup of humor from its incongruity. Mrs. MacCringle's Egyptians are mcuh too uncomplicated in their crafty, merry hearted way, but where she has set off her native types against personalities drawn from other races the results are often genuinely memorable. She produces her effects with economy and skill. It is not a great, but it is a very readable book.

Morgan, George. The true Patrick Henry. 5v. BIA 1929 edition. First published 1907. From Federal funds. An intimately analytical biography throughout which the white light is turned upon him. He lives again in the atmosphere of the revolution, becomes the center of the situations which he dominates, is lawyer, orator, soldier, statesman and executive. The historical value of the study is apparent, while it is as fascinating as any romance.

Munthe, Axel. The story of San Michele. 3v. 1929. BIA From Federal funds. The writer of this autobiography is a physician who was for some time a fashionable nerve specialist in Paris and has now retired to his island home on the island of Capri, built by himself on the site of the villa of Tiberius. He recalls incidents of his practice, experiences with sick and poor, and with fashionable ladies who thronged his waitingroom, memories of the cholera epidemic at Naples, the earthquake at Messina and of people he met on his travels.

Mr. Munthe gives us one of the frankest and most absorbing authbiographies of recent years. This volume, with its admirably flexible style, is uncommonly rich in objective interest. It is packed with good stories, with vivid scenes of travel in many lands, and with memorable portraits of strangely varied characters. It is equally engrossing as a revelation of temperament. Dr. Munthe is both realist and mystic, scientist and poet, caustic philosopher and kindly essayist. Above all, he is the apostle of pity.

Morison, Samuel E. An hour of American history: from Columbus to Coolidge. 1v. 1929. CPH From Federal funds. A rapid survey, necessarily greatly compressed yet comprehensive and highly readable, covering the course of American history, from the earliest discoverers to the latest presidential election.

It must be said for Professor Morison that, given the limitations that have been

imposed, he has discharged his task extremely well as far as selection of data is concerned. The pace is as breathless as that of a three-weeks' personally conducted tour of the capitals and showspots of Europe, but what is exhibited is important, the chronological proportions are good, and some sound criticism and useful interpretation are mixed with the narrative. It is to be regretted that Professor Morison, who can, and in this instance often does, write exceptionally well, should allow himself at times to descend to slapdash and stud his pages with inelegancies which are out of place even in popular writing.

He has managed to outline the entire American story in such a way as to bring out its important material developments, and also to put proper emphasis upon those social and spiritual factors that have meant so much in the birth and shaping of the American nation. One may disagree with him here and there when his own individuality has influenced somewhat his point of view, but if his succinct and racily told story is taken as a whole it is a remarkable piece of history in miniature.

Paxson, Frederick L. The last American frontier. 3v. 1910. BIA The story of the last frontier within the United States. The book is a careful and scholarly piece of work. While the narrative runs close to the analysis of elements that entered into the expansion movement the author never loses for a moment the epic significance of the conquering of the great West.

Richmond, Mrs. Grace Louise. Red Pepper returns. 3v. 1931. CPH A half-dozen episodes in the life and works of the beloved, red-headed doctor. He stops the marriage of his wife's niece to a scoundrel and finds her a better man, he interests a blase divorcee in aviation and reunites her to her husband, he attempts the cure of a fellow physician, and befriends a young Italian girl in an over-crowded hospital.

Mrs. Richmond handles her people and situations with pleasing facility. Her characters are charming people who lead interesting lives, and their troubles are never too involved. Mrs. Richmond's admirers will not be disappointed at "Red Pepper's return."

The order of publication of the Red Pepper books now in braille are as follows: "Red Pepper Burns," 1912;"Mrs. Red Pepper," 1913; "Red of the Redfields,"1924; "Red Pepper returns," 1931.

Roosevelt, Nicholas. The restless Pacific. 3v. 1928. APH From Federal funds. This is a book by a journalist who has gathered his facts carefully and written for the understanding of the everyday person who wishes to have a sane outl ok on foreign affairs which vitally concern his own country.

Since the theater of world events has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the United States has become one of the three dominating powers in the Pacific area new international problems have arisen in which the United States has a vital interest. The book argues that the interests of the United States demand that no nation or group of nations becomes sufficiently strong to disturb the balance of power, and that s strong navy is required to uphold the arm of diplomacy and "maintain the peace."

The New Republic "commends the reading of "The restless Pacific" to all who want to understand our responsibilities in the Pacific. It will be a good antidote for those slogan-worshipers who must confine their approval or disapproval to a phrase. While one may not agree with all of the interpretations of the facts presented by Mr. Roosevelt, one cannot avoid facing them."

Rosman, Alice Grant. The window. 4v. 1928. CPH The book is not without humor, it has taste, it moves along, No one ought to quarrel with it because it has nothing to do with literature. It is like a hot fudge nut sudnae--as pleasant, as sweet, as nourishing.

Mrs. Rosman gives a sensitively acute analysis of human nature, especially of that born and bred of English tradition and training, and environed by the gentle loveliness and friendliness of England. Mrs. Rosman has given us five friends (six counting "Blinkers!").

R----Visitors to Hugo. 4v. 1929. CPH An engaging tale of young people in London. The plot is simple but original and ingeniously handled. The characters are attractive, the dialogue, natural and amusing, and there is a nice balance of tenderness and mirth in the story; actual chuckles, unless you are blase, sniffles, unless you are hard-boiled.

The tale is amusing; the philosophy sound, although the ceaseless warfare between the young and the less young is tiring after a time, yet on the whole this is an exceedingly good story for summer time, when one is vacationing or otherwise resting.

Tarkington, Booth. Mary's Neck. 3v. 1932. APH From Federal funds. The Massey family, from Logansville in the middle west, go for the summer to Mary's Neck, Maine, where the exclusiveness of the established summer colony matched the reserve of the old residents. In a series of episodes, each complete in itself but also forwarding the story, Mr. Massey relates the difficulties met before he and his wife and daughters were finally "accepted." Humor and gentle satire mark this story, which is told in the author's familiar style.

It is in many respects a combination of the styles of "Penrod" and "The Plutocrat." Mr. Massey himself is in the very best vein; he is "impayable." His mild little struggles with and his gentle yielding to the women of his family are magnificent, so are his opinions on the natives and on art, which he thinks is better for women than for men, and on the wisdom of buying rickety antique furniture rather than good modern stuff. He is a most delightful person, combining good sense and shrewdness and genuine good nature with a willingness to learn and an occasionally biting sense of humor. His remarks are far too consistently good for any to be singled out for quotations, and not one of them should be missed by any reader who values either instruction or amusement.

Upton, George Putnam. Standard operas, their plots and their music. 4v. 1928 edition. CPH From Federal funds. Operas which are no longer given have been dropped from this edition. New operas and those that have been revived have been added so that the total number remains about 150. The arrangement is alphabetically by composers' names. The work was first published in 1886.

Washington. The Americanism of Washington, by Henry Van Dyke. 1v. ARC

Washington as President.

Washington the business man, by Sol Bloom. These last two are from the U. S. George Washington Bicentennial Commission.

Van Deman, Ruth and Fanny Yeatman. Aunt Sammy's radio recipes. 1v. 1931. U.S.Government Printing Office. CPH From Federal funds. Contents: Menus. Oven temperatures. Equivalent measures. Soups and chowders. Meats. Poultry. Fish and shellfish. Egg and cheese dishes. Vegetables. Salads and salad dressings. Sandwiches. Sauces. Biscuits, muffins, and breads. Fruits and puddings. Pies and other pastries. Cakes, cookies and frostings. Ice creams and frozen desserts. Candies and confections. Jams and preserves and relishes.

Wright, Harold Bell. The winning of Barbara Worth. 4v. 1911 ABFR Tells the story of what the desert (of the Colorado River region) was like before man forced the river to make its sands as fertile as the delta of the Nile and of what toils went into the making. There is a girl in the story who is found as a tiny child in the desert by the men who take a big share in the desert's reclamation.

Only Yesterday, by Frederick Lewis Allen. Reviewed by Geoffrey Parsons
From The Saturday Review of Literature.

You will probably pick up this book protesting that you are not interested in the events of yesterday; and that, anyway, it is impossible to write the history of a decade that has barely been interred. Yet, the very first pages will make you sit up blinking, splashed by the cold facts of America in 1919. Truly an astonishing list of new things has arrived in the post-war decade. You will recall, of course, that skirts were long. But did you realize that women still wore stockings in bathing, that a short-haired woman was necessarily a radical, that no one had even thought of a radio,,and that life dragged along without either vitamins, fundamentalists, or tabloids, to say nothing of instalment buying and halitosis?

Mr. Allen begins with the surface pattern and never loses sight of it. Here is perhaps the first reason why he has written such an engaging volume, that pulls you along from page to page, and makes you afraid to skip. Nothing seems to have escaped his alert and roving eye. The eclipse of 1924 is in its place, and so are Mah Johg, the pedals of a Model T Ford, Coral Gables, Antioch College, and Jan Gibson. Any good digger could have unearthed a wealth of detail from the newspaper files: it is Mr. Allen's talent to choose almost unfailingly the significant, the piquant item that sets a scene aglow. Into a particularly well-rounded chapter on "Religion, Science and Dayton" there enters a disconcerted Modernist clergyman from New England saying that when he thinks of God he thinks of "a sort of oblong blur." When the question of business sentimentality, in another delightful section called "The Gospel according to Barton," is discussed, Mr. Allen cites as the last word of satire on the item the cartoon in the New Yorker representing an executive as saying to his heavy-jowled colleagues at a directors' meeting: "We have ideas. Possibly we tilt at windmills--just seven Don Juans tilting at windmills."

I do not recall that anyone has used Mr. Allen's precise technique, of synchronizing year by year, almost episode by episode, popular songs, dress, manners, politics,sports, books, ideas. But for Mark Sullivan's admirable volumes, Mr. Allen would probably not have set to work, as he handsomely concedes in his preface. What he has invented or added is a more closely woven texture that somehow presents an actual scene, moving and living before one's eyes.

This surface of provocative detail would justify the book in itself, both as a source for future writers and as entertainment. There is a parlor game in its forgotten yet once familiar names and phrases, then on every tongue, now hauntingly vague in the mind. As the cover queries,--who was Floyd Collins, who the "Wheaton ice-man," and who testified about "six or eight cows?"

But Mr. Allen has gone much farther and, in my judgment, with miraculous success. He has so organized his material as to give the whole period a structure and a form--which is to say that he has written not simply annals, but a history. The analysis, the interpretation, is no afterthought. The method is wholly dramatic. Seldom does the writer pull up at the roadside for a disquisition. The pace is much too fact for discussion or reflection. Rather by choice of material, by arrangement, by stress and by omission, Mr. Allen convinces you that for all its appalling confusion, there was a flood and a subsidence, a real unity to the decade. It seems incredible that Mr. Allen should have succeeded in giving line to such a chaos, yet he unmistakably has.

Nor has he done it by distortion. Objectivity is an outstanding trait of the volume. It is possible to guess at Mr. Allen's prejudices--he could not be free from them and write so pungently. His judgments are amazingly careful and balanced. The material is sometimes cruel. Alas, to think that John J. Roskob wrote in 1929 for the Ladies' Home Journal an article alluringly entitled "Everybody Ought to be Rich," wherein he said that "the way to wealth is to get into the profit end of wealth production in this country," to wit, good common stocks! Alas, too, that the all-wise Irving Fisher saw fit to say on October 17, 1929, that stock prices had reached "what looks like a permanently high plateau," and he expected to see the stock market within a few months "a good deal higher than it is today." From May, 1930, Mr. Allen takes Mr. Hoover's prediction that "we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover." But someone has to suffer if a true picture is to be painted, and the choice is certainly impartial.

The sensation that the book yields is a little like that felt in a particularly vicious roller-coaster. Perhaps it errs a little in stressing the soaring and swooping of the period. Here doubtless lies the danger of attempting history so close at hand. Yet aside from the confusion, the muddle, of the decade--which gave the participant the continual feeling of knowing only a few odd, unrelated parts of what was really going on--what other

feature was so conspicuous? Skirts travelled all the way up to the knee and down to the ground again. U.S. Steel hit 261 $\frac{3}{4}$ and also 51. The art of ballyhoo began almost as a religious rite and ended as the title of a jeering magazine. The great revolt of the highbrows, led by Colonel Mencken, subsided into unhappiness and doubt, as Mr. Allen acutely notes. Even sex isn't what it used to be and manners are returning along with tail coats and long hair.

If a large part of the decade went up like a rocket and came down like a stick, there were durable changes, as Mr. Allen makes plain. Typical of the fashion in which a whole group of keenly observed facts is pulled together, is this passage:

> At home, one of the most conspicuous results of prosperity was the conquest of the whole country by urban tastes and urban dress and the urban way of living. The rube disappeared. Girls in the villages of New Hampshire and Wyoming wore the same brief skirts and used the same lip-sticks as their sisters in New York. The proletariat--or what the radicals of the Big Red Scare days had called the proletariat--gradually lost its class consciousness; The American Federation of Labor dwindled in membership and influence; the time had come when workingmen owned second-hand Buicks and applauded Jimmy Walker, not objecting in the least, it seemed, to his exquisite clothes, his valet, and his frequent visits to the millionaire-haunted sands of Palm Beach. It was no accident that men like Mellon and Hoover and Morrow found their wealth an asset rather than aliability in public office, or that there was a widespread popular movement to make Henry Ford President in 1924. The possession of millions was a sign of success, and success was worshiped the country over.

But Mr. Allen equally knows when to halt his interpretations. He attempts few moral judgments and as to the relation of the decade to the long past or the near future, maintains a discreet silence. His method is one of intelligent analysis and organization rather than generalization. Just how or why a post-war slump was transformed into a mad joy-ride is properly left to later historians for debate. As a starting point they might begin by noting the many points at which the present anlysis agrees with that made by Rudyard Kipling as long ago as 1894, when he wrote his sardonic poem, "An American." Conceivably peoples do not change as rapidly as each generation is disposed to believe.

Perhaps Mr. Allen will try the task himself when the present sobering-up of the nation has proceeded farther. In the meantime he has done enough in writing one first-rate book and performing one first-rate miracle.

From the introduction to "The Best Detective Stories", edited by Ronald Knox and H Harrington.

What is a detective story? The title must not be applied indiscriminately to all romances in which a detective, whether professional or amateur, plays a leading part. You might write a novel the hero of which was a professional detective, who did not get on with his wife, and therefore ran away with somebody else's in chapter 58, as is the wont of heroes in modern novels. That would not be a detective story. A detective story must have as its main interest the unravelling of a mystery; a mystery whose elements are clearly presented to the reader at an early stage in the proceedings, and whose nature is such as to arouse curiosity, a curiosity which is gratified at the end. And here, for my own part, I would draw a very clear line of demarcation between detective stories and 'shockers'. Shockers are not in the true sense mystery stories at all; they do not arouse a human instinct of curiosity.

Suppose that I go into a night-club, where a fascinating woman with green eyes drops her handkerchief near me in passing out, and, as I politely stoop to pick it up, whispers to me 'For God's sake keep clear of 568 Cromwell Gardens, and, if you are ever set upon by thugs on the stairs of the Down Street tube station, remember to ask them for the countersign of the Pink Spot'--all that, which is the practically invariable opening of what I call shockers, does not genuinely excite curiosity. It is not a mystery; it is simply an obvious lie. People would not say that kind of thing to me, and I should not take the trouble to go all the way to Cromwell Gardens if they did. We know at once that the woman is an adventuress, probably a quite innocent adventuress who is being compelled by a threat of blackmail to subserve the purposes of villains; that there is a gang of international crooks at work, determined to put an end to the peace of Europe by giving away English state secrets to an unknown foreign power. We are certain beforehand that the motives of the villains will be entirely inhuman, the actions of the hero and heroine rash to the verge of idiocy; that the complications to which we are introduced at the beginning will not be explained at the end, because by that time the reader will have forgotten all about them, and probably the author as well. All this is not a detective story.

The true essence of a detective story--I am thinking for the moment of those which occupy a whole volume; we will come to the short story later on--is that in it the action takes place before the story begins. Of course, it is well to have some kind of introduction which brings

the main characters on to the stage, and gives us some touch of their quality. Indeed, it seems to me a weakness in Mr. Freeman Wills Croft that he usually presents us at the very outset with the boyd of a total stranger--he has missed at once all his chance of evoking our human sympathy; nor does it improve the situation when we discover later on in the book, as we are apt to do, that it was really a totally different total stranger all the time. But in the third chapter, at latest, of a detective novel the curtain should suddenly go up on a crime, perferably a murder, already committed, ripe for investigation. The real action of the book is now over; incidents may still occur, but the horror and violence are already at an end before the great detective appears on the scene. The story derives its excitement only from the danger of the criminal getting off scot free, or of some innocent person being condemned in his place.

So highly specialized a form of art will need, clearly specialized rules. And the detective author, alone among authors, cannot even in this libertine age afford to break the rules. The moderns will attempt to write poetry without rhyme or metre, novels without plot, prose without sense; they may be right or wrong, but such liberties must not be taken in the field of which we are speaking. You cannot write a Gertrude Stein detective story. For the detective story is a game between two players, the author of the one part and the reader of the other part. The reader has scored if, say, half way through the book he has laid his hand on the right person as the criminal, or has inferred the exact method by which the crime was perpetrated, in defiance of the author's mystifications. The author on his side counts the victory, if he succeeds in keeping the reader in a state of suspended judgment over the criminal, or complete mystification over the method, right up to the last chapter; and yet can show the reader how he ought to have solved the mystery with the light given him. As with the acrostic, as with the cross-word competition, honourable victory can be achieved only if the clues were 'fair'. Thus, when we say that the detective story has rules, we do not mean rules in the sense in which poetry has rules, but rules in the sense in which cricket has rules--a far more impressive consideration to the ordinary Englishman. The man who writes a detective story which is 'unfair' is not simply proxnounced guilty of an error in taste. He has played foul, and the referee orders him off the field.

~~I laid do-n long ago certia~~

I laid down long ago certain main rules, which I reproduce here with a certain amoung of commentary; not all critics will be agreed as to their universality or as to their general importance, but I think most detective 'fans' will recognize that these principles, or somethink like them, are necessary to the full enjoyment of a detective story. I say 'the full enjoymnet'; we cannot expect complete conformity from all writers, and indeed some of the stories selected in this very volume transgrees the rules noticeably. Let them stand for what they ar worth.

1. The criminal must be someone mentioned in the early part of the story, but must not be anyone whose thoughts the reader has been allowed to follow.

2. All supernatural or preternatural agencies are ruled out as a matter of course.

3. Not more than one secret room or passage is allowable.

4. No hitherto undiscovered poisons may be used, nor any appliance which will need a long scientific explanation at the end.

5. No Chinaman must figure in the story.

6. No accident must ever help the detective, nor must he ever have an unaccountable intuition which proves to be right.

7. The detective must not himself commit the crime.

8. The detective must not light on any clues which are not instantly produced for the inspection of the reader.

9. The stupid friend of the detective, the Watson, must not conceal any thoughts which pass through his mind; his intelligence must be slightly, but very slightly, below that of the average reader.

10. Twin brothers, and doubles generally, must not appear unless we have been duly prepared for them.

This Decalogue is, I suspect, far from exhaustive; no doubt but my reader is all agog to add a few more prohibitions to the list. Rules so numerous and so stringent cannot fail to cramp the style of the author, and make the practice of the art not difficult only, but progressively more difficult. Nobody can have failed to notice that while the public demand for mystery stories remains unshaken, the faculty for writing a good mystery story is rare, and the means of writing one with any symptom of originality about it becomes rarer with

each succeeding year. The game is getting played out; before long, it is to be feared, all the possible combinations will have been used up. ~~Senor Capablanca has recently appealed for a brighter chess, with a larger number of squares on the board. But in what conceivable way are we to enlarge the horizons of this far more intriguing game, the solving of detective problems? What step of progress can we make, but will land us either in technicalities or in impossibilities?~~

Even the exterior setting of the thing is in danger of becoming stereotyped. We know, as we sit down to the book, that a foul murder has almost certainly been done at a country house; that the butler will have been with the family for sixteen years; that a young male secretary will have recently been engaged; that the chauffeur will have gone away for the night to visit his widowed mother. If life were like the detective stories, it would be almost impossible for the father of a chauffeur to insure his life on any terms. We know that the victim, if he is a man, will have been killed either in the shrubbery or in his own study, with a wound at the back of his head; if she is a woman she will be found dead in her bedroom, with an overdose of sleeping-draught to account for it all. We know that at least three members of the house-party will have been wandering about the passages in a suspicious manner during the small hours. We know that some piece of writingihas been left, usually on a blotter or on the next telegraph form, which is to throw light on the business, or else dust in the reader's eyes; and so on. ~~If I walked into the detective-story house, I believe I should be able to find my way about it perfectly; it is always more or less the same in design--an embarrassing one, because the bedrooms all open out of one another.~~

But far more serious than this monotony of setting is the growing difficulty, for the author, of finding ways in which he can deceive his reader without either breaking the rules, or using gambits which have been used ad nauseam before. I forget where it is that Mr. Bernard Shaw describes the growth of naval armaments as a senseless and unending competition between the theory of attack and the theory of defence. A spends money on torpedoes, and B has to spend money on torped-destroyers; B invents a new form of mine, and A has to lay down a new type of mine-sweeper. So it is with batting and bowling in cricket; so it is with serving and returning serves in tennis; attack and defence improve alternately, under the stress of mutual competition. And so it is with the great detective game; the stories

with

become cleverer and cleverer, but the readers are becoming cleverer and cleverer too; it is almost impossible nowadays to think out any system of bluff which the seasoned reader will not see through.

Thus, in the old days, when a woman was found very uncomfortably bound to a chair, with her mouth gagged, and possibly only just recovering from the effects of an anaesthetic, we used to suppose, not unnaturally, that she had been tied up like that by villains. Now we assume as a certainty that she is in league with the villains, and all the tying-up business was merely a plant; we have had the old bluff worked off on us so many times that it fails to take us in. Again, when the room is found covered with finger-marks or the lawn with foot-prints, we know at once that these are false clues, arranged by the criminal so as to throw suspicion on an innocent person. That overdose of chloral has long ceased to have any mystery for us; there will be a half-empty bottle of it by the bedside, and the stomach of the deceased will be a mass of chloral, but we know for a dead certainty that the murder was effected somehow else, and the chloral introduced into the system by a special process--after death as likely as not. The dead man found in the grounds was not murdered in the grounds; he was murdered miles away, and the corpse was brought there in a motor. The moment we come across any mention of a scapegrace brother who is supposed to have died in Canada, we know that he did not really die; he is going to reappear, either as the villain or as the victim, and will be mistaken for the original brother every time. The fact that there were signs of a struggle in the room always means that there was no struggle, and the furniture was deliberately thrown about afterwards; the fact that the window was left open is proof positive that the crime was committed by somebody living in the house. All messages which come over the telephone are fake messages; people who are overheard telephoning in their rooms have never really taken the receiver off. The possession of a good, water-tight alibi is perhaps the surest mark of the real criminal; the man who has wandered aimlessly about the streets of London for three and a half hours without meeting anyone who could swear to his identity is no less certainly innocent. Gone, too, are the old familiar tests by which, in the Victorian days, we used to know the good characters from the bad. Neither age nor sex is spared; the old country Squire, who is a J.P., and has for years held his head high among his neighbours, so good, so kind, so charitable--watch him! The heroine, even, the friendless and penniless female who looks up with such appealing eyes into the face of the detective's friend, may quite

possibly be a murderess; provocation she has had, it may be, but there is no question that she handled the blunt instrument in a workmanlike manner. The only person who is really scratch on morals is the aged butler; I cannot off-hand recall any lapse of virtue on the part of a man who has been with the family for sixteen years. But I may be wrong; I have not read all the detective stories.

It is possible that we shall get, before long, into a stage of double bluff, when the author will make his heroes look like heroes and his villains look like villains in the certainty that the over-ingenious reader will get it the wrong way round. Indeed, I did myself once write a story in which the curate was perfectly innocent and the dark, sinister man committed the murder; but I was before my time, and the public thought it inartistic. Beforelong, no other form of concealment will be possible; and we cannot proceed from double bluff to treble bluff and so on indefinitely; the thing would become merely tiresome.

If this danger of stagnation threatens the full-dress detective novel, it threatens, also, the 'short' detective story. The short story must always take an honourable place in detective fiction; it is the medium which has given us some of the best Holmes literature, and the whole cycle of Father Brown. But it labours under an obvious disadvantage as compared with the full armchair performance. There are three questions which may call for solution in any criminal mystery--Who did it? Why did he do it? How did he do it? The short story has sufficient elbow-room to deal with the question of method--how did the man come to be murdered when he was sitting alone in a hermetically sealed room? How was the victim persuaded to walk over the edge of the cliff? How were the lumps of coal substituted for the rubies in a registered parcel on its way between London and Paris?--and so on. It is far more difficult to create, in such short compass, a genuine doubt as to the motive with which the crime was done, or the identity of the criminal. It is difficult even for a Chesterton to introduce us to half-a-dozen characters whose allotted span of life is a bare thirty pages, and tell us enough about them to make the spotting of the criminal a logical possibility. And that is the reason, I suppose, why some of the most conscientious writers (such as Mr. Cole and Mrs. Christie) always seem to be at their best when they have a whole volume at their disposal for developing a single theme.

The short story, then, will ordinarily deal with a mystery of method; and it is precisely here that the possibilities are most in danger of exhaustion, precisely here that

A Few Detective Stories

Editor's note: The last entry on this list is not a detective story but a detective's story of his own life and has, therefore, all the advantage of reality.

Christie, Agatha. Murder of Roger Ackroyd. 3v. Grade 2. HC in Detroit. 6v. Scene laid in English village. Uncommonly original and will restore a thrill to the most jaded reader of detective stories. Has been dramatized under the title of "The flase alibi."

-----The mysterious affair at Styles. 5v. Hc in NYPL.

-----The secret of chimneys. 7v. HC in Lc and Philadelphia.

Collins, Wilkie. The moonstone. 7v. Grade 2. This story of a theft is the best all-round detective story ever written according to J. B. Priestley.

Gaborain, Emile. Monsieur Lecog. 4v. Grade 2. Another of the world's foremost detective stories in the opinion of S. S. Van Dine.

-----Widow Lerouge. 5v.

Grierson, Francis D. The limping man. 5v. HC in NYPL Murder in a London hotel; cleverly presented and the solution of the mystery utterly unexpected.

Phillpotts, Eden. Voice from the dark. 4v. An absorbing mystery story much better written and with characters more carefully portrayed than in the average story of this type. There is a clever, plausible plot in which a murderer, against whom there is no actual evidence, is forced to confess.

Propper, M. M. The strange disappearance of Mary Young. 5v. 1929 HC in Seattle. The author has invented an ingenious crime and a still more ingenious solution. His sleuthing is scholarly, watertight and credible. An interesting story from first to last.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts. The circular staircase. 4v. A humorous and entertaining detective story centering around a murder on a staircase in a large country house.

-----Man in lower ten. 3v. In which an exchange of berth numer, a wreck and a matrimonial plot make an ingenious murder mystery.

Willemse, Cornelius W. Behind the green lights. 8v. 1931 HC in NYPL An intense and entertaining autobiography which is a challenge to all mystery writers to produce a book half so fascinating. The life story of Captain Cornelius Willemse, who started

as a bouncer in a Bowery saloon and ended as head of a detective division in New York's police department. It will show you what the cop is up against in his battle with crime, and will give you also about as much vicarious excitement as you can stand in one evening, for there are plenty of anecdotes and battle stories from Bowery days down to our own racketeer-ridden times.

Sketches from Living Authors

Arnold Bennett

(Editor's note. Bennett died March 27, 1931, while the book from which this article was taken was in press. For his books in braille see end of article.)

"I have written between seventy and eighty books," reads a late entry in Arnold Bennett's diary, "but also I have only written four: "The Old Wives' Tale", 1908, "The Card", 1911, (American title: "Denry the Audacious"), "Clayhanger", 1910, and "Riceyman Steps", 1923."

He is a heavy-set man, with large liquid eyes, a military mustache, and a great mop of hair.

Enoch Arnold Bennett was born at North Staffordshire near Hanley, called "Hanbridge" in his novels of the Five Towns, on May 27, 1867. His scholastic education terminated at his graduation from the Newcastle Middle School. The events of the next few years are best summarized in his own words: "I began to write reports for the Staffordshire newspapers, and then I came to London and began as a clerk in a lawyer's office. That lasted six years. The law bored me, and at night in my room I used to write. When I was about twenty-six, I escaped via journalism and became editor-in-chief of a weekly magazine, feminine and fashionable, called "Woman", where I remained until I was thirty-two. From then on I was a free-lance journalist." Bennett reduced a bad impediment in speech to a slight stammer.

As a boy, and even as a young man, Bennett had no literary ambitions. He became interested in writing merely as a means of earning a living, receiving his first awards, the handsome sum of twenty guineas, for a humorous condensation of a cheap serial novel in a competition conducted by a popular weekly. At 31 his first novel, "A Man from the North", 1898, containing many autobiographical incidents, was published. Then began his astonishingly frequent and regular production of books. A year later he could record in his diary: "This year I have written 335,340 words, grand total; 224 articles and stories, and four instalments of a serial called "The Gates of Wrath" have actually been published and also my book of plays, "Polite Farces". My work includes six or eight short stories not yet published, also the greater part of a 55,000 word serial, "Love and Life", for Tilliotsons, and the whole draft, 80,000 words, of my Staffordshire novel "Anne Tellwright". "Anna Tellwright" as later published as "Anna of the Five Towns."

It was in 1900 that Bennett threw up his editorial job and withdrew to the country in order to devote his entire time to literature. Soon afterwards he was occupying a cottage at Fontainebleau. The edia for his most famous novel, "The Old Wives' Tale", 1908, came to him in the autumn of 1903, when he sat in a Paris restaurant and observed the eccentric behavior of a fat old woman who, he reflected, was once young and perhaps lovely. "The Old Wives' Tale" is the story of two sisters, girls of the Five Towns, from girlhood to old age and death. The sisters' temperaments are as different as their respective experiences. Much of Sophia's life is passed in Paris. In the five years of writing "The Old Wives' Tale" Bennett studied as his model Maupassant's "Une Vie."

"French literature," he says, "has been the great passion of my life, and the chief influence of my literary youth. I can never say enough about what I owe to Stendhal. "La Chartreuse de Parme" was my bedside book for a long time." Flaubert, Rimbaud, Huysmans, and Gide are among his other enthusiasms. Russian literature has also had an enormous influence on him. "I have read the stories of Chekhov, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky--the last a giant, probably the greatest novelist that has ever appeared in the world. My favorite book is "The Brothers Karamazov." Bennett has also a great admiration for Thomas Hardy.

Bennett's manuscripts are beautiful specimens of calligraphy. He is proud of the fact that in the writing of "The Old Wives' Tale" he did not blot a line. "I do all my work in my head," he says. "I never begin to write until everything is ready and all is in order."

Here is Bennett's modest analysis of himself: "I have nothing to say. I have no ideas. I am not an intellectual. I am a man who spends his life telling little stories. The American and English public is so good as to get some pleasure out of them."

Bennett's genius has its basis in his remarkable grasp of details. He spends years of research before writing such a novel as "Imperial Palace", a book of some 240,000 words with 85 speaking characters, in which a great modern "luxury hotel" is the real protagonist.

In addition to his tremendous creative activity Mr. Bennett finds time to conduct a weekly column on books for the "London Evening Standard". He is always ready to prais deserving newcomers, and he is so powerful an influence that his praise alone, it is said, is almost sufficient to insure the success of a book in England. He married Marguerite Hebrard, a gifted French actress, in 1912.

Bennett has written many plays and books of essays. His principal works of fiction are: "Anna of the Five Towns", 1902, "The Grand Babylon Hotel", 1902, "Lenora", 1903, "The Truth About an Author", 1903, an autobiographical account first published anonymously, "Sacred and Profane Love", 1905, American title: "The Book of Carlotta", "Whom God Hath Joined", 1906, "Buried Alive", 1908, "The Old Wives' Tale", 1908, "Clayhanger", 1910, "Hilda Lessways", 1911, "The Card", 1911, American title: "Denry the Audacious", "The Matador of the Five Towns", 1912, "These Twain", 1916, "The Pretty Lady", 1918, "Mr. Prohack", 1922, "Riceyman Steps", 1923, "Lord Raingo", 1926, "The Woman Who Stole Everything", 1927, "The Vanguard", 1927, "Accident", 1929, "Imperial Palace", 1930.

Among the books by this author the following are in braille:

Accident. 6v. 1929 HC in NYPL Almost all of this story takes place in a railroad trip and its been called the most exciting railroad trip in all literature. One of the author's less unimportant books.

Anna of the Five Towns. 3v. 1902 Grade 2. The first novel of the Five Towns.

Buried Alive. 4v. 1908. A shy British artist elects to escape the lion hunters by a most original method. Dramatized as "The Great Adventure" it caught the popular fancy and enjoyed a long run.

The Card. (American title, "Denry the Audacious") 3v. 1911 Diverting story of a young man of the Five Towns whose success comes through his wits.

Clayhanger. 7v. Grade 2.

How To Live on 24 Hours a Day. 1v. HC in LC Brief, witty essays reflecting on the value of a day and containing some good advice.

The Old Wives' Tale. 6v.

Riceyman's Steps. 4v. Grade 2.

Booth Tarkington

Newton Booth Tarkington was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on July 29, 1869. His father, a lawyer and Civil War soldier, lived to the age of ninety (died 1922). For a time in his childhood, the boy was affected by nervous disorders resembling St. Vitus attacks. But in his teens he improved and had a spirit of deviltry which he kept to middle age.

Tarkington was schooled at Phillips Exeter Academy, Purdue University, and finally Princeton, where he was a popular student and took active part in social life. He sang, drew, composed music, wrote, and occasionally acted in class plays. After graduation he returned to Indianapolis.

"I never wanted to be a writer," he says,"It was my ambition to be an illustrator. In 95 I had a pen drawing accepted by "Life" and then I thought my start had come. But the same magazine rejected thirty-one subsequent drawings and I kept on writing and quit drawing." For eight years he wrote constantly and earned exactly twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. Finally a magazine editor accepted one of his stories, "Cherry", but it was shelved as a mistake in judgment and unearthed only after the publication of "Monsieur Beaucaire" in McClure's Magazine brought him recognition. His first book, however, was "The Gentleman from Indiana", 1899, "Monsieur Beaucaire" appeared in book form in 1900 and proved to be a popular romance. It was later produced on the stage and the screen. "Cherry" was published in book form in 1903.

"I had no real success," the author remarks,"until I struck Indiana subjects." But James Whitcomb Riley, whom he had known since he was eleven, did not approve of Tarkington's early books and wrote in his copy of "Monsieur Beaucaire": "This is like Goldsmith." Tarkington had great respect for his elder's opinion and he recalls how pleased he was when Riley approved of "Penrod". His first works were frankly imitative, patterned after eighteenth century authors, particularly the French school.

Tarkington was married in 1902 to Laurel Louisa Fletcher of Indianapolis. He served in the Indiana Legislature in 1902-03. "When I left Princeton I was a Socialist," he says, meaning he was a humanitarian with a passion for justice. In the legislature he was an insurgent Republican. "I used to introduce practically all the labor bills," he recalls. One time he drew up a bill that would put those afflicted with blindness under the care of the state and teach them to make brooms. Then the Broom Makers' Union defeated his measure with the com-

plaint that the competition would ruin their trade, he says he abandoned his idealism and became a conservative for life--in his writing as well.

The author began publishing his humorous stories of adolescence with "Penrod", 1914, and continued them with "Penrod and Sam", 1916, and "Seventeen", 1916. His tales of the modern industrial city include "The Turmoil", 1915, "The Magnificent Ambersons", 1918, "The Midlander", 1924, and "The Plutocrat", 1927. "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Midlander" were combined as "Growth", 1927.

Booth Tarkington has twice been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for literature: in 1919 with "The Magnificent Ambersons", and in 1922 with"Alice Adams". The latter is generally considered his most finished novel.

Altho he has written many successful plays, Tarkington does not consider playwriting his "real trade." His earlier dramas were done in collaboration, most of them with Harry Leon Wilson.

About 1917 Tarkington began to lose his eyesight, and he resorted to glasses of all sorts in an attempt to preserve his vision. But in August 1930 he became totally blind. After undergoing several operations on his eyes in January 1931, he regained partial sight. "At present the picture is smudge," he says, "but I can distinguish color and form, and my doctors say that my vision will return."

For many years Tarkington has spent his winters in an old red brick house in Indianapolis, and his summers at Kennebunkport, Maine, in a home that is commonly referred to as "the house that Penrod built." The living room at Kennebunkport is two stories high, with tall windows on one side and a full-length balcony on the other. The author's study houses a collection of ship models.

It has been Tarkington's custom to write mornings and, when in Maine, spend the afternoons in a motorboat. In the evenings he frequently used to go to the movies (while he still had his vision)--mainly for the sake of the walk. The worse the picture, the more restful he seemed to find it. Other evenings he would play double-decked solitaire and then read until about one.

Vague ideas and suggestions for plot formed quantities of pencilled notes, which no one but the author could decipher. As long as his eyes held out, he wrote every day, including Sunday. His average output was about fourteen hundred words a day, in addition to revision

of the previous day's work. He wrote at a drawing board, always in longhand. When the story was finished it would undergo further revision and then be typed. After that it was seldom touched.

Tarkington never reads his own books after he has returned the proof sheets. "I cannot open a new book of mine without pain," he says. "I am always sure there is something I should have said better than it appears."

He does not read novels, particularly the modern ones. He loves biography, preferably French. Four of his favorite authors are: Cherbuliez, Daudet, Balzac, and Dumas. Of the English he prefers Meredith, James, Hardy, Wells, and Bennett. He believes that Mark Twain, Henry James, and William Dean Howells have had the greatest influence upon modern literature.

Tarkington dislikes sex plays, or sex stories of any kind. He says the sex play "is Parisian in all its inferences, but the French do that sort of th ng with far more finesse and artistry. Ours is too turgid, suggestive, obvious." He has always carefully edited his own works for suggestiveness.

He is without affectation. He is known as a good host, and a sympathetic listener. His second wife, whom he married in 1912, is Susannah Robinson of Dayton, Ohio. He has received several honorary degrees: A.M. Princeton, 1899; Litt.D. Princeton, 1918; Litt.D. DePauw, 1923; Litt.D. Columbia, 1924.

Among the other novels by Booth Tarkington are: "The Two Vanrevels", 1903, "In the Arena", 1905,"The Beautiful Lady", 1905, "His Own People", 1907, "The Guest of Quesnay", 1908, "Beasley's Christmas Party", 1909, "Beauty and the Jacobin", 1911, "The Flirt", 1913, "Ramsey Milholland", 1919, "Gentle Julia", 1922, "The World Moves", 1928, "Young Mrs. Greeley", 1929, "Mirthful Haven", 1930.

Editor's note: A critic in the Saturday Review of Literature points out that "The Attraction of Mr. Tarkington's books in general is that while he is full of humor and ministers to entertainment and is a story-teller and sees to it that his stories are readable, in the back of his mind he is a serious man, examinging life with a deeper comprehension of its processes and prodeedings than any other American writer now successfully implicated in the production of works of fiction. That is why one cares to listen to him speculating about the purpose and the probable outcome of what is going on."

Among Tarkington's books the following are in braille:

Alice Adams. 5v. HC in Detroit.

Beasley's Christmas party. 1v. HC in NYPL.

Cherry. 2v. HC in Cincinnati, NYPL, Sacramento.

Claire Ambler. 5v. HC in Detroit.

Conquest of Canaan. 3v.

Gentleman from Indiana. 9v. HC in Philadelphia.

Guest of Quesnay. 2v. Grade 2.

Monsieur Beaucaire. 1v.

Penrod. 3v.

Penrod Jashber. 5v. HC in LC.

Plutocrat. 5v. Grade 2 and HC in LC, NYPL.

Women. 4v.

The World Does Move. 2v.

Young Mrs. Greeley. 3v. HC in Philadelphia, NYPL.

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For Reading Copy

Contents for June

Bailey, Liberty Hyde. The harvest of the year to the tiller of the soil. 2v. 1927. BIA From Federal fund. Seasoned and philosophical observations on the present farm situation in America. Throughout the book stress is laid upon the differences in farm life now and in the past, and upon the necessity of maintaining capable persons as farmers. In addition to presenting timely and cogent judgments, the book has a definite literary charm.

Burkitt, Miles Crawford. Our forerunners. 2v. 1924 BIA From Federal funds. A brief introductory study of the life and times of paleolithic man in Europe and North Africa, the geological conditions under which he lived, the tools which he made, the engravings and painting with which he decorated his caves, and the earliest human cultures.

Byrd, Richard Evelyn. Skyward. 2v. 1928 BIA Commander Byrd's story of his flying career since training days at Pensacola reaches its natural climax in the polar and transatlantic flights. It contains a good deal of aviation history during the period of Byrd's interest in flying.

"Skyward" deserves to be widely read. It is a heartening book. Like Lindbergh's, it is the story of achievement made possible only by courage, fortitude, the intelligent use of scientific knowledge, and vast common sense. With such equipment, these young men do not fly in the face of Providence.

Canfield, Dorothy. The brimming cup. 9v. 1921 ARC also HC in Detroit. A story of the life of an American family in a small Vermont village, of the quiet, reliable husband and father, the imaginative little daughter, the two small boys, and the mother a woman of rare charm and cultivation who, for a time, is tempted to break away from the monotonous existence. This is a sequel to Rough hewn.

-----Rough hewn. 14v. HC in Detroit. Gives in detail the biographies of Neal and Marsie from childhood to the time of their engagement. An extremely accurate and delightful picture of French life gives the environment of the little girl and a wholesome, truly American atmosphere surrounds the boy.

Chase, Stuart. Men and machines. 3v. 1929 BIA From Federal fund. A philosophic discussion of the effect of machines upon modern life and civilization. "These pages are rich,

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Russell, Bertrand. The ABC of relativity. 2v. 1925 ABFR Will be reviewed later.

Cady, Bertha C. Girl scout nature trail guides (pamphlet form): 1. First class and rambler, 20¢. 2. Second class and observer, 34¢. 3. Tenderfoot and girl scout nature program, 20¢. ARC

-----Tami, the story of a chipmunk. 1v. ARC

Paxson, Frederic L. The last American frontier. 3v. 1910 BIA From Federal funds. Will be reviewed later.

popular, picturesque. You need fear no technical hazards. They are dynamic with speculation. Stuart Chase has a concrete mind plus imagination and humor. He is the kind of poet-explorer we need in an age lost in its own filing-system. He has enough facts but is not clotted with them. I presume he makes a healthy per cent of errors but also he makes you think. He is, to my guess, the most important American interpreter of present material phenomena and their social reactions. This book and Middletown are this year's principal contribution to the queer task of knowning ourselves." From Survey.

"Mr. Chase writes exceedingly well. He is blessed with a style which is limpid, alive, and at times humorous. No heavy-handedness curses his statement; his audience is always in his mind. And the result is a study requiring attention from all who want to be aware of the true nature of their surroundings today and of the human purposes implicit in the challenge which the machine environment offers to human nature. Mr. Chase has joined the honorable company of the positivists of his generation like Lippmann, Bourne, Edman, Tugwell, Mumford, and Laski in England, who see conditions as they are, but insist that in creative effort alone will be found the genuine source of generative power and regenerative hope." From Saturday Review of Literature.

Cox, Cader G. Notes on piano tuning, regulating, repairing player regulating and adjusting. 1v. APH

Delano, Jane A. American Red cross text-book on home hygiene and care of the sick. 7v APC 1925 edition. Originally published in 1913. A simple manual for the average household.

Harrow, Benjamin. The making of chemistry. 2v. 1930 BIA From Federal funds. A history of chemistry for the layman with no professional knowledge of the subject, told largely in terms of the personal activities of great chemists, with special emphasis on modern industrial chemistry and its contribution to the intellectual and material development of our times.

Mr. Harrow has a peculiar gift for the simple and clarifying presentation of scientific matters, as he has shown in several previous books dealing with chemical knowledge of one sort or another. He can always make his subject interesting to the general reader without sacrificing scientific accuracy. This gift is especially manifest

in this new book.

Horn, Ernest and Ernest J. Ashbaugh. Fundamentals of spelling for grades one to eight, incorporating the findings of a tabular analysis of 5,100,000 words of ordinary writing. 5v. 1928 APH

Hugo, Victor Marie. Ninety-three. 4v. BIA From Federal fund. First published in 1874, ranks next to "Les miserables." Romance of the French Revolution, the incidents centering in a Breton district where the Royalists attempt an insurrection.

Lawrence, Thomas Edward. The revolt in the desert. 9v. 1927 ABC During the four years before the war T. E. Lawrence, a young Oxford graduate and archeologist, worked and wandered among the Arabs, picking up their language and finding out what sort of people they were. The war transformed him from student to soldier. As intelligence officer he conceived the idea of stirring up a nationalist revolt of the nomad Arabs against the Turks. He became the friend and adviser of Emir Feisal and a legendary hero among the Arabs, finally emerging with his desert host as the right wing of General Allenby's army on its entry into Damascus. The book is an account of his epic adventures in Arabia and Syria during the last two years of the war. It is an abridgement of another book, entitled "The seven pillars of wisdom." The manuscript of that book, carefully written out in 1919, was stolen from an English railway station and Lawrence was obliged laboriously to rewrite it.

That his book tells us, better perhaps than any other book that ever was written, is about intrigue and hand-to-hand fighting under conditions as romantic as any that are left on the globe.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. Magic of the stars. 1v. 1930 BIA From Federal fund. An interpretation of the wonders of astronomy combined with the author's speculations upon the influences of the stars on the earth and the human race. He has taken into account the latest conclusions of such eminent scientists as Einstein, Jeans, Eddington, Millikan and others.

M. Maeterlinck is unexcelled as a guide through the twilight of the gods. He discusses all the new researches into the properties of electricity, gravitation, and the orbits of the stars with a student's care and a poet's insight. He dramatizes for

us the fourth dimension. . . To anyone with imagination, and joy in using it, M. Maeterlinck is indeed a delightful mentor.

Martin, Dahris B. Awisha's carpet. 1v. 1930 HTP A delightful book to put into the hands of an American child. Child life in Arabia.

Merriam, Charles Edward. American political ideas. 5v. 1920. BIA From Federal fund. This is a study of the development of American political thought from 1865 to 1917. Prof. Merriam aims at an interpretation of American political development by a study of those ideas which have entered into our politics or into widespread discussion. The book gives a general impression of the development of laws and institutions.

Ordway, Edith B. Synonyms and antonyms; an alphabetical list of words in common use, grouped with others of similar and opposite meaning. 4v. 1913. APH The author has arranged something over five thousand common words in alphabetical order, giving under each the words of similar and those of opposite meaning. She has aimed to compile a list that will be concise yet full, and authoritative yet suggestive. Useful to those who must look up words in a hurry.

Oxford book of English verse, 1250 - 1900; edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch. 8v. BIA From Federal fund. The standard indispensable collection. A discriminating anthology of poetry in the English language, British and American ranging from before Chaucer to the end of the nineteenth century.

Robinson, James Harvey. Ordeal of civilization; a sketch of the development and world-wide diffusion of our present-day institutions and ideas. 9v. 1926 BIA From Federal fund. A large part of this book is taken from "Mediaeval and modern times," published by Ginn and Company in 1916. Three chapters are added to this edition, covering the World war and bringing the history ot the year 1924. The book is issued as a companion vo vol volume to the "Conquest of civilization" by James H. Breasted.

Dr. Robinson, long a proponent of culture history and popularizer of it in "The mind in the making," gives sufficient space to cultural matters. The first three-quarters of his book are excellent, but the last quarter is not so good. His concluding chapter, an addition to the text-book material, is superb. He says in this concluding chapter that "The object of this volume has not been primarily to explain

merely how things used to be. It has had an ulterior ambition. As indicated in the first chapter, its aim is to answer the question whence have come our own prevailing ideas, institutions, and ideals rather than what were those of our predecessors. We have been reviewing things as they once were in order the more clearly to perceive how they now are. This is the only kind of history that matters much, and it is gradually coming to be recognized as a new and precious device for increasing intelligence and insight."

Ruskin, John. Essays and letters selected from his writings, with introductory interpretations and annotations. 8v. 1905. APH These letters extending from the beginning of a long and close friendship in 1855 down to 1887 are singularly unrestrained and self-revealing. They form a most interesting record of Ruskin's moods, opinions and mental conditions, besides giving glimpses of his work and of the places that he loved.

In regard to the essays it has been said that "Ruskin learned early in life the art of writing, and for fifty years, though he sometimes lost himself in a multitude of subjects, he never lost his style, or his two styles, one a clear and simple exposition of ideas, moral, economic, social, the other a branching, elaborate eloquent expression of his artistic enthusiasms. In his use of words he is never grotesque like Carlyle or careless like Thackeray. Critics have riddled his views of art, and economists have made havoc of his social theories. Nobody has seriously quarreled with his style or denied him a first place among the masters of prose."

Shepherd, William Robert. Latin America. 2v. 1914 BIA From Federal fund. An excellent condenced treatise intended to serve as an introduction to the various Latin American countries. Describes institutions and culture in general and does not treat each country separately.

Spyri, Johanna. Toni the goat-boy; translated by Elizabeth Stork. 1v. 1916 edition. APH Sunny little story of Swiss mountain life.

Talbut, L. Raymond. Le Francais et sa patrie for elementary schools and colleges. 5v. 1912 APH

White, Nelia Gardner. Toni of Grand Isle. 4v. 1930 CPH

Winston, Robert Watson. Andrew Jackson, plebeian and patriot. 6v. 1928 BIA From Federal

fund. Years of painstaking study have gone into this full-length biography of the much misunderstood man who rose from the tailor-shop to the presidency and who suffered trial for impeachment. Mr. Winston shows that sixty years after, a revival of national and popular interest in Andrew Johnson is setting in and the Supreme Court of the United States has declared invalid the old Tenure of office act under which Johnson was impeached and tried. He was an "obstinate, narrow-minded leader of lost causes," but sincere in his motives and brave in their performance of his duties.

"Whether Judge Winston comes from Confederate antecedents or not is a question. Presumably he does, yet he looks at the history of the times through Johnson's eyes. No Northern partisan could have done it better. He may have another vision of his own, but most remarkably does he see Johnson's and write in sympathy with it. He is not unaware of Johnson's mistakes and his defects, but he is thoroughly alive to his vital belief in his policy and alive also to that policy's basic righteousness. He has produced one of the most important biographies of its day. Nor merely because his neglected subject deserves this recognition, but because he has been able to do him ample and sympathetic justice, a justice too long delayed." From Boston Transcript.

"At length we have a full-length and intensely interesting and illuminating biography of Andrew Johnson. Judge Winston spent many years in scholarly research at his task. Out of the pages of his book steps a new Andrew Johnson; and the rehabilitation of the reputation of a courageous and effective champion of popular rights and civil liberty has begun." From the Nation.

Wisehart, M.K. Marvels of science. 2v. 1928. BIA From Federal funds. Each chapter of this popular book tells the story of the part played by some discovery or invention or substance in our everyday life--the new things produced by chemistry, the X-ray in industry and life-saving, the wonders of radium, asbestos and aluminum, the work of the Bureau of standards, underground engineering, etc.

A book of science up to the minute and written so that it reads like a novel. We sat down to browse through it and read it from cover to cover. The author, a journalist, novelist, and scientist, has taken a difficult task upon himself--translating into a readable book deeply technical scientific discoveries. "The marvels of science" will

interest everyone from fifteen to a hundred and fifteen years old, whether he be student, business man, or scientist.

Hand-copied Books

Arnim, Mary A. Beauchamp, Countess. Enchanted April. 5 and 7 v. HC in Detroit, NYPL, Seattle. The wonderful effect of an Italian April on four English women, all at odds with life in different ways, is told with much cleverness.

Barnes, Margaret Ayer. Years of grace. 5v. HC in Detroit. Awarded the Pulitzer prize of 1931. Chicago is the setting for this entertaining story. The heroine finds the problems of her youth restated in terms of the lives of her children but worked out to startlingly different conclusions. A substantial and satisfying story with a background of changing social life.

Carroll, Lewis, pseudonym. Collected verse, with an introduction by J. F. McDermott. 3v. 1929 HC in NYPL The humorous verse of the author of "Alice in Wonderland" (which is available in braille as is also "Alice throught the looking glass".) The poems appearing in the Alice books are included and in a special appendix a number of dedicatory and other serious pieces.

Griswold, Francis. Tides of Malvern. 6v. 1930 HC in NYPL In many respects one of the most considerable pieces of fiction that have come out of the current interest in the South. Mr. Griswold's novel is unusual in that it is the work of a Northerner. . . There is richness and a solidity about "The tides of Malvern," a sort of easy-paced story telling, with no tricks of style to interfere, which results in fiction that will give pleasure to many readers. The book lives, the house lives, the family lives.

Stern, Gladys Bronwyn. The matriarch. 6v. 1890 HC in NYPL "The record of a gay, cosmopolitan Jewish family covering one hundred and thirty years and ranging from Austria to London. Anastasia Pakonitz is the matriarch of this tribe whose women rather than its men are the leaders." A.L.A. Catalog.

Tobenkin, Elias. God of might. 5v. 1928 HC in Seattle. The problem of intermarriage between Jew and Gentile as presented by a young immigrant who, in spite of a life of apparent ease and contentment in the small midwestern community of which he is a part, eventually finds himself miserable and alone, hopelessly isolated in heart and in spirit from his friends, wife and family. Intelligent, [illegible]

Forthcoming Books

No date is given for the publication of books listed under this heading. This announcement of future publications may not be continued as a permanent feature but it is being tried out with the thought that such information may prove of value to readers.

From the American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind:

Jackson and Salisbury. Outwitting Our Nerves.

From the American Printing House:

Duncan, John Charles. Astronomy.

Ely, R.T. and G.R. Wicker. Elementary Principles of Economics.

Iles, George. Leading American Inventors.

Irwin, R.B. and Evelyn McKay. Blind relief laws, their theory and practice.

Jordan, D. S., editor. Leading American Men of Science.

Oxford Book of American Verse. Edited by Bliss Carman.

Paxson, F.L. Recent History of the United States.

Rolland, Romain. Beethoven the Creator.

Sandburg, Carl. Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years, vol 2.

Schauffler, R.H., ~~compounded by~~. The Poetry Cure.

Schlesinger, A.M. Political and Social History of the United States.

Slosson, E. E. Short Talks on Science.

Wiggam, A. E. The Fruit of the Family Tree.

Wilson, Woodrow. The State.

From the Clovernook Printing House:

Delamain, Jacques. Why Birds Sing.

Dickinson, Edward. The Education of a Music Lover.

Humphreys, W. J. Weather Proverbs and Paradoxes.

Parkman, M.R. Conquests of Invention.

Reed, Meredith. The Glory Trail.

Twain, Mark. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.

From the Howe Memorial Press:

Buswell, G.T. and W.H.Wheeler. Silent Reading Hour, First Reader.

Dix, B.M. Allison's Lad and The Snare and the Fowler.

Howe Memorial Press, con't.:

Gregory, Lady. The Workhouse Ward.

Hall, Holworthy and Robert Middlemass. The Valiant.

Kirkpatrick, John. A Wedding.

Rostand, Edmond. The Romancers.

Wilde, Percival. Standish Pride and The Lost Elevator.

A Braille Catalog

The complete braille catalog of all books and magazines in grade 1½, with a supplement under date of March 1932, may now be bought for 50¢ a copy. This catalog was formerly sold for $2.00 a copy. It is published by the American Braille Press, 74 Rue Lauriston, Paris, France, and copies should be ordered from that address. The money may be sent in stamps or as an international money order. Don't forget the five-cent stamp on the letter.

List of Free Magazines in Braille, New York Point and Moon.

Editor's note: All of these free braille magazines are in grade 1½. Notice of omissions from this list will be appreciated. A list of the magazines for which there is a charge will be given later.

Braille Magazines

Beacon, Michigan School for the Blind, Lansing, Mich. Monthly during the school year; current topics and school items, free to readers in Michigan, and to schools and libraries.

Braille Courier, Canadian National Institute for the Blind, 64 Baldwin St., Toronto, Canada. Grade 1½ with additional contractions, monthly from October to July; contains fiction, general articles, radio news, news of work for the blind in Canada, poetry, free to Canadians.

Braille Star Theosophist, 184 South Oxford Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Monthly.

Catholic Review for the Blind, Xavier Free Publication Society, 136 West 97th Street, New York. Monthly; religious and literary articles, free to Catholics.

Christian Record, Christian Record Publishing Company, College View, Nebraska. Monthly; religious articles and topics of general interest.

Church Herald for the Blind, American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky. Monthly; religious articles.

Full Gospel Monthly for the Blind, Full Gospel Publishing Company, Montverde, Florida. Religious articles.

Jewish Braille Review, Jewish Institute of America, 31 West 110 Street, New York. Monthly; articles of interest to Jewish readers, current events, free to Jewish blind throughout the world.

Illuminator, Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind, 201 Bellefield Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Quarterly; original stories by pupils of the school, local school and inter-school news.

International Lions Juvenile Braille Monthly, Clovernook Home for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio. Monthly; fiction and current news for children.

Lighthouse Gleams, New York Association for the Blind, 111 East 59 Street

times a year; news of the Association, free to friends of the Lighthouse.

Lutheran Messenger for the Blind, Rev. A. A. Kuntz, 19 North Olive St., Alhambra, Calif. Religious articles, news, items of general interest.

Lux vera, Joseph Gockel, 834 - 36 St., Milwaukee, Wis. Catholic monthly.

Messenger to the Sightless, Society for the Aid of the Sightless, 345 East 4 St., Provo, Utah. Monthly; religious articles, news, poems, etc.

Minnesotan, Minnesota Council of Agencies for the Blind, 170 Maria Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. Monthly; matters of interest to the blind of Minnesota, free to readers in that state.

Our Special, National Braille Press, 549 East 4th St., South Boston, Mass. Monthly; articles of interest to women.

Red and White, Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Overbrook, Pa. Semi-annually; school news, free to the alumni.

Searchlight, New York Association for the Blind, 111 East 59 St., New York. Quarterly; contains fiction and articles of interest to juvenile readers.

Weekly News, National Braille Press, 549 East 4th St., South Boston, Mass. Current news.

Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, Monsey, New York. Monthly; current news, fiction, items of interest to the blind.

New York Point Magazines

Christian Record, see entry in first list.

Free Press, Wisconsin School for the Blind, Janesville, Wis. Twice a month; current school news, free to readers in Wisconsin.

Message to the Sightless, New York State Commission for the Blind, 80 Centre Street, New York. Quarterly; current news, news of the Commission and other organizations for the blind, free to readers in New York State.

Ziegler Magazine, see entry in first list.

Moon Type Magazines

Lutheran Herald for the Blind, Rev. O. C. Schroeder, 2204 Bunts Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Quarterly; religious articles.

Mexico. A Study of Two Americas. By Stuart Chase.
Reviewed by Elizabeth Morrow in The New York Herald Tribune Books.

I laid Mr. Chase's book down with a sigh of homesickness. As an economic study, I am not competent to appraise it, but it is a brilliant description of Mexico. In its 300 odd pages, the country glows defore you, violent, beautiful, mysterious, unforgetable. No recent volume that I know of has given a more alluring picture of that land where "flowers are more important to the people than motor cars" and "one is bathed in friendliness if not hot water." Without rainbow adjectives or sentimentality he describes one vivid scene after another from the mountain villages on their green shelves above the barrancas to the jungles of Yucatan and the street corners of Mexico City. One burns in the sun, smells the market and hears "the pat-pat of women's hand fashioning tortillas."

The effect of the landscape is subtly given: "Those Indian villages that melt into the background of forest and field" without ugly approaches or straggling suburbs; the peaceful impression of the architecture with its solid colonial pattern and the timelessness of a land where a fiesta "will take place right now at three or five o'clock." The flood of color is here that dazzles northern eyes used to brown or gray streets, the rosy towers of crumbling cathedrals, the little yellow blue and pink adobe houses, creamy walls hung with bougainvillia, sun-lit patios gay with blossoms and birds--color in "dances, costumes, music, pottery, weaving, masks, toys, flower culture, which sings and vibrates over all modern Mexico." This is not exaggeration but everyday fact.

* * *

Mr. Chase's book, however, as the subtitle shows, is no mere artist's record but "a study of two Americas," an economic treatise. There is an historical prologue with an analysis of Aztec civilization and a discussion of the results of the Spanish Conquest before the author introduces his real actors, the machineless men of Mexico. His own investigations are supplemented by material taken from Mr. Robert Redfield's "Tepoztlan." The Indian village is compared with Middletown step by step and, when the final balance sheet is drawn, Mr. Chase declares that its inhabitants enjoy a more normal, happy, secure life than the men of the machine-fed town. One feels slightly ashamed ever to have enjoyed a bath tub or used a refrigerator.

Before the book closes there are some large lumps of advice given to Mexicans and citizens of the United States. Mr. Chase fears a Yankee invasion of "cultural penetration" that will bring Rotary Clubs, jazz, hot-dog stands, roadside advertising and even arrow-collars on scraped shoulders. He humorously suggests sprinkling the new highway from Laredo to the capital with carpet tacks to delay the on-rush of tourist cars. Bad taste, like bad news, travels swiftly, whether in Fords of Pullmans. I sympathize with his fear lest this marvelous country lose its birthright of beauty for a mess of so-called improvement. As a lover of Mexico, I have wept over those sign boards on the Cuernavaca road.

Editor's note: Hand-made copies of this book are in the Chicago Public Library and The New York Public Library.

Travel Books.

"He that would bring the wealth of the Indies back must take the wealth of the Indies out with him." - Old Proverb.

It is very hard to separate travel books from history, they are so much alike. Travel books invariably contain a large amount of history. History books less often merge into the travel class. It might be said that travel books are more often like history than history books are like travel. When the emphasis is on the people, the book belongs to history, when the emphasis is on the place, it belongs to travle. Travel is bound to deal with geography; history with society.

The literature of travel is of various kinds: scientific travel, for the sake of natural history; exploration, for the sake of commerce; missionary travel, for the sake of religion; professional travel, to earn a living for the writer of it; tourist travel, for personal pleasure; and last of all, travel for its own sake, to see and to observe the world.

A man may stay at home and write history, but no traveler, except William Combe, ever stayed at home and wrote travel. The writing of travel should always be graphic. Illustrations are indispensable to such writing. In fact, all travelbbooks should be illustrated before they are written.

One of the most marked characteristics of modern books of travel is their leisurely nature. The words, roving, loafing, wandering, ambling, sauntering, and vagabonding are familiar travel titles. In this rapid age we seem to live in haste but to travel at leisure. A second characteristic, connected with this roaming tendency of modern travel, is its unluxuriousness. Roughing it is the fad. The traveler today is always a hobo, and it is the haunts of the hobo and the manners of other hoboes which he describes. Gentlemen travelers are few. Lord Bryce's "Memories of Travel" and Maurice Baring's "Round the World in Any Number of Days" are two rare examples of travel books free from slumming.

Travel books today seem written for stay-at-homes. The books themselves are substitutes for travel. The armchair traveler, who journeys by proxy, is the one to whom they are addressed. The most popular travel books are those that feed the hunger for excitement and adventure. Quiet travel books are few.

Booksellers are alive to the fact that more people read travel books for refreshing

their memory, for reminiscent delight, than for acquainting themselves with the unknown. There is twice the pleasure in reading about the familiar as about the unfamiliar. One reason why more books have been written about London than about any other city in the world is because more people have visited London than any other city.

The field of travel is one from which women writers are conspicuously absent.

* * *

As travel is bound to deal with geography let us take a look at a few up to date books on this subject and a few maps before we set forth. No better introductory essay can be found than "Geography and Our Need of It," one of the Reading with a Purpose series, by J. Russell Smith. He says, "I want a new declaration of independence. I want to be free from the New England sea captains whose ghosts still haunt some of the school geography texts and injure the reputation of geography. When a captain sails out to sea he must know how to get back to port or his ship will all on board may be lost. Therefore to the sea captain, capes are very important. He must know where they are in order to avoid them.

In the good old days when half of the New England Yankees sailed out to fishing banks or distant ports, it was but natural that the sailors' geographies which came out of seafaring New England bristled with the names of capes and other locations. This mass of information was gravely ground into the minds of the young everywhere. Children whose fathers followed the plow in inland states, or felled timber in the great North woods, or produced cotton in the South, labored to memorize the long lists of capes, boundaries and capitals, or fell asleep trying to remember lists of products, names of rivers and mountains and whether the largest lake in central Africa was named Albert or Edward or Ethiopia.

In those days geography was defined as the location of things upon the earth, despite the statement of Bacon long ago that "true knowledge involves the study of causes," and despite the work of Buckle two generations ago, whose wonderful book "The History of Civilization in England" seems to have had little effect upon school geography.

Now that we are emerging from the age of miracles and fiat, and entering the age of science, we want to know the reasons for things. That is the scientific attitude. "Why" becomes one of the greatest of questions and we are finding the answers. We are coming more and more to discover that our universe is a series of cause and effect relationships.

This point of view gives us a new definition of geography. American geographers are now agreed that their subject is a study of relationships--the relationship between the earth and the life that exists upon it."

Braille maps, 13 x 17 inches, physical and political: The United States; The Americas; Europe; Asia and the islands; Africa; State of Illinois. Illinois School for the Blind, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Bowman, Isaiah. The new world; problems in political geography. 8v. 1928 edition. Recommended in "Geography and Our Need of It." Gives a full discussion of the geographical problems and political changes growing out of the war.

Huntington, Ellsworth. The human habitat. 2v. 1927. Recommended in "Geography and Our Need of It." Dr. Huntington of Yale is an explorer of note and probably the best known American geographer. His book includes chapters on the effect of geographic extremes, the margins of civilization, the relation of health, energy and progress, the interplay of climatic and human changes, the contrast between Japan and China, the civilization of Europe, America of the present and past and the relation of the soil to aristocracy and democracy.

Smith, J. Russell. Commerce and industry. 9v Attempts to explain how the earth becomes the home of man. Using the physiographic basis as the primal cause of economic conditions, the interaction between the two is developed. More than half the book is devoted to the United States, while Latin America and the Orient have been given most attention among foreign countries.

-----Human geography. Book one, 7v. Book two, 10v. Describes the life of different countries and the various industries of the people; shows the relation of geographical facts to the life of the country and traces the interrelation of countries and people.

Other lists of travel books will appear in later numbers. The Magazine

Sherlock Holmes and After. in The Saturday Review of Literature.

Conan Doyle, whose death removed from the world of literature one of its most widely read romancers, was pre-eminently an example of a man who could not live down his youth. Until the very end, though he had expressly abjured him, he was known not as the exponent of spiritualist doctrine to which in later years he lent all the efforts of his pen, not as the author of so vigorous a historical tale as "Uncle Bernac," or so good a pseudo-scientific yarn as "The Lost World," both of which books his public promptly forgot, but as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. He himself might cast him out from his interest, but his readers not only held Holmes to their hearts but because of him developed a proclivity for his kind. It is no exaggeration to say that though the detective tale in modern form was born with Poe, and given enormous currency in foreign lands by Gaboriau, its present vogue is directly ascribable to Conan Doyle. It was his invention of the astute Holmes and his foil, Dr. Watson, which gave the stamp and pattern to the story of crime as it is written today, and which raised the detective tale from its lowly estate as the surreptitious dissipation of youth to its present position as the favorite diversion of noble minds.

The time, to be sure, was probably ripe for the rise to favor of the novel of crime and detection, for the force of circumstance was creating the necessity for a new literature of escape. The progress of discovery was rapidly turning the unknown world into the known, the advance of science was bringing within the realm of reality what had once been the bold imaginings of romance, and the motion picture was before long to convert the exotic and the strange into the familiar and the usual. The hard-pressed reader, panting to escape from the commonplace, was suddenly finding those fields to which in the past he could turn for relief, and where his imagination could roam at will, being closed in by the accumulations of knowledge. There remained for him, it would seem, but two domains in which fancy could still play unrestricted by the tyranny of facts,--one, the pastures of the soul, where possibility was as elastic as human nature, and the other the world of crime of which the abnormal and the melodramatic were the very basis and pivot of existence. Here in the naturalistic novel and the detective story the jaded mind could still find its escape from the humdrum of the familiar.

And the detective story was particularly the type of tale to which to turn for relaxation. For it demanded no largesse of spirit from the reader. By its very nature it threw emphasis on the factual rather than the emotional; it was more concerned with the commission of crime and with its legal punishment than with its repercussions in the mind or the soul. Its subject matter lay sufficiently within the realm of actuality to satisfy reason, and safely enough beyond the probability of personal experience to insure that interest rather than sensibility would be aroused by it. Whereas the complications of the naturalistic novel inevitably involved the feelings of the reader, since they escaped common experience by too little not to make them poignant, the complications of the detective story offered a challenge to ingenuity rather than to sympathy, to ratiocination rather than to reflection. Here was a literature that teased the imagination without playing upon the heartstrings, that was at its best when stripped of philosophical subtleties, and that could be counted on to arouse a state of tension that was the more agreeably exciting because it was vicarious.

Well, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the mounting numbers of detective stories admit no doubt as to the popular liking for this type of fare. The public has discovered a truly voracious appetite for it, which as yet, despite the menace of increasingly poor books, gives no evidence of satiety. But is it certain that detective fiction can maintain its spell in the face of the crime stories of the daily newspapers? Is it not conceivable that the plots of real life will make dull those of literature, that racketeering and bootlegging and holdups will stale the interest in imaginary crime? What then will remain of the detective story? We shall like to hazard that there will still remain "Sherlock Holmes."

Editor's note: It was in his first book that Doyle created Sherlock Holmes, one of the most famous characters in fiction. Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. 3v. Grade 2.

Clubfooted Grocer. 1v. Grade 2.

Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. 2v. Grade 2.

Five Orange Pips. 1v.

His Last Bow. 3v. Grade 2.

Hound of the Baskervilles. 2v. Grades 1½ and 2.

Reigate Puzzle. 1v.

Rodney Stone. 3v. Grade 2. Historical novel.

Round the Red Lamp. 2v. Grade 2.

Scandal in Bohemia. 1v. Detroit.

The Sixn of the Four. 2v.

Silver Blaze. 1v.

Sir Nigel. 4v. Grade 2.

Straggler of '15. 1v. Grade 2.

Three Stories from the "Green Flag." 1v. Grade 2.

The Tragedy of the Korosko. 3v. Grade 2. Historical novel.

White Company. 5v. Grade 2. Historical novel.

Sketches from Living Authors

John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy was born in a Victorian mansion amid the woods of Coombe, in Surrey, now a suburb of London. The year was 1867. The Galsworthys had lived in Devonshire as far back as the records go, and his mother came of an old Worcestershire family named Bartlect. His father was an attorney practicing successfully in London.

John Galsworthy attended Harrow, an expensive school, where he captained the football team and ran and jumped. His youthful characteristics were earnestness and tenacity. He was not surprisingly brilliant, but sure and steady. In 1886 he went up to New College, Oxford, and three years later was graduated with an honor degree in law. He was called to the bar in 1890.

"I read," he says, "in various chambers, practised almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroly." He was not required to earn money so he travelled for two years, reading meanwhile in Dickens, Turgenev, Maupassant, Anatole France, and Tolstoy. On one of his sailing voyages he met Joseph Conrad, then still a sailor, and formed a fast friendship with him. Conrad showed him a manuscript which Galsworthy recognized as worthy and he advised his friend to devote himself to writing.

Galsworthy himself had no idea of becoming a writer, but when he returned to England his wife-to-be encouraged him in it. He relates: "If one has been brought up at an English public school and university, is addicted to sport and travel, has a small independent income, and is a briefless barrister, one will not take literature seriously, but one might l like to please her of whom one was fond. I began. In two years I wrote nine tales. They had every fault."

He was twenty-eight when he started. His first novel, "Jocelyn," was published in 1899. "Villa Rubein" followed in 1900. His first four or five novels appeared under the pseudonym, "John Sinjohn." The first suggestion of the "Forsyte Saga" novels came in "Salvation of a Forsyte," 1901. In 1903 he began writing "A Man of Property," which was published in 1906. This began the series of stories, yet unplanned, which was to follow the Forsyte family thru three generations and occupy twenty-six years of the author's life.

Between 1906 and 1910, however, the Forsytes were silent and the author occupied him-

self with plays and other stories. His first play, "The Silver Box", appeared in 1906. Then followed "Joy," 1907, "Strife," 1909, "Justice," 1910, and seven other plays before the Forsytes reappeared. "I never meant to go on with them," he recalls, "but after 1918 they began to liven up again and the whole thing then came on with a rush--six books and four interludes full of them. The interludes were long short stories and all that sort of thing."

So the family narrative was resumed with "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," "In Chancery", 1920, "Awakening," and "To Let," 1921. (The undated titles are interludes.) These stories, together with "A Man of Property," were collected in "The Forsyte Saga," 1922. Meanwhile Galsworthy returned to his plays and published "The Skin Game," 1920, "A Family Man," 1921, "Loyalties," 1922, "Windows," 1922, and "Old English," 1924. He could not leave his family alone and the Forsyte group continued with "The White Monkey,"1924, "Silent Wooing," "The Silver Spoon," 1926, "Passerby," "The Swan Song," 1928, and "On Forsyte 'Change," 1930. Silent Wooing" and "Passersby" were later published together in "Two Forsyte Interludes."

In the fall of 1930 Galsworthy came with his wife to the United States where he secluded himself for the winter in Arizona "as near the desert as possible" to work on a new novel. He has definitely given up the Forsytes. "One can't keep on with that sort of thing indefinitely," he remarks, "especially after one has killed one's principal character." The novel "begins the story of another family. It may continue on to be another saga. One never knows."

In England Galsworthy now spends most of his time at his new country home, a reproduction Tudor manor house at the foot of a big hill in Sussex, Kipling's country. He shares the house with his wife, his nephew, and a large family of dogs and cats. His nephew is the artist, Rudolph Sauter, whose paintings adorn most of the rooms. Galsworthy is passionately fond of music and likes to listen to his wife play the piano. The works of Bach and Chopin especially please him. He is fond of horses and still rides occasionally. Now and then he goes to London for a dinner of the P.E.N. Club or a rehersal of one of his plays. His house there is "Grove Lodge," in Hampstead, the quarter where many literary men have lived.

Galsworthy "is about medium height," writes Frank Harris, "spare of habit and vigorous,

his head long, well-shaped; his features fairly regular, a straight nose, high forehead; he is almost completely bald and wears glasses. . . Seen close to, his face becomes more interesting; the serious blue eyes can laugh; the lips are large and well-cut, promising a good deal of feeling, but the characteristic expression of the face is seriousness and sincerity."

Galsworthy's manner is easy and courteous. He does most of his work sitting in a close armchair, legs crossed, and a big pad on his knee. He usually writes rapidly and in a bold hand. Subsequently he corrects extensively. His manuscripts are not tidy ones. He never makes scenarios for his plays or outlines for his novels, and never knows quite how they will work out. Galsworthy does not write under the pressure of necessity. He waits, rather, until the inspiration comes. He writes under all sorts of conditions and in all sorts of places. He has a special fondness for the Tyrol. "Escape," 1926, was written in the sun of California.

Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The Forsyte Saga, to be read in the following order:

1. Man of Property. 4v.
2. Indian Summer of a Forsyte and In Chancery. 3v.
3. Awakening and To Let. 3v.

The story of this family continues in the series "A Modern Comedy," to be read as follows:

1. The White Monkey. 3v.
2. The Silver Spoon. 3v.
3. Swan Song. 3v.

Two Forsyte Interludes: A Silent Wooing, and Passersby. 1v. HC in Detroit.

Castles in Spain and other screeds; essays, 3v. Hd in Chicago.

Fraternity. 8v. H6 in LC

The Freelands. 8v. Sacramento.

Justice, a tragedy in four acts. 1v. Grade 2.

Maid in Waiting. 3v.

The Mob, a play. 1v. Grade 2.

Quality. Bound with "A Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain. 1v.

A Sheaf; essays. 3v. Grade 2.

Silver Box, a comedy. 1v. Grade 2.

The following titles are from a collection of short stories, The Five Tales.

The Apple Tree. 2v. HC in NYPL

The First and the Last. 2v. HC in NYPL

The Stoic. 2v. HC in NYPL

~~Sketches from Living Authors~~

Kathleen Norris

Kathleen Thompson Norris was born in San Francisco on July 16, 1880. Her father, James Alden Thompson, tho born in Hawaii, came of a Boston family and was manager of a bank. The home life of the Thompsons--a family of eight--was an unusually happy one.

When Kathleen was nineteen, her mother (of whom she has written in her novel "Mother") succumbed to pneumonia; a month later her father died. The six children--a boy of twenty was the oldest--were left practically destitute. Kathleen found employment with a hardware firm at a salary of thirty dollars a month, and at the close of the day would return home to make beds and shoulder the greater part of the domestic responsibilities. Her older brother found job with an electrical firm, and her younger sister, Teresa, who later married William Rose Benet, worked in a private kindergarten. In this way the children subsisted for almost two years. The story of these years is to be found in the autobiographical "Noon", 1925.

In the fall of 1903 Kathleen, who had been educated privately at home when her parents were living, attempted a year's course in the English department of the University of California, only to be recalled when it was less than half completed, by the needs of her brothers and sisters. She took a position as a librarian and in her spare time practiced writing. Her first successful effort was a story entitled "The Colonel and the Lady," which was accepted by "The Argonaut" of San Francisco in 1904, and for which she received $15.50. After a period settlement work, she did newspaper reporting. It is said that one editor dismissed her with the information that she could not write. She was with the San Francisco Call for two years.

In April 1909 Kathleen Thompson became Kathleen Norris upon her marriage to Charles Gilman Norris, the younger brother of the author of "The Pit." The young couple crossed the continent to New York, where Charles Norris got a job with the American Magazine for $25 a week. Both of them were determined to write.

Mrs. Norris was the first to market her work. A newspaper 'The Telegram) gave a prize of $50 for the week's best story ot one of her contributions. Mr. Norris then disinterred a short stoy,"That Happened to Alanna," that his wife had written afew years before and sen it out. The manuscript came back some twenty-eight or thirty-eight times, but finally The

Atlantic Monthly accepted it. Mrs. Norris received a copy of the magazine containing her story in the hospital just after the birth of a son, Frank. Success came rapidly. Mr. Norris is still his wife's agent. Grant Overton, in "The Woman Who Make Our Novels," quotes Mrs. Norris: "No written word of mine has ever been placed, edited, sold, contracted for, except thru my husband's hands. Nothing is written until it has been discussed and planned with him. I used to say that in justice his name should appear with mine on the title-page of more than one of my books. But this matter he settled once and for all by beginning to write books of his own."

A short story contest, conducted by the Delineator, was the indirect cause of " Mother," 1911, Kathleen Norris's first book, that made her known to thousands of Americans. This book was written first as a short story for the Delineator contest. When Mrs. Norris saw that it would run to nearly three times the number of words stipulated, she laid it aside and submitted another story, that failed to win the prize. Discouraged, she went back to her original story, which was eventually published in the American Magazine. Five different publishers immediately requested her to enlarge the story for publication in book form. More than 25 editions of the book have since appeared. It was even published serially by Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal after the book had already enjoyed a wide circulation. Since "Mother", Mrs. Norris has published more than thirty novels, of which the best is "Certain People of Importance," 1922, the detailed history of the Crabtree family from its dim New England origin to its later California days.

"One of my most vivid childhood memories," Stephen Vincent Benet has said, "is of Kathleen Thompson, in the white shirt-waist period, walking down a San Francisco street looking for all the world like one of the best of the Gibson girls." Another friend reports that she still looks like a Gibson girl. . . "a gracious hostess, tall, striking, carefully tailored. . . a woman with rare charm and a remarkable sense of humor . . . a racy Irish love of the ridiculous."

The fine and comfortable home of the Norrises in Saratoga, California, at the foot of the Santa Cruz mountains, is forever overflowing with guests. It belongs, in a sense, to youth. . . to the son, nephews, nieces, and cousins who pleasantly overrun the ranch.

Among the many popular books of Mrs. Norris are: "Mother," 1911, "The Story of Julia

Page," 1915, "The Heart of Rachael," 1916, "Josslyn's Wife," 1918, "Certain People of Importance," 1922, "Noon," 1925, "Little Ships," 1925, "Barberry Bush," 1927, "The Foolish Virgin," 1928. Three of her novels appeared in 1930: "Passion Flower,""Margaret Yorke", and "The Lucky Lawrences," followed by "The Love of Julia Borel," 1931. "Hands Full of Living," 1931 is a series of talks with women, suggested by Mrs. Norris's correspondence with the thousands of women who have written to her for counsel.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Home and Christmas bread. HC in NYPL

Little Ships. HC 14v. in LC, 9v in NYPL

My Best Girl. 6v. HC in Austin.

Noon. 2v. HC in Sacramento.

The Ring; in Three Stories. HC in Seattle.

The Mysterious East; from The Story of The World's Literature, by John Macy.

Let the East and the West without a breath
Mix their dim lights like life and death
To broaden into boundless day.

---Tennyson.

More than three-fifths, almost two-thirds, of the human race live in Asia, and it is probable that in earlier times the relative number, as compared with Europe, was even greater than it is now. In Asia were the oldest dead civilizations of which we have any record, and certainly in the greatest of the grand divisions are the oldest civilizations which have a continuous life to the present day. A Chinese can read the wisdom of his ancestors back to a time when, as the American philosopher, Mr. Dooley, dramatically puts it, our ancestors were in the woods throwing stone hatchets at each other.

No doubt these venerable nations have much to teach us. But of the ancient peoples of Asia only those who lived in the western part of the continent have had much effect on our thought. The Jews who gave us the Old Testament were so close to Europe that they were themselves almost Europeans. So far as we are intellectually concerned, the people in the eastern and southern parts of Asia were, until recent times, as far away as if they dwelt on another planet. Before the eighteenth century travelers and traders brought back to Europe strange tales of China, or Cathay, and of India, but they were more interested in fabrics and spices than they were in literary ideas. And so late as the middle of the nineteenth century Japan was a closed book to western eyes.

The aged book of the Far East is not yet open to us, for the simple reason that we cannot read it and the work of translation has only begun. We show more enterprise in sending soldiers to steal cities than in sending scholars to borrow thoughts. However, we shall not be too severe on ourselves. Sympathetic missionaries have proved that they could learn as well as teach. And men armed with commissions to govern the heathen and licenses to bear the "white man's burden" have also equipped themselves with note-books and dictionaries. The eastern Asiatics have sent us their own learned emissaries, political, religious, and literary, who have mastered our tongues and interpreted their people to us. There are professors of Oriental languages in almost every European and American university. Quite recently it has

become the fashion for our poets and men of letters to go to Asia for inspiration and to enrich our literature with translations and adaptations.

And yet in this book we must be guilty of an absurd disproportion and devote only one short chapter to the literatures of four or five nations which are older than ours and perhaps wiser. The disproportion is to some extent excused by sheer ignorance, and to some extent justified by the magnitude of the literatures which are blood of our blood and bone of our bone. The West has been thinking so fact that we have not time for the timeless East. It is but a flying visit that we shall make to central, southern, and eastern Asia, and we shall make it in a spirit of frank ignorance and respectful curiosity. So we shall not be disobedient to the teaching of an old Chinese proverb: "When you know, to know that you know, and when you do not know, to know that you do not know--that is true knowledge."

The proverb is one of the many wise sayings of Confucius, the sage of China, who lived about five hundred years before Christ. Confucius was like Jesus in several respects. He was a teacher who went among the people and talked. He preached the Golden Rule in a negative form: "What you do not wish others should do unto you, do not do unto them." In his love of moderation and his faith in the power of calm self-examination he is like Socrates and other Greek philosophers. He was a modest man, practicing the humility which he taught and claiming little merit for himself. Later his disciples and followers exalted him and all but deified him, and it is they who are the authors of many of the books of wisdom associated with his name, though of course his thought is the foundation of them.

The chief work of Confucius, besides the influence of his wise and gentle personality, was the collection and preservation of ancient Chinese literature. This consists of legendary history, poetry, and moral teachings. The ethical precepts of Confucius are very practical and are a common-sense complement to the mysticism of Lao Tzu who taught the "Way" of getting intune with infinite nature. These two sages and their disciples, Mencius, the follower of Confucius, and Chuang Tzu, the exponent of Lao Tzu, together dominated Chinese learning for centuries and still inform the common thought of millions of people. Except stray maxims of Confucius very little of the enormous mass of Chinese literature has passed into western languages. But recently there has been increased enthusiasm for Chinese lyric poets. The greatest of these was Li Po, who lived in the eighth century of our era. To suggest him in western terms, he seems to have been a combination of Francois Villon, Omar

Khayyam, and Heine, a delightful and dissolute pagan. The following bit is from the translation of Li Po's works by Shigeyoski Obat:

A lovely woman rolls up
The delicate bamboo blind.
She sits deep within,
Twitching her moth eyebrows.
Who may it be
That grieves her heart?
On her face one sees
Only the wet traces of tears.

This fragment gives only a hint of Li Po's humanity and grace. The interested reader will turn to Mr. Obata's volume of translations, and an exquisite small volume of translations with explanatory notes by Arthur Waley, called "The Temple." Chinese graphic art and sculpture are known at least slightly to everyone who has visited a museum or even looked into the window of a dealer in Oriental wares; there is no barrier of language, though there may be other barriers, between a western eye and the beauty of a Chinese vase. The experts tell us that the Chinese poets are very close in spirit, so far as one art can resemble another, to those lovely carved ivories and porcelains and embroidered silks. Literature is only one of the vehicles through which widely separated peoples communicate their visions.

The spirit of Japan, which has become in recent times much closer to the western world than China, is known to us, if we can pretend to know it, almost wholly through the fine arts, as distinct from literature. The wonderful prints and pottery and screens have been imported into Europe and America almost too abundantly for the integrity of the Japanese artist to withstand the temptation to commercialism. But the verse of Japan is unspoiled; there is no western market for it and most of it was written long ago. The Japanese borrowed their classical literature from China in somewhat the same way that modern Europe derived tis fundamental ideas from Greese and Rome. But Japanese lyric poetry is original and spontaneous. The golden age of Japanese poetry was the eighth century, and the two chief poets were Hitomaro and Akahito. The Japanese lyric is short and suggestive, but the charm which it has for the Japanese and for the European student of Japanese literature is a fact that we must accept on faith, for few English translations that I have seen are better than trivial commonplace. This must be the fault of the translators. On this point, which is important not only for our knowledge of Japanese poetry but for the whole problem of literary communication between Oriental and Occidental people, we may well quote Lafcadio

Hearn, who was the most eloquent and sympathetic interpreter in English of Japanese life. "The Japanese poem," he says, "seems to me exactly the Japanese coloured print in words--nothing much more. Still, how the sensation of that which has been is flashed into heart and memory by the delicious print or the simple little verse." Later he writes to a Japanese pupil these question-rising sentences: "A great poem by Heine, by Shakespeare, by Calderon, by Petrarch, by Hafiz, by Saadi, remains a great poem even when it is translated into the prose of another language. It touches the emotion or the imagination in every language. But poetry which cannot be translated is of no value in world literature; and it is not even true poetry." For us the most illuminating glimpses of Japan are through Lafcadio Hearn's books, notably "Kotto," "A Japanese Miscellany," and "Japanese Fairy Tales," which are written with exquisite art. And there are fine things in the collection of translations by Hearn of "Japanese Lyrics."

Japan has become a modern nation half Europeanized on the surface and seems less remote from us than India which inertly resists the pressure of European ideas though subdued by European guns and machinery. Yet the Hindus are our first cousins, being a branch of the great division of the human race known as Aryan or Indo-European. They attained a high degree of civilization thirty or more centuries ago, and their religious philosophy is much older than Greek and contributed much to Greek speculation. Long before the gentle voice was heard upon the shores of Galilee the Hindu preachers taught the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

It is one of the ironies of history that the people of India have not found their western brothers very fraternal and that they were divided among themselves by a rigidly undemocratic system of hereditary classes or castes. But the failure of the Hindus to convert the world to universal brotherhood or to realize in their own lives the highest ideals of their sages is only the failure that defeats all noble dreams, that has defeated every religion, including Christianity, down to the present hour. But the thought, the idea, remains, even if it does not practically prevail. That is what literature is, the record of an idea, no matter how life ignores it or people refuse to accept it. The Hindus were from earliest times exceedingly capable and fertile in the expression of their ideas, and their writings have been carefully preserved, suffering less change and loss than the literature of any other race

whose records extend over such a long period of time. The thought of the Hindus comes to us in two ways, one ancient, the other modern. The ancient influence was through the Greek and passed into our system vaguely and indirectly. The early Greek philosophers, notably Pythagoras, learned from the Indian philosophers that wisdom is the contemplation of the spirit, that behind material things is the essence, the idea; and this is the basis of Plato's philosophy, which runs through all modern philosophy, and is in our souls, whether or not we have any consciousness of origins. There is a Hindu saying: "The spirit dwells in all men, but not all men are aware of this."

The other way in which Hindu thought has come into the literature of the western world is through modern scholarship. While European armies were conquering India, students and lovers of art were translating the literature of India, and their work has been supplemented by that of Hindu scholars educated in English universities, who were zealous to interpret their country to Europe. So that India is now an almost open book to western eyes. But it is a vast book, which has been thousands of years in the making, and not many of us can read far in it. An attractive glimpse is afforded by a small volume of selections edited by Brian Brown, called the "Wisdom of the Hindus." It contains aphorisms and hymns from the "Rig-Veda" (verse Wisdom), the most ancient of Indian religious thought, by which millions of Hindus govern their lives, and which to unbelieving westerners has much beauty and good sense. Even more interesting are the passages in verse from the two great Indian epics, the "Mahabharata," and the "Ramayana," which are full of romantic color and spirited adventure. The increasing interest in Sanskrit literature (Sanskrit is the name that the Hindus give to their ancient written language) is indicated by the publication in the popular Everyman's Library of a translation of "Sakuntala," the masterpiece of India's chief dramatic poet, Kalidasa. The translation by Arthur Ryder is delicate and poetic, and we can understand Goethe's enthusiasm for this play.

The most influential of all Indian thinkers is the Buddha Gotama, the founder of Buddhism. He lived about five hundred years before Christ, and his followers, at first in India (where Buddhism afterward declined), and in eastern and central Asia have outnumbered those of any other religious teacher. He was a preacher, not a writer, and he belongs in our record only because his doctrines permeated Asiatic thought and he and the ideas associated

with him are the subject of an enormous literature. The English reader will find the life and beliefs of Buddha treated with some charm in Edwin Arnold's once very popular poems, the "Light of Asia." And the spirit of Buddhism as felt by a western student is beautifully interpreted in Lafcadio Hearn's "Gleanings in Buddha Fields."

Translations of original Buddhist literature are accessible in the collection of English versions called the "Sacred Books of the East." Among western nations interest in Buddhism has been confined to philosophers and scholars like Schopenhauer; it never made much impression on popular thought, because Christianity had triumphed in the West, and because the Oriental elements in Christianity are as much as the western mind can assimilate. Buddhism is too Oriental for us, perhaps to our loss. It teaches that the cause of all pain is desire, and therefore, the way to avoid pain is to get rid of all desire, that the end of life in Nirvana, oblivion. It is essentially a retreat from life, out of key with the more active European intelligence, and not acceptable to our way of thinking unless, as may well be, our civilization goes down in desperate defeat. This does not mean that it is a timid philosophy; it appealed to courageous men, men as unlike as Schopenhauer, the pessimist, and Emerson, the serene optimist. But even their literary power failed to carry the message of Buddhism far into European thought.

The Christian world has been similarly impervious to another great Asiatic religion, Mohammedanism. Indeed the nations of Europe and the followers of the prophet were, for reasons not wholly religious, continuously at war, and the conflict has not yet ceased. Beginning in the seventh century of our era the Arabs under Mohomet and his successors made sweeping conquests in Asia and Africa, capturing converts by the sword as well as by the tongue. Today there are more than two hundred million members of the faith. The sacred book of Mohammedanism is the "Koran", a compilation of the teachings of Mahomet, which were revealed to him piecemeal. Since all Mohammedans are required to study it, the "Koran" is the most extensively read book in the world. There is an English translation of it by J. M. Rodwell which is probably better than the earlier version which Carlyle found so bewildering. Carlyle's eloquent essay on Mohamet in "Heroes and Hero-Worship", is a just, or more than just, account of the greatness of Mahomet, and is of more than incidental interest to readers of English literature as illustrating Carlyle's wide sympathies and freedom from provincial

prejudice. He finds the "Koran" a wearisome confused jumble....Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the "Koran." But it is tingling with life and honesty. "Sincerity, in all senses," says Carlyle, "seems to me the merit of the "Koran." It is unlikely that we who do not read our own Bible any too assiduously, will spend much time reading the "Koran." Nevertheless a book which has guided the lives of millions of people for twelve centuries is an important document in the story of the books of the world.

From a literary and aesthetic point of view (which a true Mohammedan would think a perverted sense of value) we should cheerfully give up the whole "Koran" for any half dozen of that glorious collection of stories, the "Thousand and One Nights" or the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." They first became known to Europe in a French translation early in the eighteenth century and were immediately popular, spreading from one country to another.

The stories of Aladdin and his lamp, of Sindbad the Sailor, of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves are as well known to children of all ages in Europe as any tale of Hans Christian Andersen. And the good Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun Al Raschid, whatever he was in history, is one of the great monarchs in fiction. Undoubtedly the stories full of myth and magic have the most universal charm. But there is also a great variety of tales of another character, not all of them quite acceptable to modern taste but all told with an artfully artless gusto. These old storytellers are interested in the yarn, the adventure, for its won sake, rather than in character, but in El Samet, the garrulous barber, they created a humorous figure who can hold hisown with any of the comic types of fiction. The "Arabian Nights" seems to western readers (and students of Arabic literature say that it is so) to be a compendium of the secular life of the Orient, of Persia, Egypt, and India, from which many of the stories were drawn.

The poetry of the Orient which has made the most broad and forceful impression in the west is that of Persia, and this is as it should be, for the supremacy of Persian poetry was acknowledged by the other peoples of eastern Asia, the Arabians and the Turks, and its beauty has appealed to European translators who were artists as well as scholars. To English readers the best knownof Persian poems, probably of all Oriental poems, is the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Edward FitzGerald's translation is an English classic, and we

shall reserve our word about it until we come to the English poets of the nineteenth century. The great epic poet of Persia is Firdusi who lived in the tenth century A.D. He wrote the "Shahnama," or "Book of Kings," which is the history of Persia from earliest times. It is a stupendous work of great length and is said to have peisodes and passages of great beauty (there seems to be no easily readable English version). One distinction it has among the heroic poems of the world. It is the only poem, with the possible exception of the "Luciads" of the Portuguese poet, Camoens, which became the accepted national epic during the life-time of the author. One episode from the "Book of Kings," not a translation but an original version, is the subject of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," a poem of intellectual rather than emotional interest. The value of an epic is that is expresses the tradition of a race or a nation; it need not be narrowly nationalistic, indeed it must have universal qualities to be great in its own country and to be imported across boundaries of space and time. The bird that flies is poetry less heavily organized than an epic, something more quotable. Beside the thoroughly Englished and transformed Omar, there are two Persian lyric poets who are to us more than names, Saadi and Hafiz. Saadi's most famous books, the "Bustan" (Fruit-Garden) and Gulistan (Rose-Garden), both accessible in English, are philosophic and moral discussions and maxims, not so profound as to be dull, and sharp enough to shine through translations. Edwin Arnold's version of part of the Gulistan did much, on account of Arnold's literary vogue, to make Saadi known to English readers.

Hafiz was less moralistic than his father-in-law, Saadi, and had more of the spirit of Omar, loving wine, women, song, and nature. And even more than Omar, whose fatalism is somewhat melancholy and pessimistic, Hafiz feels, at least sometimes, the joy of life.

At the close of this chapter let me say again that it is an absurd violation of the spirit of the ages to glance for only three minutes at a literature like that of China which has been a highly civilized institution for at least thirty centuries. Professor Herbert Giles in his "History of Chinese Literature" takes us back, conjecturally, a good many centuries before Confucius, who was born about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. Yet the writings of that ancient people, however wise and beautiful, have made almost no impression on the thought of Europe; indeed they remained unknown in Europe until modern scholars began to investigate and translate. There is no doubt much in the Chinese mind which is sympathetic

with us, and probably we are making a profound mistake not to get better acquainted with it. A citizen of Pekin can afford to smile tolerantly at our ignorance and perhaps repeat the proverb with which Professor Giles concludes his book: "Without error there could be no such thing as truth."

Editor's note: Among the books mentioned in this article the following are in braille:

Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Grades 1½ and 2.

Essay on Mahomet, in Heroes and Hero-Worship, by Carlyle. Grade 2.

Rubaiyat, by Omar Khayyam. Grade 2.

Sohrab and Rustum, by Matthew Arnold. Grades 1½ and 2.

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Albany. New York State Library.

Atlanta. Georgia Library Commission, State Capitol.

Austin. Texas State Library.

Chicago. Chicago Public Library.

Cincinnati. Cincinnati Public Library, Vine Street.

Cleveland. Cleveland Public Library.

Denver. Denver Public Library.

Detroit. Detroit Public Library, Lothrop Branch.

Honolulu. Library of Hawaii.

LC Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

NLB National Library for the Blind, 1800 D Street, Washington, D.C.

NYPL New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City.

Perkins. Watertown, Massachusetts.

Philadelphia. Free Library for the Blind, Logan Square, Philadelphia.

Pittsburgh. Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

Sacramento. California State Library.

Saginaw. Michigan State Library for the Blind.

St. Louis. St. Louis Public Library.

CNI Canadian National Institute, Library Department, Toronto, Canada.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS
(Including Publishing Houses)

ABFR American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind
184 South Oxford St.,
~~1544 Hudson Avenue~~, Los Angeles, California.

ALA American Library Association, Chicago, Illinois.

APH American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky.

ARC American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.

BIA Braille Institute of America, 739 N. Vermont Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

CPH Clovernook Printing House for the Blind, Mt. Healthy, Ohio.

HC Hand-copied.

HMP Howe Memorial Press, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

NIB National Institute for the Blind
224 Great Portland Street, London, England.

PPS Pax Publishing Society, Logansport, Indiana.

RWAP Reading with a Purpose Series.

April 19, 1932

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